



DISCOVERY
OF
LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

VOL. II

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DISCOVERY
OF
LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

A NARRATIVE OF COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI'S
EXPLORING & HUNTING EXPEDITION IN EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA
IN 1887 & 1888

BY HIS COMPANION
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'HEROES OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY' ETC.

WITH 179 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND 5 COLOURED MAPS

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Errata

- Page 3, line 5, *for* Ndassekere and Ndesserian *read* Ndasekera and Ndeserian
 „ 125, „ 28, „ *Burchelli read Burchellii*
 „ 233, „ 2, „ *natural read naturally*
 „ 287, last line, *for* Ndasekere *read* Ndasekera



DISCOVERY

OF

LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

CHAPTER I

AT NYEMPS. HUNTING ADVENTURES ON LAKE BARINGO.
PREPARATIONS FOR JOURNEY FURTHER NORTH

From December 7, 1887, to February 10, 1888.

My arrival at Nyemps—Account of the Wakwafi of Nyemps—Count Teleki's journey to Nyemps—Qualla goes to the Wakikuyu—Start from Nyemps—We lose our way—Hunting life on the Guaso Nyuki—Animal life in the valley—We aid a trading caravan—March to a dried-up lake—Return to the Guaso Nyuki—Further hunting adventures—Qualla's return and account of his trip—Return to Nyemps—Preparations for the further journey—We are off again—The Suk are coming!—Back to Nyemps.

NEAR the banks of the Guaso Nyuki, the brick-red waters of which flow to Lake Baringo along a deep channel hollowed out of the loamy soil, rose a parched-up dusty thorn-hedge enclosing a few huts and tents. Within and without the boundaries of the camp were a few isolated acacias with scanty foliage. This was the Count's settlement, now almost deserted, and near to it was a smaller enclosure belonging to the trading caravan which had parted from us in Turuka, whilst some hundred paces further on, at the very edge of the stream, we could see the Wakwafi village of Nyemps Mdogo or Little Nyemps, its huts protected by a strong and lofty fence. The

whole neighbourhood was flat, sandy or loamy, muddy or dusty according to whether it had or had not recently rained. There was no sign of Lake Baringo, which lay some five and a half or six and a half miles off on the north, nor could we now see the lofty mountain-wall shutting in the plain of Nyemps on the side of the lake. The camp was at a height of about 3,800 feet above the sea-level.

This, then, was the real appearance of the El Dorado to which we had looked forward so eagerly, hastening on in the hope of finding a second Taveta. Of course the two Somal and eighteen men left behind by the Count hurried out to meet us, and gave us as hearty a greeting as possible; so did the people of the caravan, whilst a few natives, looking as miserable as their land, came up from the village to say they were glad to see us, and to satisfy their own curiosity. But after the great disappointment we had just undergone, our entry into the camp was a very quiet one.

We had now reached a genuine Wakwafi settlement, a primæval home of the singular people to whom we have more than once had occasion to refer in the course of this narrative. The name Mkwafi, of which Wakwafi is the plural form, seems to belong to the Bantu stock, but its meaning is not known even to the traders frequenting this district. The Wakwafi themselves object to the title, and prefer to take their name from the districts in which they happen to live, calling themselves Swahili, Waarusha, Wataveta, Wanyemps, and so on, but of course these are really already appropriated Swahili names. The Masai call them Mbarawujo. In physical appearance the Wakwafi resemble the Masai, and according to their own traditions, they too were once herdsmen leading a nomad life in nearly the same districts as the Masai of to-day. But some fifty or sixty years ago, for some unexplained reason, there was a terrible civil war, in which the Wakwafi were

worsted. They lost all their cattle and were dispersed, some fleeing to their relations in Leikipia, or to the districts near Lake Baringo and the highlands near the Guaso Ngishu on the west, whilst others took refuge at Taveta, Arusha-wa-ju, or even further west in Ngaruman, Ndassekere, and Ndesserian.

Deprived of their herds, they were now compelled to lead a sedentary life and to till the ground. Gradually a few of their settlements regained prosperity and power, and the Wakwafi living at the southern base of Mount Meru are now a strong and respected little people.

The character of the Wakwafi is inferior to that of the Masai, and it is a good thing for the cause of progress in this district that the latter were the conquerors in the struggle. There was a second outbreak in 1875 or 1876, in which the Wakwafi of the north, known also as the Leukops, were the aggressors, and seemed at first likely to be the conquerors, the head Masai Leibon, father of Mbatian the present chief, having been slain on the field of battle. But with the accession of Mbatian the tide turned, the Leukops were completely routed, a little remnant taking refuge amongst the Wakikuyu on Lake Baringo, or amongst the Burkeneji, whilst a few remained in their native land as servants to their conquerors. Thus the power of Mbatian was increased, and some half of the original Masai herdsmen were converted into agriculturists.

Most of the Wakwafi lead a wretched life, and as a result their physical development has been arrested. The crops they raise vary according to the fertility of the districts cultivated by them. The Wakwafi of Taveta, who must not be confounded with the true Wataweta, and those of Great and Little Arusha are very successful, whilst others elsewhere can grow nothing but dhurra and eleusine. The great ambition of them all is, however, to add to their stock of cattle, and some combine hunting, fishing, and the keeping of bees with tilling

the soil. Many of them still retain their Masai prejudices ; it would be, for instance, no good to offer a Leukop venison.

The arms and ornaments of the Wakwafi differ in different districts, and the people of Nyemps own bows and arrows and inferior spears only, resembling in form those of their neighbours of Suk and Turkana on the north.

Some twenty years ago there were four Nyemps villages here, but in consequence of troubles with the Masai and Suk two were deserted, some of the inhabitants taking refuge on the



NYEMPS MDOGO.

big island on Lake Baringo, whilst others wandered north to Mounts Nyiro and Marsabit. The islanders soon lost the little cattle they had been able to save, and now have to depend entirely on hunting and fishing. In the latter they appear to be very successful, for they exchange the spoil of the lake for dhurra, with their comrades of the mainland. We saw no boats, and I fancy the islanders wade backwards and forwards, but as none of them appeared during our visit, I cannot speak positively.

The people of Nyemps cultivate nothing but dhurra, eleusine, and gourds. The dhurra is an inferior, reddish brown variety, and of the gourds we saw none, for they had all been eaten up. Attempts had been made to cultivate maize brought by traders, but they were not successful. The loamy soil, which soon becomes perfectly hard again, even after heavy rain, makes agriculture very difficult, and there is generally a strong wind blowing in the afternoon, which raises clouds of dust. Large tracts of ground are divided, like a chess-board, into plots from three to four miles square, with a layer of soil only some few inches thick. Many of these plots were now lying fallow, and it is evident that the nature of the soil makes its cultivation extremely arduous, and that much care in arranging a rotation of crops is needed. For irrigation, the natives make a number of artificial channels carrying off the water of the brooks, and in every way great toil produces only small results, even these often marred by the depredations of the numerous birds. Now and then, too, elephants work havoc in the fields, but the natives know how to deal with them, and pursue them closely with bows and arrows, spears, and burning brands. The Wawkwafi dare not keep their cattle near their villages for fear of raids, so they are herded in the mountains of Kamasia.

The people of Nyemps are quite spoiled by the constant and long visits they receive from caravans, and are very exacting about what they will take in payment for their wares. They will have nothing to do with glass beads ; the very smallest quantity of grain must be paid for with stuffs, and for ivory they must have cattle. A considerable tribute was also demanded.

There were now from 1,500 to 2,000 natives in the village, and we found it quite easy to get guides. Wanyemps are fond of travelling, and able to endure hardships well. But I must close this long digression and return to our camp, which soon presented a lively scene, as our men at once

set to work to build their huts. I needed rest badly, and retired to the shelter of the *barasa*, as we called the big roof we put up to protect us from the sun whenever we made a long halt. Here I pondered over the dreary situation, for I saw only too well that every word the man had told us at the swamp was true. A fortnight before, Maktubu had gone to Elgeyo, a district on the north-west of Nyemps, to try and get food, but had returned empty-handed, with the news that the people there were suffering from famine, and the Count had at once gone off hunting in the hope of supplying the needs of our men. I could not do better than follow his example, so in the afternoon I crossed the brook with a few of our people, and am glad to be able to say that I brought down enough game for two days' rations—a kobus antelope and a bull buffalo, the latter not succumbing till I had given him ten bullets from my Express rifle.

The next morning the Count returned quite unexpectedly in the very best health and spirits, as well he might be, for in a short time he had brought down thirty-eight large animals, thus providing his men with positive mountains of meat. He told me he had camped in the same ravine as I did, and then, acting on Maktubu's advice, had followed the stream rising in it. For an hour there had been a good path, and then the walls of rock had become closer and closer together, making the march, especially for the animals, for whom a way had to be cut, extremely arduous. The next day the valley widened, and they came to a beautiful wide ravine, in which flowed a brook bordered by a perfect hedge of water-palms. Here they camped, for no more charming place could have been found. They had passed several elephants by the way, and noted numerous spoors of the same animals here. Maktubu, who went off in the afternoon to seek a path, succeeded in shooting one elephant, and Ali Hassan, the Count's Somal body servant, reported having seen three but a short distance from the camp,

which he had watched for half an hour. Near the brook Count Teleki shot a python nearly 10 feet long, and from 2 feet 4 to 2 feet 8 thick, inside which he found the body of a young female antelope still undigested.

The next day the Count pressed on a little way along the brook, and then, as it maintained a northerly direction, he turned aside to climb a ridge on the west, reaching a tunnel-like ravine, profusely overgrown with vegetation, and containing at the foot of a rock, some 100 feet high, a few pools of water. There were traces of a brook having flowed over the rocky wall of the ravine in the rainy season, and later, this brook turned out to be the upper course of the Guaso Bolio, a little stream which flows into Lake Baringo on the south-east.

On November 19 Count Teleki reached the swampy brook at which I camped seventeen days later, and which we now know to be the lower course of the Guaso Nyuki, that once flowed into Lake Baringo, but is now converted into a mere swamp. The way had led in a westerly direction, right over the ridge, and the descent to the plain was made along a very good elephant track. The first sight of Lake Baringo was obtained on this march. Quantities of game were seen, including four lions, which suddenly sprang out at a distance of three or four hundred paces.

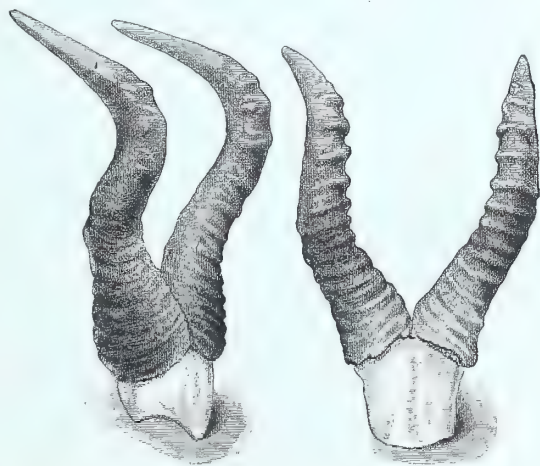
Another half hour's march brought the Count to Nyemps Mkubwa, three-quarters of an hour's march in a north-easterly direction from Nyemps Mdogo, on the right bank of the Guaso Tigerich, a little stream flowing from Kamasia. Here was received the melancholy news of the famine, and Count Teleki was advised by some caravan people to go to the smaller village, where a little dhurra at least could still be had. So he transferred his camp there, where it was shady, and where there were fewer natives to bother him. The next day was devoted to hunting, and to despatching a party of a hundred,

men under Maktubu to Elgeyo, to try and buy food, Muyuji Hamis and three Askari belonging to the trading caravan acting as guides.

The Count did not find very much game in the immediate neighbourhood of the camp; so, leaving only twenty men to guard it, he went some three days' journey further south, where he found a reed and papyrus swamp stretching away to the mountains shutting in Lake Baringo. This swamp is fed chiefly by two hot springs ($+39^{\circ}$ Centigrade) rising at the foot of the ridge, and by a little lukewarm brook which issues from one of the lateral valleys and flows from south to north. The district was a perfect paradise for wild animals of every kind, with verdant meadows on the south-east; sandy barren tracks for ostriches on the south-west; steep, rugged rocks such as antelopes and zebras love; slime baths for buffaloes and rhinoceroses, and shady thickets of bush as resting-places alongside of the brook. During the three days the Count spent there, he brought down one buffalo, one rhinoceros, six kobus antelopes, two large kudus, and one wild boar. He shot the buffalo and rhinoceros on the same day. He had been up betimes, and had climbed a ridge to get a look round, passing on his way two lions, who made off before he could fire. From his vantage-ground he soon spied two buffalo bulls amongst the tall rushes, but had scarcely got down to the swamp before a rhinoceros dashed out of it. The Count received him with a shot in the shoulder which made him turn tail and rush off; but the noise of the firing had disturbed the bulls, who came out together, and one of them exposing his flank as he advanced a little beyond the other, Count Teleki fired again, and followed the wounded animal, finding to his great surprise both it and the rhinoceros lying dead on the ground a short distance off. He shot the two kudus on the mountain the same day. Amongst the antelopes killed in this expedition

were two of the so-called kaama antelopes (*Alcelaphus kaama*), the first met with by us, all our other antelopes having been of the *Alcelaphus Cokii* variety. The chief difference between the two kinds is in the size and form of the horns.

Whilst hunting in this district Count Teleki came one day to the long, narrow lake with lukewarm waters, at the base of the plateau, discovered by the unfortunate Bishop Hannington, and named after him. The water is clear, but very salt and bitter, with quantities of green algæ about the size of a grain growing in it. Although the temperature at the north end is no higher than that of the air, it is, according to Bedue and other attendants of the Bishop, considerably higher at the southern extremity. At the edge of the lake were the spoors of many hippopotami, and the surface was alive with many kinds of water birds, in-



HORNS OF THE *ALCELAPHUS COKII*.

cluding the small variety of the flamingo, with deep pink plumage. With six charges of small shot, the Count brought down twenty-five. Another interesting bird secured on this occasion was a single specimen of a snipe with white breast plumage, steel-green feathers on the back, and red legs.

On the evening of the 27th the Count returned to Nyemps to have a day's rest. He did a little hunting the next evening, however, and wounded a buffalo, the spoor of which he followed on the morning of the 29th, when he started on another trip

with fifty-two porters, two Askari, two Somal, and Bedue. I will quote his own account of his adventures :

‘This time I bore north-west so as to reach the district in which Joseph Thomson hunted elephants in 1883. In two hours on the first afternoon we reached the swampy northern end of the Guaso Nyuki. I began badly, for I missed three water-bucks, one after the other, and only brought down two guinea-fowl. The next morning we wandered alongside of the broad belt of rushes bounding Lake Baringo on the south and south-east, halting at the base of the lowest of the broad terraces rising up from the plain. There were quantities of game about, but either on perfectly exposed patches or amongst the rushes, so that stalking was quite out of the question. Armed with the Paradox rifle only, I got nearer to the lake itself in the afternoon, shot a big crocodile, and was about to turn back when I came upon a pair of buffaloes just going off through the waving rushes. My weapon was not suitable for them ; so my attendant Mahommed Seiff ran off to camp for my rifle, whilst I slowly followed the animals so as not to lose sight of them. Mahommed soon came back with the rifle and some of the men, and we proceeded to stalk the animals, but with no result whatever, as they managed to make off. Later I shot one rhinoceros and wounded another.

‘The next morning I sent Bedue and some other men who had been with Thomson in 1883 to find a suitable place for a camp in his elephant district, whilst I went further up the brook to hunt. At four o’clock in the afternoon I returned to camp, having secured one rhinoceros, one zebra, one Beisa antelope, and three gazelle Grantii, the last-named in their summer fur, which differs so much from that in which these animals appear in the winter that I scarcely recognised them. In summer their hair becomes much lighter, and black stripes which are quite absent in the winter appear on the legs.

‘Bedue brought back the news that there was no water in the district he had explored, but that there were plenty of wild animals, so the next morning I led my men along a low spur of the Leikipia plateau in an easterly direction towards Lake Baringo, and camped in a beautiful meadow on the banks of the dried-up bed of the Mogodeni stream, sending for water to Lake Baringo, which was now not one hour’s march off. On the shores of the lake roamed thousands of zebras and Beisa antelopes, but as there was not a scrap of cover anywhere, it was hopeless to attempt to get near enough for a shot. I therefore now bore to the east where there were a few clumps of bush and tall grass. The first game I brought down was a rhinoceros, which I shot in the shoulder and then, as it swerved round, in the spine. We came next to a thicket where we surprised two kudu antelopes, but unfortunately they got off. These animals are comparatively rare, so I was after them directly through thick and thin, only pausing when I came suddenly to a little clearing where a pleasant surprise awaited me. One lion and two lionesses were just opposite to me, one of the latter lying down, the other two sitting on their haunches. They gazed at me in motionless astonishment long enough for me to fire. I did so, wounding one of the lionesses. There was a terrible roar, and when the smoke cleared away they were all gone. Cautiously we followed the blood-spoor, the high grass and bush making it difficult and dangerous. I had just warned my people to be careful when we came upon the wounded lioness crouching ready for a spring. I fired at her, hitting her in the head, she recoiled, and then went slowly off. Another shot in the flesh brought her down, but she still tore at the ground with her



HORNS OF THE
ALCELAPHUS KAAMA.

paws in impotent fury, till I gave her the *coup de grâce*. My first bullet had struck just above the eyes but glanced off, leaving only a flesh-wound some eight inches long.

‘On December 3 I hunted for three hours along the brook without coming to any water, but there was plenty of game, and I brought down one rhinoceros, two zebras, and one eland.



WE COME UPON A GROUP OF LIONS.

‘The next day I was very much hindered by the veering wind, and only secured one Beisa antelope, one wild cat, and on the way home two guinea-fowls.

‘On December 5 we met some islanders, who told us there was water in the upper brook, and also that there were elephants near it just then. We decided to go there, and during a rough march over hilly ground strewn with rugged sharp-edged débris I shot three rhinoceroses and one eland. Arrived

at a swampy extension of the stream overgrown with rushes, we camped. It was evident that elephants had recently been hunted here with the help of burning rushes, and we presently discovered some thirty natives from Nyemps, who had secured three elephants out of a herd, the rest of which had now escaped to the mountains. It would evidently be very little use to follow them there, but for all that I started the next morning, made my way through the narrow ravine-like valley, from which issues the Mogodeni, admired the picturesque groups of rock and the dark clefts overgrown with tree euphorbias, and returned to camp without having seen a sign of an elephant or fired a single shot.

‘On December 7 we started on our return to Nyemps, this time taking a short cut across the mountain to the Guaso Bolio, on the banks of which we camped once more. On this march I had two good chances of bringing down rhinoceroses. The first time I came upon three at once. A double shot settled two, the third got off. Then, when we came to the edge of the last terrace of the plateau, I spied another some 160 feet below me on the plain, and brought it down with a shot in the spine. On this ridge I also shot an antelope of a species unknown to me, of about the size of a fawn and the shape of a chamois. It was as thickly covered with dark-brown hair as a roebuck,



HORNS OF THE KUDU ANTELOPE.

and had straight pointed horns from two to two and a half inches long. It had exceptionally large ears with a strip of black and white hair at the edge. The soft tufa-like rock of the plateau terraces was riddled with caves hollowed out by whole colonies of hyenas as dwellings for themselves, each animal having a separate dwelling with an opening to serve as entrance.'



HORNS OF THE
BEISA ANTELOPE.

We reached Nyemps on December 8. It rained nearly every day from the 7th to the 11th, of which we were rather glad, as after being so much in the highlands we found the temperature here very trying, and had also been so overwhelmed with dust, in spite of watering the camp twice every day, that some of the men were suffering from inflammation of the eyes. The rain would at least lay this dust for a time, and we employed the next few days in constructing as fire-proof a tent as possible in which to store our goods, and in holding shauri with the natives in the hope of getting some information about the district on the north. Everything was, however, very vague, and we could not even ascertain whether there was or was not more than one lake there. One thing only seemed clear, namely, that Samburu was the name of a province, not of a lake only, and this was rather a surprise to us, as on all maps of the district issued during the last thirty years, a lake of that name appears, though it varies in size and situation. There seemed no doubt that we should have to pass through a very sparsely inhabited land, so that it would be necessary to take large quantities of provisions with us. We therefore awaited Maktubu's return and report with considerable anxiety.

We generally went for a little walk in the neighbourhood

in the afternoon, and brought down a few birds. We were pretty sure to secure half a dozen guinea-fowls at least. The districts round about Nyemps were peculiarly rich in birds, chiefly belonging to the gallinaceous and columbidæ species, but there were also a few examples of varieties with beautiful plumage. Wonderfully tame were a steel-green starling and a lovely little creature about the size of the wren, with turquoise-blue and mouse-grey plumage, which would hop about under our table when we were at dinner to pick up the scraps we dropped or which Hamis the ape, regardless of the famine in the land, recklessly threw to them.

Now and then big game would also come close to us, and on one occasion I shot a cow buffalo in the spine. She fell to the ground and whirled round and round, but was unable to get up again.

On December 14 we came to the end of our stock of dried meat, but were still without news of Maktubu. Count Teleki, therefore, decided to go back to the lukewarm brook, mentioned above, as it would be easier there to get game for the men. So we started the same day with the greater part of the caravan, and set to work hunting at once, bringing down three water-bucks and one kaama antelope. A wounded zebra got off after having lain on the ground for ten minutes, and one of the wounded water-bucks, in spite of its own desperate case, yet seemed to feel for the sufferings of the zebra.

In the afternoon a letter from Nyemps informed us that Maktubu had returned, bringing only four days' rations of dhurra. He had in the course of twenty-two days scoured a wide circuit, meeting everywhere with hungry natives. It was evident there was no hope of getting the amount of food we needed here, so we went back to the camp at once to hold a shauri, at which we decided to send all the men we could

possibly spare under the guidance of Qualla to Miansini to try and get food there from the Wakikuyu. The men and the goods they were to take were chosen that same afternoon, and Qualla started early on December 17 with 170 porters, a few Askari and guides, and twenty-two donkeys. His instructions were to make a forced march to Miansini and buy as much corn as he could possibly carry back. Ten days are generally allowed for this distance, but to ensure all possible speed we only gave out five days' rations.

As we should have to wait to go further north for four or five weeks longer, we started on another hunting expedition on the morning of the 18th, taking with us all our cattle, as they were scarcely safe at Nyemps, and leaving behind only two Somal and fifteen men, most of them ill, including the guides Manwa Sera and Meri, who had been ailing ever since we left Taveta.

Led by Bedue, who, having been with Thomson and Bishop Hannington, knew the districts south of Nyemps well, Count Teleki followed the now familiar path to the upper waters of the Guaso Nyuki, where we had heard there was plenty of game. I could not start with the rest of the party, as I had some work I was obliged to do, and it was not until some time later that, with Chuma, Baraka, and Jomari, I hastened after the main body, overtaking our cattle at the warm springs, making their leisurely way along, but seeing no sign of the Count. I pressed on happily, however, for I already knew the way to a certain extent, and there were plenty of fresh footprints to help me. The sun rose higher and higher, its rays becoming more and more scorching, but we pressed on, all the more eagerly as a doubt began to trouble us as to whether after all we were on the track of the Count's party. But the footprints reassured us, and we went on till we found ourselves in a narrow valley shut in on every side by rocks. We now

felt pretty sure we had got wrong, and when at about one o'clock we came to the fresh spoor of a hyena and to a group of zebras resting quietly under some trees by the way, we knew we were off the track, and it suddenly dawned upon us that the foot-prints which had misled us were those of Qualla and his party. I took the opportunity of shooting one of the zebras, as it might be some time before we came up with the Count now, and my men would want meat. Then I climbed up a ridge, first on one side then on the other, to get a good look round, but not a sign could I see of any caravan. A system of low hills, varying in height from about 650 to 1,000 feet, the western slopes of which are steep, often almost perpendicular, entirely shuts in the plain of Nyemps on the south from the base of the Leikipia plateau to the Kamasia chain. It was evident that the Count had turned off into another valley before he reached the spring, and that the cattle and their drivers had gone astray as well as ourselves. I searched the neighbourhood for a whole hour in vain, and then decided to go on in the same direction as before, hoping, as Qualla had followed it, that we should come to water. It was well I did so, as it led to our finding the Count, though not till the next day.

We pushed on till sunset, and then camped beneath a solitary tree at the edge of a little precipice, in a barren and dreary district. Chuma set to work at once to make a little fence; Jomari, who acted as cook, to collect fuel; whilst Baraka went off to seek water, finding it, to my surprise, at once, though only in small quantities. We were just cosily settled by a good fire within our fence, when we were startled by the sound of a gun. I hastened off at once to see what it meant, and met the Askar Bakuri, who had charge of the cattle and had told Count Teleki that I had followed the course of the warm brook. The Count had now sent him to look for us, and from him I learnt that the main body of the caravan had

turned off into the next valley and was now camped by some water not far from where I had shot the zebra. It was not worth while to go over there in the dark, especially as the Count would have to pass my camping-place the next day, so I merely sent a message to the effect that we were all right, and would wait for him where we were.

The night passed over quietly, if not very comfortably, as we had to take it in turns to keep up the fires on account of the cold and the number of wild beasts about. However hot the day here, it is always bitterly cold at night. The only sound which broke the stillness after all was the cry of a night-jar as it circled above our heads with noiseless wings. I woke early the next morning, stiff with the cold, and glad to leave my hard grass bed. I eagerly awaited Count Teleki, who arrived a little after eight o'clock. We then marched together a short distance further and camped near a few puddles by which Qualla had spent a night, as proved by the traces of his fire.

At noon on the third day we reached a broad flat valley through which flowed the Guaso Nyuki, and found ourselves in the game park we had gone so far to seek. Even during the last bit of our march we had seen great herds of zebras and elands galloping in front of us and passed several rhinoceroses. Count Teleki shot two of the latter, and we witnessed the remarkable spectacle of a fight between the wounded animals, each crediting the other with being the cause of its sudden suffering. They tore at each other's flesh in mad fury, but one of them, who had received a bullet from the 500 Express rifle at 300 paces distance, soon succumbed to its wounds, at which the other dashed off and escaped. We also came suddenly upon the interesting spectacle of a whole herd of buffaloes indulging in a siesta in a little ravine, all cuddled closely together except a few old bulls acting as sentinels. When we appeared we were greeted with a loud

bellow, and the next moment all the animals were on their feet glaring fiercely at us; but soon away they all sped, first in a hesitating manner, not knowing which way to go, and then with one accord dashing over a ridge and disappearing.

Before we went down the Nyuki valley we sought for a suitable camping-place, which should be near enough to the game to save us much fatigue in hunting it, but not near enough for our presence to disturb it. An isolated group of low hills divided the valley in two parts, the northern narrow and confined, the southern broad and several miles long. The latter, just below the equator, was the favourite haunt of the wild animals, so we elected to camp about a thousand yards to the north of the hills, beneath a shady tree close to the bank of the Nyuki, which here flows rapidly along a channel many feet deep. The fertilising influence of the stream did not extend beyond its immediate neighbourhood, and but for a few isolated trees and bushes on its banks there was scarcely any vegetation, not even grass enough for our little herd of cattle.

When we left Nyemps the trading caravan was just preparing for the return journey to Pangani, and Jumbe Kimemeta had remained behind, as he took this opportunity of dismissing most of his men and sending them to the coast with the traders. It would be our last chance also of despatching letters home, and we proposed to wait here till the caravan passed to take our letters, &c. So nearly the whole of the next day was devoted to writing, a business which, even under the most favourable and ordinary conditions, occupies a good deal more time on an exploring expedition than anyone would imagine—journals, vocabularies, observations, accounts, lists of goods and names, making up altogether quite a formidable mass of literature.

Our guns in spite of all this were not altogether idle, and as we were sitting at breakfast the voices of a pair of rhinoceroses making love to each other enticed us from the camp. They

fell where they stood ; the female, whom I had partly paralysed by a shot in the spine, would not give in for a long time, but lay down like a dog, and, whirling round and round with cries such as we had never heard before, rather like those of a pig being killed, she made it impossible to get an aim at any part but her forehead, which was of course invulnerable. At last, by a sudden spring sideways, I managed to give her a death-blow in the shoulder. The next morning we started in different directions to have a look round, the Count to examine



AN UNLUCKY PAIR OF RHINOCEROSES.

the district more closely with a view to hunting, whilst I went to the hills near by to take some cartographical observations. From the loftiest peak of the group I got a view on the south which was unique of its kind. It was not the scenery itself which astonished me, but the number and variety of the animals giving life to it, for in the flat districts overgrown with steppe grass or gleaming silvery leleshwa bushes stretching away on either side of the river, roamed such countless herds of animals as I had never dreamt of seeing anywhere. I counted eight

separate herds of buffaloes, each containing many hundred, with zebras, rhinoceroses, elands, water-bucks, hartebeests, gazelles, wild boars, and ostriches in such numbers that I forgot all about my observations and gave myself up entirely to the delight of watching all these creatures in their life in the open. For hours one herd of buffaloes roamed round the foot of the hill on which I stood, and looking at them through my glass was a rare treat. Buffaloes are clumsy-looking ugly animals, and the almost hairless bodies of old males are the colour of the mud, black, grey, brown, or reddish-brown as the case may be, in which they last wallowed. The head, with the mighty horns completely covering the forehead and rendering it invulnerable, is large compared to the body. The horns of the females are smaller but longer than those of the males, and if you pick out a buffalo with beautifully shaped horns to aim at, you will generally find you have brought down a cow. At least that was invariably our experience. The head rises from a thick maneless neck, and the animal generally holds it low and outstretched, keenly sniffing the ground as he tramps along, and when he walks quickly, swaying to and fro with an ungainly motion. From a distance a single buffalo looks not unlike a rhinoceros. The buffaloes I saw here all belonged to the *Bos caffer* group; they were walking in a sleepy leisurely manner grazing as they went, and lying down every now and then, as our cows do, to chew the cud, but a few, generally old bulls, always kept watch. And at the sound of a warning bellow from one of them the whole herd would be on foot in no time, to sink down again wearily directly afterwards, or to disappear in a cloud of dust. This occurred again and again as I watched, for there seemed to be always something suspicious in the air. Another herd was anxious to cross the brook, but hesitated, unable to decide on the venture, probably because Count Teleki had passed the spot the same morning.

After a long time one of the buffaloes went to the edge of the water, only to dash back with a grunt of dismay. Alarmed at this the whole herd dispersed, to reassemble again by the brook. This was repeated several times, but at last all decided to cross. I also noted from my point of vantage the singular behaviour of the rhinoceros which had escaped the day before, and now remained like a colossal pillar beside a little pool of rainwater, only now and then moving a pace or two forwards



HORNS OF A MALE AND FEMALE BUFFALO.

or sideways all the time I watched him. The chief cause of alarm to the game were the cranes, which would fly up with loud cries, repeated as they settled down again. Buffaloes in herds are seldom dangerous, and I saw Count Teleki pass a number quite unconcernedly without firing. The animals which have not caught the scent toss up their heads uneasily, prick up their ears, switch their bodies with their tails, stamp the ground with their feet, some bellowing, and all gazing earnestly at the unusual apparition, but

they make no attempt to charge. It is different when a solitary bull or a pregnant cow is met with, especially if either is disturbed in sleep. Later, Count Teleki came upon two bulls and was obliged to seize his weapon to secure his own safety. The two shots from the 577 Express rifle told home, one in the side the other in the shoulder, but one of the buffaloes needed three more bullets before he succumbed. This success was, however, but a lucky accident, and hunting solitary buffalo bulls is always most dangerous. The next day the Count brought down a mother rhinoceros and her little one—quite a baby. We had often eaten the flesh of zebras, antelopes, and buffaloes, but we had never tried that of a rhinoceros. We now had some bits of the baby broiled and found them quite tender, without any unpleasant flavour. In fact they were more like beef than the flesh of any game we had yet tasted. The porters liked it very much, but the Somal would not touch it.

Our food had now for a long time consisted almost entirely of meat, and only on special occasions did we get some stiff porridge made of millet, dhurra, or eleusine meal. The haunches and shoulders of the sheep and goats were reserved for us, with the tongues (*ulimi*), steaks (*serara ndani*), humps (*niundu*), and breasts (*kidari*) of the oxen, the last-named being boiled, whilst the tongues were roasted on a spit for a very long time. We tried to eat the same portions of the buffalo, but they were comparatively coarse, and had a strong flavour of musk. Buffalo tongues require washing for weeks before they cease to resemble indiarubber, whilst twelve or eight hours' boiling makes the *kidari* or breast portions of oxen quite tender and tasty. It is just the same with the *kidari* of the eland. Our diet, therefore, contained more albuminoids than anything else, our stores of hydrocarbons, such as meal, rice, sugar, honey, and the like, being long since

exhausted. We felt this the more as the game of Africa is very lean. In fact, we craved as eagerly for fat or grease as do the Esquimaux. We could have eaten pounds of it, and we gloated over the thought of the fat humps of the oxen days before we ate them. They were to us the daintiest tid-bits, and we would not have exchanged them for all the triumphs of European culinary arts.

Our men, meanwhile, had become quite accustomed to a flesh diet, and had not had any dhurra for weeks. The people of caravans never so much as see salt during their wanderings, and this is perhaps the reason why they prefer the entrails to any other portion of an animal. We did not notice any unpleasant results from this exclusive use of meat, and as a matter of fact, if the transition from vegetables to meat is not too sudden, but is effected gradually in four or six days, there are seldom any ill results, the men becoming thinner it is true, but stronger and better able to endure fatigue, &c. They, too, craved for fat, and thefts of it were almost the only misdemeanours now requiring punishment, for our men had grown very trustworthy and conscientious.

On the afternoon of December 27 the trading caravan at last arrived from Nyemps, and camped near us, glad of a chance of once more eating their fill, the Count having the day before shot a quantity of game, including two buffaloes. The amount of meat negroes can consume is perfectly marvellous, as is also their power to endure hunger. The people of this caravan had subsisted for more than three months on a handful each of dhurra or eleusine and were about to undertake the return journey to Miansini without any store of provisions with them. The hardships connected with the bringing of ivory down to the coast are very great, and nothing but an enthusiastic love of travelling can account for the fact that numbers yearly leave Dar es Salaam and Mombasa for the interior with just



COUNT TELEKI SUDDENLY COMES UPON TWO BUFFALO BULLS.

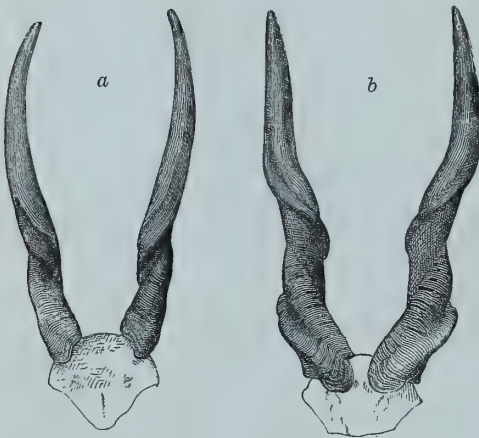


the same thoughtless want of preparation, when even the ivory obtained at so much cost is immediately transferred, as before related, to the Hindu merchants of Zanzibar, &c.

The leaders of the caravan now begged Count Teleki to give them a stock of meat which they could dry and take with them for the return journey. Their request was complied with, although it was difficult to see how the already laden porters could carry provisions also on the ten days' march to Miansini. Their plan had been to go on as far as possible with their loads, then to bury them, and push on empty-handed to Kikuyuland, where they hoped to get the necessary supplies. The Count now, however, presented them with all he had brought down the day before, namely, two buffaloes, a rhinoceros, and a kaama antelope. Unfortunately three badly wounded buffaloes and one rhinoceros had escaped. I had not been able to take part in the hunt as I still had intermittent attacks of dysentery which kept me a prisoner in camp.

We now decided to go one day's march with the traders so as to give them a good supply of provisions for the way at the last moment, and we all started together for the Miwiruni on the 29th. Later we proposed going to seek a little lake somewhere at the base of the Leikipia plateau which Bedue told us he had visited with Bishop Hannington. Our route led us first through the broad flat valley, then over various heights into a district very like that we had left, through which flowed for a short distance a little brook, ending in a swamp. The entire valley was overgrown with tall green rushes and soft sward. This turned out to be the Miwiruni, and on our way to it the Count shot a rhinoceros and a zebra, enough for one day's ration. We passed quantities of game on our way here, chiefly herds of buffaloes, which, startled by our appearance, often seemed about to charge into the long thin line formed by the two caravans, but fortunately they

always swerved aside in time. To fulfil our promise to the traders, we now went off hunting in different directions; but we were not as successful as we had expected to be, for the game had nearly all disappeared. However, the Count secured on the hill he chose two elands and one kaama antelope, whilst I brought down near the swamp one buffalo, a bull, and one zebra. The former, which had a cow with him when I discovered him, gave me a lot of trouble, and did not succumb till he had received ten bullets from the 500 Express rifle and two shots from the 8-bore rifle, which proved that the 500 Express is



HORNS OF A MALE AND FEMALE ELAND.
(*a*, male; *b*, female).

not a sufficiently powerful weapon for old animals. It was interesting and touching to note that the cow would not leave her wounded mate, but followed him into the bush to which he dragged himself. I had only one charge left for my Express rifle, so I now returned to camp, leaving the men with the buffalo. I was

hurrying along, never doubting that the noise of the firing would have scared away all the game, when all of a sudden the head of a buffalo appeared amongst the rushes. I confess that, remembering I was alone with but one charge in my rifle, I felt hot and cold all over. I hastened on, obeying necessity rather than my own wishes, and passed the buffalo, who stood still with proudly reared crest. How eagerly I listened to every sound which might tell that he was about to charge, for it was quite beyond my power to look the terrible beast in the face, and now he was behind me, and the moments

seemed hours, till I heard the reeds rustling again, and looking back saw that my enemy had returned to the swamp. I was still trembling as I went along the path bordered by rushes, when out started another buffalo disturbed in his siesta. He stopped for a moment in astonishment, looked me over from top to toe, and then, still gazing at me, slowly turned tail, and went off. Once he stopped and looked round at me again, and then slowly made his way with many a detour over the gently ascending slope towards the bush in which I had left my men with the dead buffalo.

Fortunately I was now near the end of the swamp with its very unpleasant surprises, and I reached the camp without further incident.

The days spent with us were one continuous fête to the caravan people, for they had not revelled in such plenty for many a long day. On every side pots were simmering over the fires, or great pieces of meat were roasting on little sticks. And no sooner was a bit half done before some hand would seize it, teeth would be fastened in it, and the underdone portion would be suddenly cut off close to the lips with a slash from a knife, a dangerous operation enough, but I never saw anyone hurt. Day and night the feasting went on, and a good many men had eaten so much that they could scarcely move; but they think all this stuffing makes them extra strong. It is thus that the negro lives, without giving a thought to the future, and although this particular caravan had an eight days' march before them without a chance of getting any more food, it was all we could do after all to make them dry any meat to take with them. Their stomachs were full now; they did not want to increase their loads, and their masters were too indifferent and lazy to compel them to do so. Flogging is never practised in the caravans frequenting these districts, and the punishments for theft or desertion are marching in chains

or forfeiting wages. For laziness, impudence, &c., there is no penalty whatever.

Miwiruni is situated on the northern border of Masailand. The district between it and Nyemps is uninhabited, and only visited now and then for hunting by the Wandorobbo. No Masai visited our camp, all the moran of the neighbourhood being absent, whilst the moruu were unwilling to leave their kraals, so that the Wandorobbo had things very much their own way, and brought ivory for sale, which was bought by the traders, although they were already overladen. A true Mrima cannot resist the sight of ivory, and buys it as long as he has a string of beads or a coil of wire left, burying it if he cannot take it on at once. Home-going trading caravans often have no articles for barter left, but pay their way with their last rags of clothing, their ammunition, the iron ramrods of their guns, or even the guns themselves, and in Usambara with ivory.

On the morning of the last day of the year we were off again. The traders marched southwards, taking with them our letters, which reached Zanzibar safely at the end of April, 1888, whilst we made for the rugged slopes of the Leikipia plateau, here called Subugia, to seek for the little lake, coming first to a small lateral valley with a southerly trend, shut in on the east by the steep slope of the plateau, and on the west by a triple row of low, narrow heights with steep, almost perpendicular sides on the eastern side only. Then we wandered about a long time, seeking the lake in vain, discovering at last a barren, flat stretch of land at the northern end of the valley, above which rose clouds of dust raised by numerous ostriches, which were disporting themselves there. This was the lake of which Bedue had spoken, but as there was no water in it our interest was gone. We camped at about three-quarters of an hour's distance from it by a little brook flowing from Mount

Subugia, which, with another flowing in a northerly direction, may possibly feed the so-called lake in the rainy season. The Count went to examine its bed in the afternoon, and found it to extend for some five or six square miles, to be perfectly dry, and absolutely without either vegetable or animal life.

On his way there the Count brought down a rhinoceros, which had made several attempts to charge the caravan, and an eland. The game was left on the ground for some time, and not until we had camped did we send Juma Mussa with a few porters to fetch it. The porters soon returned, all but one, Hussein Suleiman by name, who, it appeared, had gone off with Juma Mussa. We set little store by either of them, Suleiman being only a slave, who had been sent adrift by his master, an Arab of Pemba, as a perfectly worthless fellow, but we did wonder at Juma's venturing to desert now when the chances were that he would walk straight into Qualla's party on the way from Miansini. Suleiman, of course, had been talked over by Juma, who had taken him with him partly as a companion and partly for the sake of having someone he could leave as a hostage or sell in case of need. We found on our return to Mombasa that Juma Mussa, thanks to various tricks he played on the Masai, got safely back to the coast, but as he was then in the service of James Martin on the Tana river he was beyond the reach of justice.

We remained four days in the valley securing a quantity of game, returning on the afternoon of January 4 to the Miwiruni, and the next morning to our camp on the Guaso Nyuki. We found the game very shy on this march, the result of the number of Wandorobbo hunting in the neighbourhood. These people organise regular hunting expeditions, in which they even employ the little yellowish-brown curs so common in Africa. Just now they were hunting a buffalo. We did not see the end of the chase, but they were riddling their victim



WANDOROBBO WEAPONS.

with their arrows, and it probably soon fell, exhausted from loss of blood. We often brought down buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and zebras, which had broken-off arrows sticking in their skin. In hunting elephants the Wandorobbo use spears, which they aim at the fleshy parts of the body. These spears consist of a long wooden handle, in which is a strong short arrow. When the spear is withdrawn, this arrow remains in the wound. Large parties are made up when elephants are to be hunted, and the hunt takes place at night with the help of lighted torches and a great deal of shouting to frighten the game. Although the arrows in the spears are poisoned, an elephant never succumbs sooner than in twelve hours, and all this time its pursuers follow it.

In districts rich in game our caravan was often charged by one or another animal. Yesterday it was a buffalo, which broke through the line without doing any one any harm. To-day it was a rhinoceros, which threatened our cattle as we were crossing a barren bit of land. It was interesting to watch the behaviour of our animals on this occasion. They made straight for the enemy without showing the slightest alarm, and the rhinoceros first checked his confident gallop and then stood stock still at a distance of about fifty paces, till we drove him away. We did not shoot him, as the Count had but just killed another animal of the same kind,

and we had plenty of meat. We noted that buffaloes do not fear rhinoceroses at all, but donkeys take to their heels directly they catch sight of one.

I had suffered so much again from dysentery from the beginning of this march that I could hardly get to the camp on the Guaso Nyuki, and as soon as ever I reached it I had to go to bed. This was the beginning of a long dreary time of ill



A RHINOCEROS ABOUT TO CHARGE OUR CATTLE.

ness, but fortunately we were not just then obliged to be on the move. At first I was now better, now worse, but then I became so rapidly weaker that my end really seemed to be approaching.

Early in the morning of the 7th an old buffalo bull paid us a visit in camp and received a charge in the shoulder from the Count's rifle which brought him down. After this excellent

beginning Count Teleki went off hunting along the brook. He killed another buffalo and a rhinoceros, turning back at noon to make his way home over the group of hills on the south, leaving some of his men behind with the game which could not be carried, whilst the rest, heavily laden with meat, followed him slowly at some distance. Even his gun-bearers Mahommed and Bedue were several hundred paces behind him, none of the party expecting to meet with any big game close to the camp. Suddenly, however, three elephants appeared, advancing towards the Count. They did not yet see him, but the hill was as bare of shelter as a barn floor and he had no weapons. Fortunately Mahommed and Bedue saw the elephants at the same moment and hurried up with the weapons to their master, who remained standing perfectly still. They were only just in time, for the elephants, two female and a young male, were but twenty-five paces off, making straight for the Count. The Count opened a rapid fire with the 577 and 500 Express rifles, and I in camp thought that a number of people were firing at once, probably at a charging buffalo. The first charge broke one foot of each of the two animals in front, and they remained rooted to the spot, swaying their heads to and fro. The third elephant, which had meanwhile approached some five paces nearer, got a bullet from the 500 Express rifle in one of the hind legs, but the charge was not strong enough to break the limb, and the wounded creature limped along till a shot in the temple gave him a quietus. Meanwhile the 577 Express rifle had been reloaded and the two lame elephants were also brought down, but a few seconds having been occupied in the whole affair. The men now came hurrying up, paused in astonishment at the sight of all the huge carcasses, and then began to dance for joy round them. The Askar Mahommed Mote, a half-caste Arab, a thoroughly original character who was simply indifferent to every variety of danger, was just

climbing in his excitement on to the smallest of the elephants, the better to make his shouts of delight heard at a distance, when to every one's astonishment the animal suddenly got up. He had been merely stunned by the blow on the head, and two more bullets were needed to finish him off.

At this time we were still quite inexperienced in hunting elephants. We did not know what were the best weapons or at what part of the huge skull to aim to inflict a mortal wound, and it was through many a gruesome moment that we won our knowledge later.

We were now at a height of about 5,050 feet above the sea-level, but the sun was still terribly hot at noon ($+33^{\circ}$ to 36° Centigrade), but on the other hand the difference between the day and night temperature was very marked, the thermometer generally registering from $+6^{\circ}$ to $+10^{\circ}$ Centigrade at sunrise. Our people suffered the more from these changes as there were no materials either for making huts or for fuel close at hand; and the latter had to be fetched from a distance. Life was rather a dreary affair just now. The only thing of which we had plenty was meat. Most of the men had to accompany the Count on his hunting expeditions in the afternoon, whilst the few left behind either went to collect fuel or cut up meat to be dried in the sun. Then all the game killed had to be brought home, a work often not finished till after dark, and sometimes loads of meat were sent to Nyemps, a good eight German miles off. At first these trips were made in two days, but later, the men being afraid to pass the night in the wilderness in small parties, the distance of sixteen German miles there and back was accomplished in one day, and on one occasion a medicine-chest weighing over a hundredweight was brought back, as Count Teleki wanted some of its contents for me.

The heaps of game collected in this hunting camp of ours attracted immense quantities of scavenger birds and hyenas,

which was rather a good thing as they carried off all the rubbish which would otherwise, owing to the negligence of the negroes, have poisoned the air. The vultures and marabout storks did not venture within the camp at all, but waited quietly outside or quarrelled amongst themselves for the bits of meat and bones thrown out for them ; but the kites were a great nuisance, as they swooped into our quarters by the dozen, snatching away pieces of meat not intended for them and uttering their shrill discordant cries, of which we soon became heartily tired. On me this perpetual noisy going to and fro of birds of prey had a very pernicious effect, as I could not but feel that my end might be very near.

Once a splendid eagle, attracted by our ape, who was playing about in the tree beneath which the Count's tent was pitched, swooped down and settled upon a branch without a sign of shyness. Hamis, little guessing the danger he was in, was for plucking out a feather or two from his visitor's wings, treating him as he was in the habit of doing the fowls we sometimes had in camp as playfellows for him. Count Teleki at once seized a gun, and a shot brought down the would-be robber. As usual, Hamis repaid the efforts on his behalf with ingratitude, and the eagle was no sooner dead and deprived of his beautiful long wing feathers before the ape was down from his perch too, on mischievous thoughts intent. He had a good look at his dead enemy, as he did at everything new or strange, and then he hopped into his master's tent and seized what was for the moment perhaps that master's greatest treasure, his last bit of soap. The Count saw him and shouted out 'Leave that alone!' but too late. Hamis was at the top of the tree again, with the precious soap in his teeth. We called him by all the endearing names we could think of, hoping to get him away from the branch he had chosen, which overhung the brook, but all in vain. Not fancying the taste of his stolen

goods he dropped the soap into the water, and it was of course hopelessly lost. The brown flood of the Guaso Nyuki bore it away, though some half dozen negroes dived after it for a long time.

As long as Qualla and his 170 men were absent, Count Teleki was able to supply all our needs by hunting every other day only, which disturbed the game less than a daily chase would have done. Buffaloes were the chief animals brought down, and they were so numerous that our men called them *ngombe jetu*, or our cattle, but now and then wild animals came within range. On the morning of January 13, our cowherd, as he was taking the cattle to pasture, reported elephants in sight, and we saw a number approaching the camp along the base of the hills. The herd consisted of six old males, two young ones, and an old female bringing up the rear, the last with exceptionally fine tusks. The Count was off at once, and ran along the bank to a ford where the animals evidently intended to cross the stream. A tree afforded good shelter here, and though the elephants soon showed signs of anxiety, sniffing the air with uplifted trunks, and listening with ears erect, they continued to advance. The Count had judged rightly, and now kept perfectly still till the female with the fine tusks was within range. She was a cautious old creature, and started back when she came to the dangerous spot, but too late! crack went the charge from the 8-bore rifle, and down she fell into the river with a terrible crash. Her companions, who were now a good many paces in advance, stopped when they heard the shot, and looked about them for a minute or two, but they went on their way again as if nothing had happened, making for the low stony hills shutting in the valley. Count Teleki followed them as quickly as he could, but did not come up with them till they were on the top of a hill. He singled out a big male which lingered a little behind the others

and fired at the temples at a distance of about thirty paces with the 577 Express rifle. He missed, the only effect being that the elephant discovered his presence. Quickly he seized the heavier weapon, cocked the left barrel, and fired again with no better results, the charge exploding uselessly in the air. The now enraged animal was close upon him, and he had scarcely time to cock the other barrel, but this time the bullet of hardened lead, as big as a walnut, did its duty, and the elephant whirled round with the rapidity of lightning. A second shot fortunately broke the bone of one of the hind legs, for the Count was suffering from the recoil of his hasty shot, and had received a severe blow in the side which pained him so much that he was unable to follow the other animals quickly enough. He got pretty close to two of them once, but they made off in time; one following the rest of the herd, whilst the other turned back to his wounded comrade. The Count therefore went in the same direction, arriving by the two just as the one he had shot rolled over on its side and died. The uninjured one then attempted to pass the Count and rejoin the others, but a shot from the 577 Express brought him down, so that there were now three elephants in a group on the ground. The defaulting double-barrelled 8-bore rifle was examined in camp, when it was found that the left barrel was bent, and could not be properly cocked.

Three days later another herd of elephants approached our camp, this time consisting of four females and two sprightly little ones no bigger than a well-grown sow. Again it was our herd who warned us of their approach, rushing into camp with the news, and leaving his cattle to shift for themselves. It was impossible to say whether the elephants were chasing them, or merely making their way, as before, to the ford. Anyhow it was wonderfully interesting to watch the group of mothers and children when suddenly perceiving our camp; the former

made a rampart round the little ones with their huge bodies, and with uplifted trunks and ears erect, swayed backwards and forwards in their hesitation and dismay, scenting danger on every side. Then came the crash of the death-bringing shots, two animals falling on their sides as if struck by lightning, whilst a third, as suddenly lamed, remained standing, and a fourth limped painfully away. Shot followed shot from the tree in our camp, and the little ones hurried in terror from one dying mother to the other, and then to the one elephant still standing, which had crept away for a little distance, hoping to get protection from her. When she, too, fell, the poor little things, wild with distress, rushed towards the Count and his men like angry turkey-cocks, and only when they were quite close to them turned tail and galloped away. We all looked on with bated breath, and I was so intensely interested in the extraordinary scene that I forgot my suffering for a time. I got some men to carry me out afterwards to photograph the bodies of the slain.

We lost two of our guides here, Manwa Seri and Meri, both of whom had been ailing since we left Taveta, and died of consumption. The former thus ended a long career as a trustworthy guide; the latter was a promising young fellow whom we could ill spare and whose death we felt keenly. To take their places we promoted others. Passing over the lazy Bedue, Schaongwe became first leader of the caravan, whilst Himidi bin Ali, originally engaged as a mere porter, and later promoted to be an Askar, a very trustworthy negro from the Comoro Isles, also became a guide.

On the afternoon of January 22, Qualla and his men at last returned, after an absence of thirty-five days, the men all looking wild and completely worn out, some with scarcely clothing enough for decency, others with none. They had evidently had terrible hardships to endure. We were at a loss to understand

the terrible condition of the porters until Qualla told us the tale of their adventures.

They had reached Miansini, a Wandorobbo settlement east of Lake Naivasha on the frontier of Kikuyuland, where to his great surprise he found a wretched state of things prevailing, famine having begun there as well as in the districts further north. Three trading caravans, under the leadership of Mpuiji, Muyuji Hamis, and Mbaruk, were camped there, and in the greatest distress, for want of food. Mbaruk, moreover, in whose expedition our Jumbe Kimemeta had an interest, had quite miscalculated his chances in Leikipia, and had not only obtained no ivory, but had lost thirty men from starvation. He had decided too late to turn back and had not been able to get any food from the Masai.

This was bad news indeed, but though the traders, with no idea how they were to get back to the coast, were simply waiting in apathetic despair, Qualla did not lose his head. He was told that all dealings with the Wakikuyu were carried on through the Wandorobbo; but he took no notice of that, merely, in spite of every warning, pushing on over the frontier in order to deal with the natives direct. He could get nothing from them, however, as they were in want themselves; and he hardly knew how to support his men. The cold, too, was intense, Miansini being some 8,200 feet above the sea-level. He wandered about for five days, and then went to the district where lived our old friends Terrere, Kassa, and Utahaj Uajaki. He was everywhere kindly received; tribute was not once demanded, nor was there any shouting or gathering together of the people. He was led from village to village by natives, who bought for him what little food could be spared. He came thus to the site of our seventh camp, keeping his men on half rations of green bananas, half-ripe sweet potatoes, yams, &c., so as to keep back the little meal, millet, maize,



COUNT TELEKI AND HIS VICTIMS OF DECEMBER 16.



and the few beans he was able to obtain. With infinite trouble he managed to scrape together as much as 128 loads, when, feeling it was useless to try and get more, he decided to turn back. On his way to Lake Naivasha, he passed the now deserted camps of the traders, in one of which were two porters at death's door from want of food. One he helped and took on with him, the other was too weak to be moved, and was reluctantly left to die. On the site of the other camp were the half-burned corpses of two more men who had probably been left behind in a dying condition, and had perished when the Masai set fire to the camp after the traders had left. If such was the case at the beginning of the return march to the coast, we can imagine how many corpses would later mark the course of these luckless caravans. In spite of this terrible warning, however, nine of Qualla's men went off here, each with a load of from 78 to 88 lb. of grain.

One of the runaways died soon after, and a second returned in a hopeless condition. But all troubles were over now, and the eyes of the hollow-cheeked wanderers brightened indeed when they noted the plentiful food in our camp. Fortunately Count Teleki had shot five buffaloes, two quite near by, the very day of their arrival, and there remained one clear day for them to rest before they would have to go back to Nyemps.

Qualla had brought back with him 106 loads of food, which would be just enough for our further journey, but must on no account be touched before that. Many of the men were, however, so weak that we could not hope to start immediately, and should have to remain some little time longer by the Guaso Nyuki. Now began an arduous time for Count Teleki, who was responsible for feeding the whole caravan, and he was compelled every day to bring down a certain number of big animals, such as buffaloes or rhinoceroses. This went on until February 3, the hunting being at first confined to a narrow

district, as the game congregated in the open steppe or on the low height near the middle course of the Guaso Nyuki ; but, of course, the animals grew shy every day, so that the Count had to go farther and farther afield. It would take far too long to tell of the incidents of each day's hunting for so extended a period. I will, therefore, relate the most thrilling incidents only.

In the fifty days since we left Nyemps, the Count had killed



MAHOMMED SEIFF CHARGED BY A BUFFALO.

with his own rifle, not one of the men being allowed to fire a shot, no less than 113 large animals, viz., 10 elephants, 61 buffaloes, 21 rhinoceroses, 9 zebras, 6 kaama antelopes, 4 elands, and 2 kobus antelopes or water-bucks.

It would be difficult to form any idea of the amount of danger, toil, and fatigue which this summary represents, for the arduous following up of the badly wounded buffaloes which escaped after all is not, of course, included in the list of results

achieved. Mahommed Seiff and Bedue, who always went with their master, were quite ill from the daily wear and tear; but fortunately the Count kept well, though he grew very much graver and more reserved, which was no wonder, as the danger he had to encounter became greater every day. In the last two weeks he was charged eleven times by wounded buffaloes. On January 17 he brought down four buffaloes, one of which, sorely stricken, had withdrawn into a leleshwa jungle, where it stood with head uplifted, the tips of its horns alone being visible. It would never have done to go into the wood after it, so the Count withdrew to the shade of a bush and lit a pipe so as to get a little rest himself and give his enemy time to grow weaker. Mahommed, however who got sick of waiting, went and peeped at the buffalo every now and then, and presently the Count, who had no idea what he was about, saw him dash towards himself out of the thicket with the buffalo after him. The Count sprang up at once, and Mahommed, who, be it said, never lost his presence of mind, however great the danger, sprang cleverly on one side, so that his master was able to get a shot at the neck of the buffalo, which fell down dead.

A couple of days afterwards a similar shot at a wounded bull miscarried, and the furious animal charged the Count at such close quarters that (a second shot fortunately taking effect in the neck) he fell dead at the very feet of the sportsman. As time went on Count Teleki had to sustain more and more numerous charges from animals he had wounded. Thus, on January 19, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 31, and February 1 he was attacked; on January 19 and 21 twice by buffaloes, on January 23 by a buffalo and a rhinoceros, on January 24 by a rhinoceros, and on the other days by buffaloes, escaping the charges from the rhinoceroses by a hair's breadth.

The Count always preferred aiming at the neck of a

buffalo, as, if the vertebral column is struck, the result is immediate. If not, however, the shot is wasted, and on January 27 a bull which had threatened the men only fell after receiving four bullets in the neck. Of course Count Teleki gained daily in experience in hunting buffaloes, and he became also daily more convinced that these animals are as crafty as they are ungovernable when once they are enraged.

All this time I was chained to my bed, dysentery, accompanied by low fever and insomnia, having completely exhausted my strength, so that on January 24 there seemed no hope of my recovery. On the evening of that day I felt a strong desire for sleep, and, thinking that my worn-out spirit was about to be loosed from my emaciated body at last, I closed my weary eyes, convinced that I was falling into my last long unconsciousness. I woke again about four o'clock the next morning, but it was a long time before I realised that I was still alive, and I asked myself again and again, Where am I? Am I really not dead yet? Then I remembered that the Count had stood by my bed the evening before, asking me how I felt, and I had answered, all hope having left me, that I was near my end. After that a grey veil had shrouded everything from me, and I had died.

But how was it now? Had I indeed woke in eternity? But surely that was a cock crow I heard! Was I to live after all?

For a long time I could not believe it, and yet when I called to Chuma he appeared. I kept repeating 'Boy!' in a doubtful manner, and he replied 'Bwana,' so that I began to feel it must be true and no dream.

Convinced at last that I was still alive, I began to hope I might yet recover, and thought I would take some of the medicine I had lately regarded as useless. I now took four grams (one drachm) of ipecacuanha, a little too much perhaps, for the result was extraordinary. I began to tremble all over

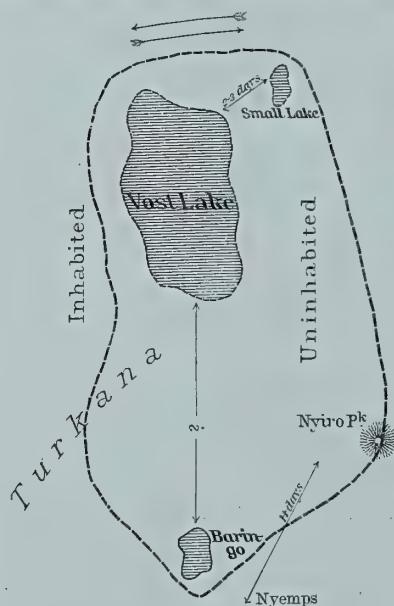
and was completely upset, every fibre tingling as if electrified, and the perspiration pouring in streams over my emaciated limbs. For weeks I had scarcely taken food or drink. Twenty-four hours later a perfect nerve-storm ensued, and, in spite of my prostration, I had no desire to eat. I had a fancy for eggs if I took anything, for I could not touch milk or soup.

And the eggs came! In such an unexpected manner, and so entirely in the nick of time, that I could not but look upon them as a gift from Heaven in my need. One of the men found an ostrich's nest containing eleven fresh eggs, enough to feed me for twenty days. Never before nor after did we meet with ostrich eggs. I recovered but slowly even now, and when we left for Nyemps on February 3 I had to be carried in a hammock.

We took some nineteen hundredweight of dried meat with us, and we had sent more than twice as much to our people at Nyemps the week before. On the morning of February 4 we were back at our camp at Nyemps and busy with our preparations to go further north. We had to carry such a quantity of food that we were compelled to leave half our goods behind us, and we built a strong wooden hut plastered with loam in which to house them.

It was difficult enough to decide what to take and what to leave, but yet more difficult to know which way to go. Days were consumed in talking the matter over with Jumbe Kime-meta and the natives, but we could get no certain intelligence whatever. No one really knew whether there were two lakes or one on the north, or even how far off was the nearest lake if two there were. We had answers in plenty to our questions, but they were all either vague or manifestly false. The size of one lake, for instance, varied from two months' journey round to one year's. It was, in fact, quite immeasurable !

One thing we did find out, that there were several routes to the lake or lakes, the shortest, impracticable except in the rainy season, leading northwards close to Lake Baringo and passing Mount Nyiro, inhabited by a wretched tribe hitherto unknown to us, called the Burkeneji; another making a wide detour over the highlands of Leikipia also to Mount Nyiro, and a third passing through inhabited districts on the west of Lake Baringo.



IMAGINARY MAP OF THE DISTRICT
NORTH OF OUR CAMP AT NYEMPS.

It was long before we came to any decision, but we were still determined to explore the whole of the lake district, and we could either go by the westerly and return by the easterly route, or *vice versa*. The little map given herewith will show the position we supposed the lakes to occupy, and the character of the surrounding country, and it will be seen from it also that we expected to find inhabitants who might help us on our way on the west, but none on the east, the larger lake, apparently impassable, lying between the two. The easterly

route, therefore, would present the greater difficulties, and to choose it would be to have to press on for an indefinite distance through a lonely and probably barren wilderness, whilst if we went by the west we were at least sure of getting to the big lake, and of returning safely if we were unable to penetrate further north. But then came the thought, suppose all our calculations were based on errors, and we found ourselves hopelessly stranded in an unknown desert after all!

With infinite trouble we had collected a store of food which, with care, would last thirty-five days, during which we could go a long way. It would not do to rely on being able to supplement this store in the uninhabited districts, so that it really seemed wiser to go by the east whilst we had food, and when it was exhausted return by the west; and this was the decision to which we finally came.

Our next care was to secure native guides. One Sokoni, a Mkwafi of Greater Nyemps, claimed to be well acquainted with Turkana and Suk, districts we should pass through during the latter part of our journey, whilst another and younger man offered to lead us to the Loroghi chain, where he was to turn back and give us over to an older fellow, who would take us to Mount Nyiro, where we should have to secure other guides for the further stages. We hoped to reach this mountain, which was to play a considerable part in our journey, in fourteen or fifteen days.

Our caravan now mustered eight Somal, three Swahili, six guides, fifteen Askari, 197 healthy and nine invalided porters and donkey-boys. We had nineteen grey donkeys, twenty-one head of cattle and calves, and sixty sheep and goats, some of the last-named, however, too weak to take with us. We left the nine sick men, under the Askar Bori, in charge of the goods we could not take. Bori had so far proved himself very faithful and trustworthy, and the fact that he owned a bit of land at Pangani gave us a certain hold over him. The goods were all weighed in his presence and formally handed over to him.

On the morning of February 9, 1888, we were ready to start. The men were not in the very best condition, many of them showing evident traces of the privations they had undergone; but they were a brave and determined-looking little troop, and none of them now dreamt of inquiring as to where they were going. They were the *Safari a palepale*, the caravan

which would push on through thick and thin, as proved by the shouts with which the Expedition got under way in the afternoon.

In capital spirits, though I was still a mere skeleton, I mounted my grey steed to bring up the rear of the extended column, the advance-guard of which had already long left the camp. But very soon I saw there was a stoppage of some



THE SUK ARE COMING !

kind, and the men presently began making for the camp again. What was the matter? At first no one could tell; the order to turn back having been passed from mouth to mouth, but it turned out that Kharscho, who had been sent by Count Teleki to Greater Nyemps, had returned with the news that the Suk, said to be a very rapacious tribe, were advancing upon the village. An attack from them would, of course, endanger our

men and goods at Little Nyemps, and it therefore seemed best to our leader to go back ; and the absence of natives when we broke up our camp, with the occasional cries of ‘ *Ui-ui*,’ which we had heard from the distance as we were leaving, were alike explained. The Count quickly chose out a hundred men and hastened to the assistance of the natives at Greater Nyemps, only to return in about half an hour, he having met some moran from Little Nyemps, who told him that it had all been a false alarm, arising from the fact that there had been a fight between the Wakamasia and the Suk, in which the latter had been driven back.

It was too late to start again that day, so our tents were pitched once more, whilst the men took possession again of their but recently deserted huts, and as we went to bed the Count and I both wondered whether this unexpected interruption of our start was a bad omen for our success.

CHAPTER II

THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE RUDOLF

From February 10 to March 6, 1888

Safari a palepale!—Lake Baringo—Our guide Sokoni—A white rhinoceros—In the Leikipia highlands—Lare Lolera—A remarkable mountain gorge—The Loroghi range—An unexpected sight—General Matthews chain—Gold—Water famine—Our guide goes astray—Fresh efforts to find our way—A forced march—Mount Nyiro and its inhabitants—Different kinds of zebras—Elephant hunting—Northwards along the base of Mount Nyiro—Further hunting episodes—First sight of the lake—At the Tamis spring—*Haya puani!*—On the shores of Lake Rudolf—A critical position.

EARLY the next morning, February 10, 1888, we were off again, fresh shouts of '*Safari a palepale!*' resounding as we all turned our backs on the camp once more, the men proud of our little herd of cattle, and of our many heavy sacks of grain, bundles of stuff, beads, and wire, all of which they felt belonged to them and would last such a long time!

We had soon marched through the little acacia wood, and reached the savanna with its patches of steppe grass on the south of Lake Baringo. The hot sun and the constant dry wind had removed every trace of damp, and the loamy soil was scorched and seamed with deep ruts in every direction, but things improved when we approached the base of the Leikipia plateau and the Guaso Bolio, by which we camped. The tableland here slopes down quite near to the lake in two long straight terraces, which rise up like gigantic steps from the plain.

We marched the next morning, first in a northerly direction along the base of the lower terrace, and then over a low

easterly spur, up a barren, stony slope. The first stage led us close to a creek of the lake, the eastern shore of which is quite free from rushes, whilst the sandy ground was evidently originally part of the lake bottom. When we turned east we escaped the clouds of red dust in which we had been smothered on the plain, but the mountain slope was so encumbered with huge sharp-edged masses of volcanic débris that it was difficult to progress. To make up for this, however, we had an extensive view of the vast surface of the lake, some 140 square miles in extent, with its islands, bays, and gulfs, the plains on the south being spread out beneath us as on a map. The west and north-west shores are rocky, but those on the south are flat and overgrown with reeds. We could make out a number of little islands in the north-western corner of the lake, as well as one large and four smaller in the southern portion. The form and position of the latter led us to suppose that they are the remains of a sunken crater from which the eastern side is gone. Lake Baringo is about 3,658 feet above the sea-level. It has no outlet, but the water is sweet and drinkable. There can be little doubt that it was originally of very much greater extent, and it is more than likely that the two swamps near it were produced by the drawing back of its waters.

Arrived at the top of the saddle, we saw on the north-east a broad valley watered by the Mogodeni stream. The Leikipia plateau extends considerably further east, and the ridge on which we stood was but a small insignificant spur of the main formation. It was a long way still to the Mogodeni, and the Count, who had been here before on one of his hunting trips, asked the guide if there was no water nearer. We were fortunate enough to find some in a deep ravine quite close to where we were, so we decided to camp there at once, much to the delight of our men, who had not yet got into the way of long marches again.

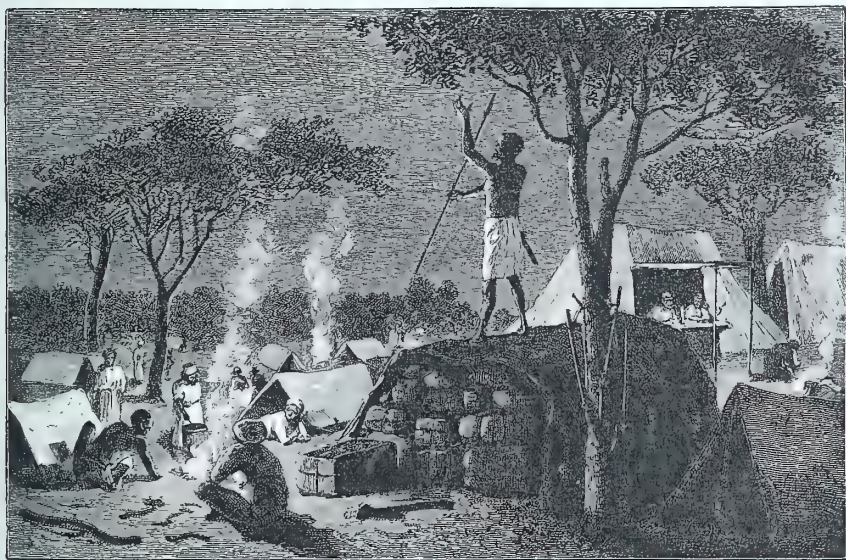
The men who had gone with Qualla on his arduous march to Kikuyuland were still so worn out that we did our best to spare them. In fact the health of the caravan was now our first care, and some of the porters took advantage of our consideration for them to dip their own hands in the food stores. It was the careful Qualla who noticed this first. Suspecting mischief, he weighed some sacks which looked thinner than the others one evening and found that they had been tampered with. The discovery caused the greatest excitement in the whole caravan, for it was to the interest of all to husband our resources. The theft was looked upon as a sin against every one, and, as an example to the others, the thief, with a comrade who had eaten of the stolen corn with him, received fifty lashes each, the maximum punishment ever inflicted for misdemeanours of this kind.

Sokoni, our guide from Nyemps, turned the incident to account by giving an harangue to the assembled porters in the evening. This guide was a very experienced fellow, thoroughly familiar with caravan life, for he had once gone to Pangani with a trading caravan, and acted as guide and interpreter to another in Kamasia, Elgeyo, Ngaboto, and Ngamatak, on the west and north-west of Lake Baringo. His speech was really very sensible, and made a deeper impression on the men than if it had come from one of themselves. For this reason the Count often made him hold forth again, and his reiterated 'Schika mibuyu!' and 'Schika unga!' ('Look after your water-vessels, take care of your grain') could not too often be dinned into the ears of our thoughtless men. Bread and water! How often we were to long for them both!

The next day we continued our journey by a good path through a broad flat valley to the Mogodeni stream, where we camped.

The stream rises in the highlands of Leikipia and flows to

the plain through a wild ravine-like valley of the Elmaroroj mountain on the east of our halting-place. It only gets as far as Lake Baringo in the rainy season, and at present it ended in a little reed-grown swamp. There was plenty of game in the neighbourhood, and in a short afternoon's hunting excursion the Count brought down two rhinoceroses, whilst two wounded buffaloes escaped him.



SOKONI HOLDS FORTH.

The following morning we went on through the short steppe grass of the valley in a northerly direction along the base of the Elmaroroj mountain till we came to a lateral valley from which issues a stream flowing in a southerly direction. The ground was here covered with soft green sward such as we had not seen for a very long time, and our animals got so excited over it that the Count decided to halt on their account. A buffalo cow he had shot by the way sufficed for half rations for the whole party, so that we were able to manage the break in

the march comfortably. Just before we reached this valley our three guides, who were in advance of the main body, were threatened by some Wandorobbo, who however made off as soon as they saw the rest of the caravan, but the incident was suggestive of the true character of this apparently timid and non-aggressive tribe.

For a little distance the next day our way led through the same valley, with its fresh green grass and luxuriant vegetation ; but to our regret we soon had to leave it to climb up a steep, stony mountain slope, with here and there a few isolated and almost leafless acacias, soon, however, to go down again into a rocky brook channel, now dried up but for a few pools of muddy water. The ravine opened into a broad valley, where the water of this brook sometimes forms a swamp. We had to halt here, though there was scarcely room to put up the tent, as there was no other water within reach. This neighbourhood, as well as that passed through the day before, was quite uninhabited, and bore the name of the Lare lol borngnishu, or the 'Spring of the white oxen,' which was very suggestive of the sign of some country inn in Europe.

During the preceding days' marches, especially in the evening, we had suffered terribly from the violence of the wind. The mornings were quite still ; but, as the day wore on, a dry wind swept down on the plain from the highlands, gathering ever increasing force, until towards sundown we were compelled to take refuge in our tents, where we were still not free from the effects of what can only be characterised as a hurricane. We slept with our heads wrapped up in clothes, hardly able to breathe, and woke up completely buried in sand and dust. The instruments and weapons were injured or completely spoilt, and we could enjoy nothing we ate for the grit mixed with it. All this was fortunately at an end when we reached the Lare

lol borngnishu, and we greatly enjoyed the evening with its soft dustless breeze.

The next day the Count surprised and brought down a pair of buffaloes in a narrow valley, when we had marched for three hours only, and as there was water hard by in two rocky pools we decided to halt here, and divide the meat at once, thus really saving time in the end.

Maintaining our north-easterly course along the edge of the highlands, we reached the next day the Amaya stream, which flows through a broad valley with a north-western outlet almost completely shut in by declivities of the steep volcanic plateau. The Amaya has a fairly good volume of water, but its bed is so deep that, in spite of the fine trees on its banks, it is easily overlooked; and we actually halted on February 16 by a dried-up brook and got water by digging, without a suspicion that we were so near a beautiful rivulet.

During this march the Count brought down a white rhinoceros. I am perfectly well aware that science does not admit the existence of a white variety of the rhinoceros group, and, therefore, I do not claim the distinction of a separate species for our booty; but I do say that its skin was very much lighter than that of any other animal of the kind I ever saw. It was of a light silvery grey, and white was most certainly the right word to use for it. It was perfectly free from stains, so that it did not owe its exceptional colour to dust or mud.

On the 17th we marched along the Amaya stream for not quite two hours, and then halted near its source. We were getting tired of these short marches and constant halts, which were no longer necessary for the sake of our men, and we told our guide Barnoti that we must press on more rapidly. It then turned out that he had ordered a halt because he was not sure of the way. He had only crossed this district once, some ten

years ago, and all he could remember was that the further route was over the highlands, the steep slopes of which shut us in on the east and south. He now went off with Sokoni to hunt for the path.

So far our ascent from Lake Baringo had been very gradual; we had reached a height of about 5,502 feet above the sea-level, but the next day the path became very much steeper. First we cut across the valley, and then climbed a less abrupt portion of the slope, dotted with cypress-like leaved coniferous trees and isolated morio trees. For two hours we struggled along a path apparently sometimes used by men—there were trees in the wood surrounded with circles of stones—till we reached the top of a hill where a cold damp east wind was blowing. Thus far we had always been shut in in ravines and valleys, so that we had not been able to get anything of a view, and we could not tell whether the heights with which we were surrounded were separate hills or portions of the plateau. We imagined the latter, and our surprise was now the greater when we suddenly found ourselves at the edge of a far-stretching undulating tableland with an all but imperceptible slope from south to east; one mountain mass alone, that of the Loroghi chain, the slopes dark with forest trees, rising up to a height of some 1,300 feet, and shutting in the horizon on the north. The ground was overgrown with short steppe grass and dotted with groups of freshly green young acacias or isolated morio trees. A soft rain was falling, which further cooled the air; and, refreshed and cheered, we hastened on, camping in the afternoon in a cypress wood by a swampy gorge at a place called Lare Lolera, some 6,800 feet above the sea-level.

The surrounding scenery was picturesque but scarcely tropical, and reminded us of the upper regions of Kilimanjaro. Here, as there, were blackish-green tree-heaths and dark

cypresses, draped with creepers, rising up stiffly from the yellow steppe grass, and here, too, our men gathered round the hastily built up fires. It was startling in the almost frosty atmosphere to see a herd of zebras approach the water towards sunset. A few buffaloes also showed themselves for a moment.

A rainy night was succeeded by a dull and cheerless morning. Heavy autumnal-like clouds obscured the sun, and it would be late before it became light in the wood. The half-frozen men were not up till long after the usual time of starting, but remained sleeping by the scarce flickering fires. At last, however, we were all under way once more, maintaining a northerly direction pretty near the western edge of the plateau, with the dark forest at a varying distance on our left, whilst on our right the apparently unbroken plain stretched away to the base of the mountains. As a matter of fact there were many long, narrow, and deep ravines, breaking its monotony, but we did not see them until we were close upon them. These ravines, evidently all the result of faults in the strata, ran parallel with the mountain chain, and in most of them flowed little streams, some in an easterly and some in a westerly direction.

The only wild animals we saw on the steppe were zebras, probably of the *Equus zebra* variety, three of which the Count brought down.

We camped at the bottom of a steep rugged ravine, the sides clothed with a surprising variety of luxuriant vegetation, and although we were now at a height of some 7,700 feet we were much more comfortable than the day before, as we were sheltered from the east wind which was still blowing.

A short walk in a westerly direction, which we took in the afternoon, brought us unexpectedly to the edge of the plateau, which here terminates abruptly in rugged, absolutely unscalable precipices, many hundred feet deep. At the base were numerous

equally rugged hills and hillocks, the precipitous western slopes contrasting with the flat deserted plain from which they rose, whilst far away in the same direction the horizon was shut in by blue mountain heights. Full though the scene spread out before us was of character, it was wanting in charm, for the fresh green woods of the valleys at our feet were untenanted by any living creature, and the utter stillness and loneliness could not but affect us. On the wide plain the hot sun seemed to have withered up every trace of vegetation, and before the bitter east wind, which was whistling in our ears, were driven clouds of dust and sand. On the south of the steppe we were just able to make out the flat-topped isolated Paga and Erre mountains, which slope down to Lake Baringo, but from here looked like narrow gleaming stripes.

We looked forward with great interest to our next march, as it was to lead us over the Loroghi chain, rising up like a dark mass of vegetation against the northern horizon. Contrary to my expectations the ascent was for several hours quite gradual over grassy slopes, often close to the edge of wooded ravines running parallel with the mountains. A glance in a north-westerly direction showed us that the Loroghi chain is bounded on the west by the plateau, which is but slightly inferior in absolute height to the ridge of the range. The latter is some 8,500 feet high, an altitude fairly maintained throughout the whole thirty-eight miles of extent. The relative height of the mountain range above the surrounding plateau varies, however, as the latter slopes slightly from west to east. The southern end of the Loroghi chain had risen up to a considerable height opposite to us when we were on the Guaso Nyiro, whilst here the summit almost melted away in its surroundings. But there we had been at a height of from 4,600 to 4,900 feet only, whilst here our aneroid registered 8,200 feet, showing that we had reached the highest point of the plateau.

Here and there on our way up we had come upon metamorphic rock, from which we supposed that the whole mountain mass was of similar material, and rose like an island from the sea of volcanic débris.

Arrived at the top, we were met by an icy wind, which soon compelled us to take shelter amongst the trees, of which there were now a good many. But we pressed on a little farther and then began the descent on the northern side, coming presently to a valley running in a north-north-easterly direction and dividing the mountain chain from the plateau before us. There closely growing rows of fine trees, chiefly conifers, surrounded us, but through them we got many a peep of equally well-wooded valleys on our right. The happy mood in which we wandered amongst the lonely beauty of this primæval world was, alas! dispelled, when, as we got lower down, we came to traces of the destructive hand of man, a fire, lit by some of the Wandorobbo who frequent the Loroghi chain for hunting expeditions, having evidently raged for weeks, for whole tracts were burnt or burning, trunks and branches were scattered on every side, and the ground was covered with a layer of ashes from which smoke and steam were rising in clouds.

It was not without danger that we pressed on over the smouldering remains of the trees and the white hot ashes. Every now and then some half-charred trunk would fall close to the path with a loud crash, and the glare from the gleaming débris was terribly trying. The valley sloped rapidly down to the lower-lying regions to which the fire had not extended, where water began to appear again, at first in little isolated pools, and later in such quantities that we thought we had struck upon the source of a stream, but after all its full and rapid course terminated in a mere pond. The steep sides of the valley often approached each other so closely that we had to wade through the water, and not until late in the afternoon

did we come to a dry open spot where it was possible to camp. We were now at a height of 6,178 feet above the sea-level on the northern side of the Loroghi chain.

Although we had been travelling for months on high-lying and exceptionally healthy regions, Hamis Djundja, one of our strongest porters, died here from fever after only thirty hours' illness.

The next day we went on through the same valley, finding that as long as gneiss formed the subsoil it was well watered and wooded, but that as soon as volcanic rock cropped up water became scarcer and vegetation alike sparser and more uniform. About noon Count Teleki brought down an unusually large and fat rhinoceros, and as we had just reached a difficult bit of road, we decided to camp then and there. The narrow valley before us was almost blocked up with huge masses of rock, whilst the slopes on either side were almost perpendicular. The next morning we were compelled on this account to retrace our steps for a short distance, and then a steep path led us to the top of the right side of the valley, where to our astonishment we found ourselves once more at the edge of a volcanic plateau which embraces the northern base of the Loroghi chain, just as that above described does the southern and western portions. The mountain mass was now behind us, and before us stretched a wide landscape altogether new to us. The plateau on which we stood was of small extent, and we could see that it must end abruptly a little distance off. Opposite to us, at a distance of some twenty to twenty-five miles on the other side of a broad strip of land several hundred feet below us, rose a lofty range of mountains beginning on the north with Mount Nyiro, for which we were bound, and stretching away in the south as far as the eye could reach. And to my delight I was able to identify in the latter direction various mountain masses which had been opposite to us on the last

stage of our Guaso Nyiro trip, so that we had now before us the continuation of the same system which had appeared then as a crescent on the north.

The mountain system consists of several separate chains of from about 8,000 to 9,000 feet absolute altitude, running generally parallel with the Loroghi range. Our guide divided the mountains into five parts: Mount Nyiro, and the Saddim, Doto, Murkeben, and Lengiyu chains. Side by side with the last named rises a remarkable mountain known as Ngarroni, which I had noticed when I was on the Guaso Nyiro. The district between the Loroghi chain and the various mountain masses enumerated above was flat at the base of the former, but dotted at irregular distances with hills from about 300 to 900 feet high near the latter. The landscape was also of fairly uniform flatness in the direction of Mounts Nyiro and Ngarroni. The ravine-like valley in which we had wandered for the last two days ran on close to our left in an easterly direction to the lower-lying districts, where the further course of the stream was marked by the fresh green foliage of the trees on its banks. In other gorges and declivities there were a few bushes, but the bare gleaming rock cropped up here, there, and everywhere.

We now marched across the plateau in an easterly direction, passing quantities of game, chiefly buffaloes and rhinoceroses, which made off at our approach. One of the latter, a female, which had a young one with her, suddenly dashed out of the bush at Count Teleki, who had barely time to fire. She fell dead at his feet, however. The division of the meat made a long halt necessary, of which we were glad, as we had of course a vast mass of new topographical information to classify. We wound up our work by naming the newly discovered mountains the General Matthews chain, in honour of our friend General Lloyd Matthews, who had done so much to help

us in Zanzibar, and to whose powerful co-operation we owed the fact that we had been able to make this our first geographical discovery.

Soon after this we reached the edge of the plateau, and went down some 700 or 800 feet by an extremely steep path, the descent being most arduous to the heavily laden porters. Very abrupt was now the transition from volcanic to metamorphic formation, the ashes, lava, basalt, and pumice-stone, with which our course had been strewn, being now exchanged for different coloured gneiss, mica, felspar, calcareous spar, &c Chuma very soon had quite a collection of minerals in his bag.

So far the young Barnoti from Nyemps had led us, but this morning the old Baringo, as we called our second guide, was to take his place at the head of the caravan and escort us to a watering place called Barasaloy, according to him only a few hours off and much frequented by crocodiles and hippopotami.

We had fully expected that after crossing the plateau we should go direct in a northerly direction to Mount Nyiro, which rose up in the blue distance as a rather insignificant-looking mass, so that we were not a little surprised to find that we were bearing east along the dry bed of the brook forming a continuation of the valley already passed through. Baringo must know best, we thought, for he pretended that he had minded his sheep here in his youth and behaved as if he felt thoroughly at home. So with light hearts we followed him in the scorching heat of the sun through the deep sand of the water-channel, hoping that every bend would bring us to rush-bordered meadows. Expecting a short march only, none of us had brought any water with us, and our thirst now quickened our steps. But hour after hour passed by, and we were still in a barren waterless wilderness. Here and there we

saw a solitary giraffe or Beisa antelope, both thorough children of the desert, whose presence bore witness to anything rather than the existence of plenty of water. We also saw a new variety of gazelle, which so much resembled a giraffe in its long neck and sloping haunches that we named it the giraffe-antelope.¹ Later we came upon several rhinoceroses, and the Count brought down two without leaving the path.

An interesting geological detail we noted on this march was the occurrence of hills of a pure white stone (quartz or limestone) which gleamed in the sunshine like freshly fallen snow. Their appearance suggested the possibility of there being gold here, but they were all away from the path, and the haste with which we had to press on made any examination impossible. We thought we would have another look at them after we reached the camping-place, which could not be far off now.

But three o'clock came, then four o'clock, then sunset, and we were not yet there. Many of the porters and donkeys could scarcely drag themselves along, and the goats and sheep showed signs of terrible suffering from thirst, breaking, however, every now and then into a despairing gallop. I turned to Barnoti, who was now in the rear, carrying on his shoulders two fine elephant tusks which the Count had found by the way, and said to him.

‘Barnoti, wherever is this water?’

‘Meata ngare tata’ (‘we shall get no water to-day’) was the prompt but most disheartening reply from Barnoti, who looked as cheerful as ever.

Soon afterwards I joined Count Teleki and Baringo at the head of the caravan. It now turned out that the old fellow really knew nothing about the way, and had merely been following the channel of the stream in the hope of coming to water.

¹ It was the Gazelle *Wallerii* Brooke.

He only acknowledged the truth when Barnoti said that as far as he knew there was no water anywhere in the neighbourhood.

This unexpected revelation made us not a little anxious. We had now been on our legs for twelve hours, and men and animals were alike worn out. Not a drop of water had passed the lips of the men since the early morning, and all we had



SEEKING WATER.

ourselves was about two pints at the bottom of our travelling flasks. For a few moments there was a breathless silence, everyone wondering what would be the issue of it all. Then the Count gave orders for the camp to be pitched, and, that done, he sent seven parties of twenty men, each under the command of one Somal, in different directions to seek for water. The melancholy apathy of the party was now exchanged for eager activity, and five minutes later the different groups of men

went off in the gathering darkness, carrying with them all the cooking vessels, &c. All remained quiet in camp for a little time, and then, the scene lit up by a lantern, we were all gathered in eager expectation round a deep hole which Qualla had had dug in the channel of the river in the hopes of finding water. At a depth of some three feet the sand was a little damp, but for the next three feet it was of equable warmth, always a bad sign. But the men shovelled on, only to strike rock at a depth of about ten and a half feet, which, of course, put an end to their labours.

This fresh disappointment gave us plenty of food for reflection, the more that we had hitherto felt pretty sure we should come to water by digging into the bed of the stream. The thought that we were in a waterless desert, and that under the circumstances every man might feel justified in laying violent hands on our little store of the precious fluid, made us more thirsty than ever, and we lost no time in averting the danger of losing it by swallowing the contents of our flasks.

The search parties had orders to fire if they came upon water, and in terrible suspense we listened in the darkness for the sound of a shot. But hour after hour passed on without our hearing the longed-for report, and we began to fear that there would be nothing for it but to go back as quickly as possible to our last halting-place. Of course this would risk the chance of our ever getting to Mount Nyiro, which was to be the starting-point of our further journey north, and upset all our plans. We estimated the distance between us and the mountain at from forty to fifty miles, or, closely calculated, twenty-five hours' journey, and not one-tenth of our men were in a fit condition for the march.

Our delight can therefore be imagined when at about eleven o'clock we heard a dull report somewhere in the distance. We dared not even now be sure, for the shot might

have been a signal of distress from someone who had lost his way; but, after half an hour of suspense, some dark figures appeared in the gloom, carrying the cooking pots on their heads, a sure sign that some of those pots were not empty. Our men, led by Juma Jussuf, were returning, and were received by us with loud cheers. They had followed the channel of the river, but found it continued sandy and dry. They then fell to digging, and for want of better tools had to use their knives, bowls, and hands, but these served very well in the loose sand, and at a depth of about five feet their labours were crowned with success. There was not much water oozing through the sand, but what there was was clear and sweet.

A few signal shots brought back the other and less fortunate search parties, and then every one rushed with shovels

to the newly found supply, to dig different holes and drink their fill. Each hole, however, contained so little water that it took the whole of the next day to satisfy all the men and cattle.

I went off in the morning to try and get a day's rations for the men, with an eye specially to rhinoceroses, for just as we were camping on the evening before we had seen one of these animals with such an abnormally long horn, that we had stared after him as if he had been a ghost, till he disappeared in the distance.



GAZELLE WALLERII, FROM THE 'UNKNOWN
HORN OF AFRICA,' BY F. L. JAMES.

My hunting zeal was thoroughly aroused, but for all that I brought nothing back but a female giraffe-antelope,

which had no horns, and but for a light brown stripe on the sides was of the reddish-brown colour of a roe.

I saw a pair of giraffes, but neither rhinoceroses nor their spoors, so I had to conclude that those we had noticed the day before were but casual wanderers.

I went back past the water-holes to enjoy watching the animated scene going on around them. One big pit had been dug for the animals, and about a dozen holes from 6 to 8 feet deep for the men. For the cattle the water was brought up in our india-rubber baths and big iron washing basins, whilst parties of the men guarded their own particular holes, going down in single file. As there was only a very small pot full of the precious fluid for each at a time, they all got thirsty before their turn came round again, so there was a good deal of verbal strife, and now and then something more, when an intruder from some other party had to be driven away, or when the pot had been returned to its owner with too little water or too much sand.

Our position, now that we had found water, was much more assured, but the further carrying out of our plans was still in considerable jeopardy, for, according to all the guides, we should find no more till we got to Mount Nyiro, and scarcely a fourth or fifth of our men had anything in which to carry water, the greater number of the fragile calabashes having gone the way of all things earthly. To add to our anxieties the guide Baringo now disappeared. The Count had sent him with Maktubu and a few men in the morning to explore our further route. The men returned in a state of exhaustion late in the afternoon, but without the guide; and reported that they had marched for some hours in the direction of Mount Nyiro and then halted. As they were resting, Baringo had gone off, telling them they could take it easily for a bit, and he would just go and see if there were not a better path behind the next

hill. He did not, however, return, and they sought and shouted for him in vain.

On the morning of the second day after our arrival at Barasaloy we transferred our camp to the water-holes, and Count Teleki went off himself to examine the district more closely, and try to hit on some plan of further progress. He had scarcely left the camp with his men, when with loud cries of the 'Suk are coming!' from the herd boys, our cattle were driven helter-skelter into the camp. So far we only knew the Suk by report, and for that reason we dreaded them like the plague, as we once had the Masai. I therefore ordered the men to take their weapons and sent to recall the Count. But it soon turned out to be a false alarm, the result of a misunderstanding; some of our men had noticed footprints, and the shape of the sandals marked on the sand reminded them of the Suk, so they told the boys in charge of the cattle not to go too far from the camp. They had not properly understood what they heard and raised an alarm at once.

Count Teleki came back from the survey the same morning and reported that he believed we could get to Mount Nyiro in from twenty-two to twenty-four hours, which would be a severe strain upon the men with some eighty to one hundred pounds each to carry. It would have to be done, however, and to hearten the poor fellows up for the arduous struggle before them, we allowed them another day's rest and gave them two oxen as extra rations.

At half-past two in the morning of February 26 we began the forced march. By the faint light of the crescent moon and that of a huge fire we quickly completed our preparations for the start, the quarrelling over the water and the watering of the cattle going on till the very last moment, when the men of the caravan had already disappeared in the shadows of the night

behind the next hill. Our march led us across the highlands opposite the General Matthews range in a fairly straight direction towards the eastern slopes of Mount Nyiro, and but for a break of half an hour at sunrise, and three hours' rest in the middle of the day, lasted till eight o'clock in the evening, when we halted beneath some fine trees by the dried-up bed of a brook. The district traversed had been dreary in the extreme, patches of dry yellow grass and a few isolated leafless acacias being



BEISA ANTELOPES.

the only vegetation. In the afternoon we crossed a sandy plain called the Barta steppe, where were a few Beisa antelopes, the only game we saw, and of which the Count brought down two. The sun had been very hot, but the men all arrived in camp in good condition.

Our hopes of finding water in the neighbourhood were soon dashed to the ground. Tired as the men were they went off to

seek it, no single indication of its possible presence escaping them. Once when the cattle all seemed anxious to be off in one direction, Qualla, who said they scented either water or lions, let them follow their instincts, and went with them ; but they found neither the one nor the other.

We estimated that we had marched thirty miles in forty hours, and were pretty confident that we should now very soon come to water. Before daybreak the caravan was in motion again. All went well at first, the long line rapidly following the vanguard hastening on in front, but every hour there were fresh signs of exhaustion, first one and then another man dropping by the way. Those who could, pressed on still towards Mount Nyiro, rising up as we approached it more nearly, like a rugged dark wall. The country became more undulating and hilly ; but was almost barren until, close to the base of the mountain, after seven hours of forced marching, we found ourselves in a well-wooded valley in which was a half dried-up swamp containing a little thick, green, slimy fluid, with which at last we were able to wet our lips. We camped rather higher up the valley, beneath beautiful and lofty trees, by a little stream overgrown with bush and containing scarcely any water, which flowed into the swamp below. Our first care was to send some men back with water to their exhausted comrades left by the way, and singly or in couples most of them got into camp in the course of the day, but two had succumbed before help reached them, and two more, though they had revived at first, died in the night.

We had marched some nineteen miles to-day, so that we could estimate the extent of waterless steppe between Barasaloy and Mount Nyiro as about fifty miles.

Our first impression of Mount Nyiro was somewhat misleading. Neither in the valley in which we camped, nor on the steep slopes of the mountain opposite to us were any signs

of human habitation, and the whole neighbourhood appeared to be but slightly fertile. With a view to raising our spirits we recalled all that had been told us at Nyemps about the importance to us of this mountain, and how absolutely necessary it was for us to reach it before we could hope to penetrate further north. After all, as we discovered later, the mountain was inhabited; and though we could not hope to replace our vanished stores, we had at least left the uninhabited wilderness behind us, and could get speech with men who would be able to give us some useful information. We had broken through the barrier dividing the inhabited from the uninhabited districts, and in so doing had achieved one of the most difficult of the aims we had in view.

The next day was spent by the men in resting, and by us in hunting and examining the neighbourhood more closely. We were only able to explore the southern face, which runs from east to west for a distance of about six and a half miles, and consists of a series of steep slopes from 1,000 to 2,300 feet high, everywhere well clothed with tree euphorbias, and forming two short precipitous valleys with southern outlets, in the eastern of which lay our camp, at a height of some 4,229 feet above the sea-level. A number of isolated and by no means insignificant heights, south of Mount Nyiro, formed connecting links between it and the Saddim chain, so that the former really is the northern end of the General Matthews chain. And near to Mount Nyiro on the north-east rises a very precipitous and rugged mountain called Loldibo, beyond which the land slopes rapidly down and becomes apparently perfectly flat. This flat stretch of country we were told was that Samburu to which we had eagerly looked forward for so long; but no one knew anything about a lake of the same name.

On the first afternoon of our stay on Mount Nyiro, only two native men came to our camp. Sokoni, Barnoti, and Jumbe

Kimemeta at once welcomed them, reassured them as to our designs, gave them presents, and begged them to tell their people to pay us a visit, as we wished to hold a big shauri. The next day several more natives appeared; but there were only some thirty or forty, including women and children, in the immediate neighbourhood just then, so that the mountain was evidently but thinly populated. Our visitors were Burkeneji, and were the southern representatives of the tribe of that name dwelling chiefly in the northern portion of Samburu. The Burkeneji are closely related alike in genealogy and language to the Masai, especially to the northern Wakwafi. They keep cattle, sheep, and goats, supporting themselves almost entirely by cattle-breeding, and never tilling the soil or hunting, although there seemed to be plenty of game at the base of the mountain. They sometimes barter for cereals with the Turkana, their neighbours on the west. Their dread of raids from the Turkana and Suk lead them to live with their herds in the highest portions of the mountain.

They resemble greatly in appearance the people of Nyemps, and like them indulge in few personal ornaments. The hair is worn cut short, and the lobes of the ear are distended. The men often wear a piece of coarse stuff made of sheep's wool and looking like sackcloth, either hung from the shoulders or the loins, or fastened on the right shoulder. Some of them, however, go about naked. The men get the material for their one garment from the Randile, a tribe totally different from themselves, who also live in Samburu. The women and children wear kid-skins like those affected by the Masai. Their favourite ornament is brass wire; but all our articles of barter were welcome to them, especially the copper mikufu, which seemed to be quite unknown to them.

Their arrows, wooden clubs, swords, shields, and spears, are most of them of inferior quality. The spears are of the

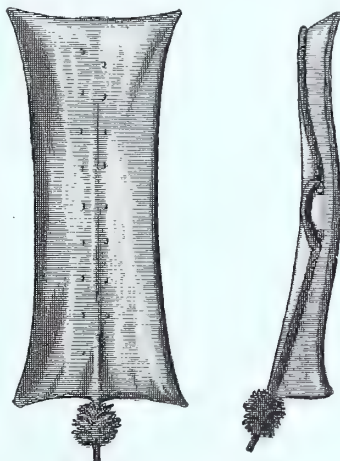
shape common at Nyemps, in Kamasia, Kavirondo, Suk, and Turkana, and the shields of buffalo hide are also evidently borrowed from the people of the two last-named districts.

Sokoni, our guide from Nyemps, was the go-between in all our dealings with the natives here; and we found him, to our great satisfaction, a most trustworthy and zealous broker in our interests. As a native, yet experienced in all the needs of a caravan, he proved himself most useful at this juncture of our affairs. Through him the natives became properly acquainted with our needs; and we got all the information we wanted without having ourselves to take part in the endless shauris. There is no doubt that we owed getting a guide here to lead us further,

to the presence of two men in our caravan related tribally to the mountaineers. Our new leader was a young fellow, who, according to his own account, came from the extreme north of Samburu, and was now only on a visit to his connections on Mount Nyiro. We named him Lembasso, as he was to guide us to the lake, the Burkeneji word for which is Basso.

The following is the information we obtained here about the districts on the north, and the way to them.

We had two paths to choose from. One would lead us in a few days to a big lake called the Basso Narok or Black Lake, situated in an uninhabited district beyond which we should pass through a further long deserted stretch of country, and then come to the home of the Reshiat, from whom we could obtain



BURKENEJI SHIELDS.

cattle and cereals; but at the same time we were warned that we should find these Reshiat treacherous.

The other route would take us in a north-easterly direction from five to seven days' journey through an uninhabited portion of Samburu to Marsabit, the head-quarters of the Burkeneji, whence the path would lead to a little lake called the Basso Ebor or White Lake; but that was a very long way off, and no one knew how many days it would take to get there, as it would depend entirely on the water conditions at the time. Cattle, goats, sheep, camels, and even horses, the two latter amongst the Randile only, we should find in plenty in Samburu, but no cereals. To make up for this we might hope for good hunting, especially at Marsabit, the neighbourhood of which is the rendezvous of all manner of wild animals.

In view of the unfavourable water conditions then prevailing in Samburu, the Count was not long in coming to a decision, and he elected to go by way of the Basso Narok to the Reshiat.

On the morning of February 29 our old guide Baringo, whom we had lost five days ago, suddenly appeared in camp, his appearance betraying how terribly he had suffered. It will be remembered that he had left Maktubu and the men to rest whilst he went in the direction of the General Matthews chain to seek a better path. He had sat down by the way and fallen asleep, not waking again till sunset. He went on to say that he was so terrified at finding himself alone in the wilderness that he altogether lost his bearings. For two days he wandered about, and then he came upon our water-holes, where he quenched his thirst and rested a little. He then found and followed our track, and was indeed glad to be with us again. He had had nothing but gum to eat all the time of his absence.

During our halt at the southern base of Mount Nyiro, we had a very successful elephant hunt. When we first reached

the mountain, the Count surprised an old male standing alone by the edge of the swamp. He did not fall till he had received sixteen bullets in the body. As Count Teleki was pressing on to the camp after this episode, he came quite suddenly in the thicket by the brook upon another elephant bull, which he brought down at a distance of thirty paces, with a charge in the temple from the 577 Express rifle. An elephant mortally wounded in the head always falls down on its side with outstretched limbs, as if struck by lightning.

Soon after we got into camp, some of our people who had been wandering about brought news that there were other elephants higher up the brook. Of course we were off at once, but it was a long time before we found the little group, consisting of three females, which were sleeping in the shade of the trees. The Count left me to deal with them this time, and I brought down two of the animals, whilst the third got away. We found now, as often before, that elephants struck on the head are often only stunned, and in this case the Count was but just in time to despatch one of those which we thought had been dead for some time.

On one of the following days the Count scoured the neighbourhood to get an idea of the kind of game native to the district. He came upon some animals resembling zebras, but different in many respects from those we had met with hitherto. He was not, however, able to fire at any of them, or to see them closely enough to define in what the differences consisted. The Somal accompanying him declared with delight that they were their zebras, and that therefore they could not be very far from their own Somaliland.

As far as I know, science recognises five kinds of zebra, namely, (1) the quagga (*Equus quagga*), of a bay colour, with stripes on the head, neck, and shoulders only, which became extinct more than twenty-five years ago, and is of very rare

occurrence even in museums now;¹ (2) Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchellii*), also known as the Dauw; (3) Chapman's zebra (*Equus Chapmanii*), all three about the size of a horse, the second with no stripes on the legs, and the third striped all over down to the hoofs; the *Equus Burchellii* and *Equus Chapmanii*, however, cannot with certainty be said to be of different species; (4) the true or mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*) striped all over, and differing from the two last named chiefly in having more of the build of an ass; and lastly, Grevy's zebra



EQUUS BURCHELLII.

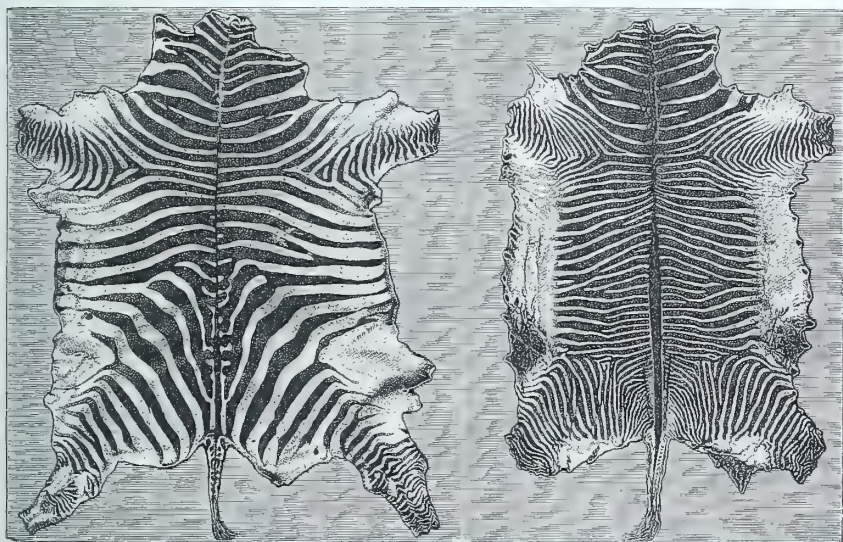
(*Equus Grevyi*),² which occurs chiefly in North-east Africa. It resembles in form the true zebra, but it is often bigger, the head is more like that of a donkey, and the stripes are finer and closer. Hitherto the zebras we had met with had been of the *Equus Burchellii* or the *Equus Chapmanii* varieties; only those found by the Count at the base of the Loroghi chain at a height of 7,550 feet were, I fancy, true zebras, whilst there seems

¹ We may remark *en passant* that there is one in the Royal Natural History Museum at Vienna.

² Named after President Grévy, to whom a specimen was presented by the King of Shoa in 1882.—TRANS.

to be no doubt that those we saw here were of the *Equus Grevyi* kind.

In spite of every precaution the Count was not able to get within range of these shy animals, and he saw no other game. Not until he was about to return home did he come upon a solitary elephant bull, which suddenly appeared from a valley on the west and advanced towards him. Taking up a position at the edge of a projecting bit of ground, the Count awaited



EQUUS CHAPMANII.

EQUUS GREVYI.

the animal, and fired at the temples at a distance of some thirty paces with the 8-bore rifle. The shot was followed by a short, sharp trumpeting from the wounded beast, and at the same moment the Count, who was in a bad position, was flung to the ground by the recoil of his weapon, seeing as he fell that the elephant was about to charge him. Fortunately Bedue caught the gun when the Count went down, and handed it to his master as he sprang to his feet again. There was scarcely time to cock the second barrel, but this time the shot

told home, and the elephant came down with such a crash that his left tusk was broken to pieces. It turned out that the first shot had struck too far behind the temples.

Unfortunately the flesh of the elephant was of little use for feeding our people, as all Mrima and true Zanzibaris dislike it. Our Wasangu men were the least particular in the matter of food, and would even eat half-putrid meat, and next to them came the Wanyamwezi and the Manyema. They all rushed eagerly at the elephant meat, and later the Zanzibari took some of it too, but quite a third of our men held out to the very end of the journey against touching the flesh of elephants, declaring that nothing but starvation would make them swallow it. Whilst those who would eat it now had their fill, the rest of the people became thinner and thinner as the daily rations given out by Qualla decreased in amount. Every week of the delay here the careful chief of our caravan stuck yet another finger into the bowl with which he measured out the meal, and in the end he cut a piece as broad as a finger off the edge of the bowl, which, even before that, only held half a ration. This stratagem for the good of the whole community was entirely his own idea.

Under the guidance of Lembasso, whose only clothing was his ebony-black skin and only possession an inferior spear, we left the dreary valley in which we had lingered for five days, to resume our wanderings. We parted on the best of terms with the natives, the poor devils, to our great astonishment, presenting us the last thing with two sheep and a goat. The thought that in a few days we should reach the mysterious Basso Narok filled us with the greatest satisfaction. First we skirted along the base of Mount Nyiro in a westerly, then in a northerly direction, arriving at noon in a rather broader and less shut-in valley than the one we had left, where we camped. The district was extremely interesting. Close to us on the right rose up the picturesquely rugged mountain slopes, whilst on the west

the land sunk rapidly some 2,300 to 2,500 feet in one or two plateau terraces, so that we got a very extended view in that direction. Far away below us was the extension of the Sukuta salt steppe, the dreary lowland we had already noticed from our camping-place on February 19, which gave us the impression of the bed of an old lake. It is, in fact, covered with a thick encrustation of salt, and Sukuta signifies salt in the Masai dialect. Beyond this salt steppe, and some twenty-eight miles off, rose a low chain of hills running in a north-north-easterly direction, whilst further away on the west the horizon was shut out by a lofty mountain range. We were surprised on reaching the western side of Mount Nyiro at coming upon volcanic *débris*, such as lava and ashes, strewing the ground, whilst the mountain itself still retained the rugged form characteristic of gneiss. The volcanic layer begins close to the western base of Mount Nyiro and, as we had noted everywhere in Leikipia, sinks further west in a series of steps. We were altogether at a loss to discover where all this volcanic *débris* came from.

We passed the night by a little brook which, after a short course, disappeared in a long fissure at the foot of the mountain. During the march the Count had brought down a rhinoceros, and thus provided ample food for those who disliked elephant meat. Later in the day we were also able to fill the pots of the other men, for soon after breakfast we heard that elephants had been seen near the camp. The Count and I went off in the direction indicated, and in a few minutes came upon a solitary elephant bull, just crossing a grassy clearing. There was not a bit of cover, but we had to be quick if we did not want to lose our game, so the Count opened fire at once. After the first shot in the shoulder, the elephant drew himself together and seemed to shrink in size, but after the second he trotted past us at a distance of some fifty paces, strange to say not

seeming to notice us, although we were in the open. Not until he had gone far beyond us did he suddenly turn round and prepare to charge. It would really seem as if elephants looked backwards and sideways rather than forwards, and in this case the fugitive animal suddenly became an angry antagonist, dashing towards us with gigantic strides. It all happened so quickly that the Count hardly had time to reload. I now hastily cocked the 8-bore rifle and fired at the elephant's forehead, really not hoping to do more than make him swerve aside, but my shot had the best results, for it hit him in the cavity above the trunk, and he fell.

Later discoveries pointed to the fact that our elephant had just left a rendezvous when he fell a victim to us, for, going a few hundred paces further, we caught sight, between the bushes, of the grey bodies of quite a little herd of elephants. Cautiously we approached nearer, and made out two males, four females, and two half-grown little ones, which had, none of them, been in the least disturbed by the firing going on close by. We were now able to watch the group in all the ease of familiar family life. The mothers grazed, suckling their young now and then, or drove off the males if they came too near their offspring. The young bulls fought for the favour of the fair young females, not using their tusks against each other, but butting with their heads, each trying to push the other away, the struggle going on till the females separated them.

It is wonderfully interesting to watch these huge and powerful animals in their home life in the solitudes of the forest, the more so, perhaps, that they make absolutely no noise. We could see the shadowy grey forms moving to and fro, lifting up and setting down their huge feet without a sound, though we listened with suspended breath. It seemed as if we ourselves must be suddenly smitten with deafness whilst retaining intact all our other powers, and presently it was borne in upon us, as

we noted the little grey eyes fixed on us without any change of expression, that the elephants were all blind. Or was it merely that we were quite beneath their notice, accustomed as they were to reign in undisputed sway in their own realm?

We had watched the animals for so long with strained attention that it was almost a relief when the females began to move off, and thus gave the signal for opening fire. We both drew trigger at once, and the Count's quarry and I both fell full length at the same moment, for the elephant gun, with which I had fired at one of the bulls, had again played me false. The herd at first dispersed in terror; but then gathered together again to rush past the Count in single file, all but the bull at which I had fired, which dashed off in another direction into the bush. In my blind zeal, forgetting that I had only the one charge in my left barrel, I followed him in close pursuit through thick and thin, to find all of a sudden that, instead of his tail, I had his head opposite to me, towering above me in threatening might. In my mad haste I had never noticed that he had turned round and was about to charge. Rather by instinct than of set purpose I aimed at the little depression near the ear, and fired. Before I could see for the smoke from my gun, a dull thud told me that I had just escaped being crushed to death like a worm.

I now hurried in the direction from which I heard firing; but before I came up with the Count the hunt was over. He had caught up the fugitive animals in about a quarter of an hour, and had hit first one of the females and then a second bull, the latter alone falling, whilst the former got off with the rest of the herd. Shortly before sunset we saw another herd of elephants by the brook a little above the camp.

The next day we came to a long, narrow valley running in a southerly direction, shut in between the base of Mount Nyiro and the steep slope of the volcanic plateau. We camped by a

spring, and noted, though the soil of the valley was now perfectly dry, the channels of many copious streams, which had



DONYIRO.

evidently flowed through it in the rainy season. Two natives who visited us in the afternoon persuaded us to stop here

another day, as they told us that the people on this side of the mountain had thirty oxen and forty goats which they wished to sell. We felt sure these numbers were exaggerated; but thought that we should at least get some animals, and that even a few would be most welcome.

But the oxen and goats resolved themselves into, first, a big tusk which Jumbe Kimemeta got very cheap; and secondly, two sweet, young mountain maidens who wished to join our caravan, and put themselves under the wing of our native guide, who pledged himself to provide for them out of his own rations. The younger and prettier of these girls was called Donyiro.

The next two days were devoted to elephant hunting, but only two animals were killed, and those two by the Count. We greatly enjoyed these excursions; they were always accompanied by some thrilling adventures. Sometimes the elephants would allow themselves to be driven like sheep to the slaughter, quite losing their heads and appearing blind and deaf to everything about them; whilst another time they would display surprising agility and skill in acting on the offensive. It will be remembered that the Count brought down his first ten elephants on the Guaso Nyiro with great ease, and without any special contretemps. But these days were over; and in every hunt there were at least some moments of exciting suspense. Whereas with other big game we grew more and more confident in our own skill, with elephants every day's experience made us realise better the dangers we were incurring. Whilst with other big game, such as buffaloes and rhinoceroses, we knew that in case of an attack a shot would at least make them swerve aside, and that even at the worst there would be time to take further measures for our safety, an elephant would think nothing of a bullet from our 8-bore rifle, often seeming not even to feel it.

In the afternoon one of the two natives led us to a place on

the mountain slope where, he said, elephants were in the habit of resting. This was a shallow ravine-like valley, at the bottom of which flowed a rivulet a few inches broad. After an hour and a quarter of arduous climbing we arrived at the edge of the valley, and, looking cautiously down, we spied a big elephant bull taking his mid-day sleep all unconscious of danger. We crept behind a rock scarcely fifteen paces from the elephant though some twenty-four feet above him, where we were apparently in perfect safety and might venture on some trial shots. The Count therefore fired with the 577 Express rifle at the back of the animal's head. Smoke hid the result from our sight, but we heard a trumpet-note¹ and knew, therefore, that the elephant was not dead. The smoke had not yet cleared away, and we were peering down the escarpment when all of a sudden the huge form of the elephant loomed up scarcely an arm's length distance from the Count. The animal, a moment before so unconscious of our presence, was now, though still below us, ready for a charge, but at the same instant there was the crash of another shot from Count Teleki. The bullet struck the forehead and the elephant recoiled, but regained its firm footing immediately and dashed forwards. Not until he had received two more bullets from the 8-bore rifle did his strength give way and his rage subside. He fell on his knees, struggled up again, and swerved sideways as he tried to get away. I now gave him a bullet in the skull from my 8-bore rifle, at which he rolled over and down a few feet of the steep slope till arrested in a cleft of the rock. He still struggled for a little while as he lay first on his side, then on his back. We thought our quarry was stricken to death and approached him quite closely to watch his end. We stood

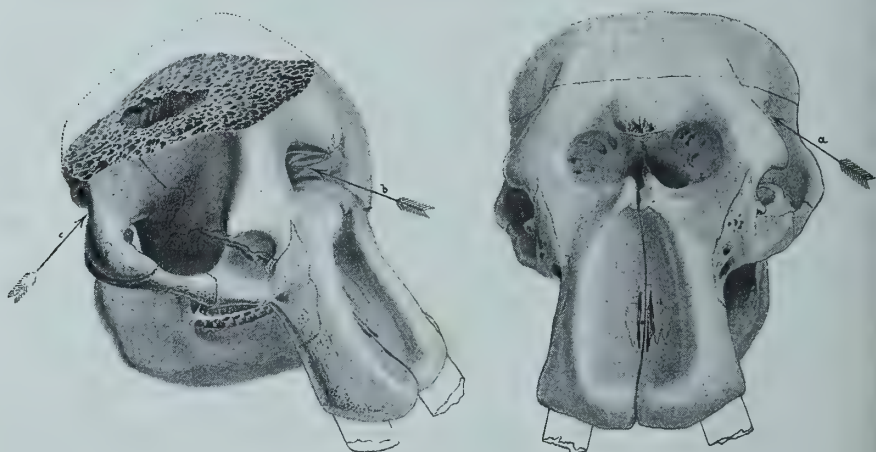
¹ We seldom heard elephants trumpet. The sound is very like that of an ordinary trumpet, but less shrill, so that it might escape notice. Certain descriptions of the shrill trumpeting on every side of herds of elephants did not, in the very least, resemble our experiences.

there for at least ten minutes, and were debating whether, as he was still quivering a little, we should in mercy give him another shot to put him out of his misery, when he sprang up as quickly as any cat could do and stood before us yet again. Of course two bullets from the 8-bore rifles greeted him at once, the Count's hitting him in the body whilst mine struck one of his hind legs. He did not seem to mind either a bit. He turned round between us and began to make his way slowly down the slope and then along the right bank of the rivulet. Presently, however, he stopped again, the walking having apparently broken the wounded foot, and only then did a shot from the Count in the temples end his sufferings.

Equally tenacious of life was another elephant which the Count brought down the next day. He, too, was a solitary bull, which we discovered, after a long search, in the dried-up bed of a brook. Count Teleki opened the attack with two Express bullets, and the elephant fell at the second shot, but got up again and went off. He was followed up and received four bullets in the shoulder from the 8-bore rifle, but did not die until a few minutes after the last. One bullet had passed right through the body and two others had remained sticking under the skin on the further side.

That the very powerful weapons we used often proved innocuous when aimed at the head of the elephant is explained by the peculiar structure of the skull, consisting as it does of somewhat wide-meshed bony cells, in which a bullet formed of soft metal must split up. The use of Express rifles loaded with steel bullets should, therefore, with African elephants reduce to a minimum the danger with which the sportsmen are so familiar in India. The cellular bony structure has not, however, everywhere the same consistency, and in certain portions mere leaden bullets hardened with tin or quicksilver could penetrate to the brain. Such vulnerable spots are the two temples (*a* in

the drawing); another spot is in front at the foramen of the trunk, and lies somewhat above the line forming the two orbital cavities. A third, but seldom accessible, is above on the roof of the skull, whilst a fourth lies on either side, behind the aural foramina at the back of the skull. These spots being thus defined, a great deal depends on the direction in which the bullet strikes, and an exact knowledge of the formation of the skull as well as a sure eye and a steady hand are essential to ensure success in hunting these animals.



SKULLS OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

But we must get back to camp now. The valley in which we had halted ran on for some distance further, but was much encumbered in certain portions; we therefore crossed the base of Mount Nyiro at the beginning of the next march. The volcanic plateau facing Mount Nyiro on the west gradually increases in height further on, and becomes merged in lofty highlands, also of volcanic formation, which present a perfect chaos of wild ravines and perpendicular precipices. After a march of many hours we reached the somewhat less rugged northern end of Mount Nyiro, finding it to form a ridge



ELEPHANT HUNT ON MOUNT NYIRO.



some six miles broad, running from north to south for a distance of over seventeen miles. On the east, as on the west, volcanic débris surrounded the base of the mountain; but our course now led us back to the valley we had recently left, which was there more practicable. The scenery became more and more dreary as we advanced. The barren ground was strewn with gleaming, chiefly red and green, volcanic débris, pumice-stone, huge blocks of blistered lava, and here and there pieces of petrified wood. There was no regular path, and we had to pick our way carefully amongst the scoriæ, some of which was as sharp as knives. But to-day we were to be rewarded for all our arduous struggles and terrible privations, if not by reaching, at least by coming in sight of, the long-sought lake gleaming far away in the distance.

In the morning the Count had come upon two herds of elephants, the first consisting of eight females and as many young ones, and the second of four females only. He spared the first on account of the young ones, but he shot the largest of the second group. As we always took the tusks on with us, we halted now, and whilst we were waiting, a native came down to us from the mountain. Not knowing anything of our presence in the neighbourhood, he had at first watched us from a distance, but at last he ventured to join us. From him we learnt that the lake was not much further off, but, shaking his head, he asked what we meant to do with our cattle there, for there was not a blade of grass near it. The only answer to this was an unbelieving smile, and we happily resumed our march, for whoever heard of a lake with no green grass about it?

But with every step the scenery grew more and more dreary and deserted looking, and very soon the words of the native came back to us, for if the approaches to the lake were so barren and naked, we might well tremble for the fate of our

poor animals. Steep rocky slopes alternated with ravines strewn with *débris*, which gave one the impression of being still glowing hot and of having but recently been flung forth from some huge forge. And this glaring monotony continued till about two o'clock. The good spirits with which the thought that we were nearing the end of our long tramp had filled us in the morning had long since been dissipated, and our hopes had become restricted to finding some little pool with slimy green water at which to quench our thirst, when all of a sudden, as we were climbing a gentle slope, such a grand, beautiful, and far-stretching scene was spread out before us, that at first we felt we must be under some delusion and were disposed to think the whole thing a mere phantasmagoria. As we got higher up, a single peak gradually rose before us, the gentle contours rising symmetrically from every side, resolving themselves into one broad pyramidal mountain, which we knew at once to be a volcano. A moment before we had been gazing into empty space, and now here was a mighty mountain mass looming up before us, on the summit of which we almost involuntarily looked for snow. This was, however, only the result of an optical delusion caused by the suddenness with which the mountain had come in sight, and from the fact that the land sank rapidly on either side of it whilst we were gazing up at it from a considerable height. On the east of the mountain the land was uniformly flat, a golden plain lit up by sunshine, whilst on the east the base of the volcano seemed to rise up out of a bottomless depth, a void which was altogether a mystery to us. We hurried as fast as we could to the top of our ridge, the scene gradually developing itself as we advanced, until an entirely new world was spread out before our astonished eyes. The void down in the depths beneath became filled as if by magic with picturesque mountains and rugged slopes, with a medley of ravines and



THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE RUDOLF.



valleys, which appeared to be closing up from every side to form a fitting frame for the dark-blue gleaming surface of the lake stretching away beyond as far as the eye could reach.

For a long time we gazed in speechless delight, spell-bound by the beauty of the scene before us, whilst our men, equally silent, stared into the distance for a few minutes, to break presently into shouts of astonishment at the sight of the glittering expanse of the great lake which melted on the horizon into the blue of the sky. At that moment all our dangers, all our fatigues were forgotten in the joy of finding our exploring expedition crowned with success at last. Full of enthusiasm and gratefully remembering the gracious interest taken in our plans from the first by his Royal and Imperial Highness, Prince Rudolf of Austria, Count Teleki named the sheet of water, set like a pearl of great price in the wonderful landscape beneath us, Lake Rudolf.

Our guide, Lembasso, proved himself very well acquainted with the neighbourhood. The massive volcanic pyramid which had been the first surprise to us was Mount Kulall, and the flat district on the east was Samburuland, whilst a mountain, scarcely to be made out in the distance on the north, was called Longendoti. The part of the lake we could see was the southern end, and a dark mass rising up from it, half hidden by the intervening country, was an island. The partly mountainous and partly flat district west of the lake was Turkana or Elgume.

The lake seemed to be but a few hours' journey off; but it was now too late to reach it to-day, so we only marched down the slope for another hour, and then pushed on in the continuation of the long valley already more than once mentioned, coming unexpectedly upon a spring called Tamis, situated between perpendicular walls of lava, by which spring we camped.

When the men assembled, we missed the porter Dandu Muhandu. He had been quite well when we started in the morning, but a few minutes later he had been seized with spasms of the heart, and had sat down by the path. Qualla had taken his load from him, and told him to follow us when he could; but he had not been seen since.

The next day we resumed our march to the lake. Leader and men were alike in capital spirits, as was fitting on a fête day, for a fête day March 6, 1888, must certainly be for us. With a cheery *Haya puani!* ('Off to the beach') Count Teleki had chased his staff that morning; and with the eager shout from a hundred voices, 'Haya puani,' we should all certainly have rushed to the lake then and there, if the character of the country through which we had to pass had not been so very bad. The mountain district between us and the lake was, in fact, a veritable hell, consisting of a series of parallel heights, running from north to south, which we had to cut across in a north-westerly direction. The slopes of these mountains were steep precipices, most of them quite insurmountable, and those that were not were strewn with blackish-brown blocks of rock or of loose sharp-edged scoriæ. The narrow valleys were encumbered with stones or débris, or with deep loose sand in which our feet sunk, making progress difficult. And when the sun rose higher, its rays were reflected from the smooth brownish-black surface of the rock, causing an almost intolerable glare, whilst a burning wind from the south whirled the sand in our faces, and almost blew the loads off the heads of the men.

From the last height scaled we were able to get a good view of the southern end of the lake and its surroundings. To our surprise we saw a district covered with black streams of lava, and dotted with craters of perfectly preserved form, with one conical mountain from which clouds of smoke rose

ceaselessly. We were, therefore, evidently amongst still active volcanoes; and from the island in the lake also rose a whole series of conical mountains, whilst the steep banks by the side of the water were apparently also of volcanic origin.

Almost at our last gasp, we hastened on towards the slightly rippled sheet of water—the one bit of brightness in a gloomy scene. Another hour of tramping through sand or over stony flats, and we were at the shore of the lake. Although utterly exhausted, after the seven hours' march in the intense and parching heat, we felt our spirits rise once more as we stood upon the beach at last, and saw the beautiful water, clear as crystal, stretching away before us. The men rushed down shouting, to plunge into the lake; but soon returned in bitter disappointment; the water was brackish!

This fresh defeat of all our expectations was like a revelation to us; and like some threatening spectre rose up before our minds the full significance of the utterly barren, dreary nature of the lake district. Into what a desert had we been betrayed! A few scattered tufts of fine stiff grass rising up in melancholy fashion near the shore, from the wide stretches of sand, were the only bits of green, the only signs of life of any kind. Here and there, some partly in the water, some on the beach, rose up isolated skeleton trees, stretching up their bare, sun-bleached branches to the pitiless sky. No living creature shared the gloomy solitude with us; and far as our glass could reach there was nothing to be seen but desert—desert everywhere. To all this was added the scorching heat, and the ceaseless buffeting of the sand-laden wind, against which we were powerless to protect ourselves upon the beach, which offered not a scrap of shelter, whilst the pitching of the tents in the loose sand was quite impossible.

We now realised to the full that the lake districts were uninhabited, and terrible forebodings assailed us of days of hunger

and thirst, when we remembered that the same conditions were pretty sure to prevail till we reached Reshiat. We had provisions for ten days only; and when we subjected Lembasso to a searching cross-examination as to how we could improve our position, and how long it would take us to get to this Reshiat, his unchanging reply was fifteen days. He also said that Mount Kulall was inhabited, but that the people there were themselves suffering from famine, and that the wretched Elmolo, living by the lake, supported themselves entirely by fishing.

Fishing! We had never thought of that; and immediately lines and rods of every size and variety were got out and distributed to the men. But hour after hour passed by, and nothing was caught.

Throughout this terrible day one trouble, one disappointment succeeded another, until at last the sun went down, when our position became a little more tolerable. The parching heat was replaced by a tepid coolness; the wind blew less strongly, and finally sunk altogether, whilst the sand-storms ceased. A bath in the clear lake refreshed us, and later we actually managed to quench our burning thirst with its water. From the first it had struck us that this water had a quite peculiar lye-like taste. We concluded that it contained soda, which proved correct, for when we poured tartaric acid into some of it, it effervesced strongly. This improved the taste considerably, and it quenched our thirst more quickly than fresh water would have done.

Sunset was succeeded by a beautiful night; the canopy of heaven was spread out clear and bright above our heads, gleaming with twinkling stars, and the veil of night hid the dreary surroundings from our sight. Our men began to pick up heart again, and sat chatting or cooking round their fires, whilst we discussed the chances of the future with Jumbe

Kimemeta and Lembasso. When later we sought our beds beneath the open sky, we had begun to hope again, but one anxiety troubling our rest; two more men, Mpunga and Saadalla, both quite healthy, had not yet come into camp, whilst another had succumbed by the way to the hardships he had endured.

CHAPTER III

ALONG LAKE RUDOLF

From March 6 to April 4, 1888

The start—One of the missing men is found—Traces of a raid—The crater island—A Bora¹-like wind—To the Ngare Dabach—An unexpected stroke of luck—Mount Kulall—Intercourse with the Elmolo—A successful hippopotamus hunt—The western side of Lake Rudolf—We meet some wandering Elmolo—The sad experiences of a fugitive Burkeneji woman—At the base of Mount Longendoti—A leopard in camp—Startling hunting episode—Water famine—In Alia Bay—Elephant hunting—The Elmolo of Alia—An elephant smashes our boat—Cheap ivory—Wild asses?—To Reshiat—Further elephant hunting—*Madsjchi a mvua*—Qualla goes to Reshiat—Submerged vegetation in the lake—Qualla's adventures—A march in drenching rain—Arrival at the northern end of the lake—The Oromaj of Reshiat.

THE next morning we were still feeling the results of all we had gone through in every limb, and would gladly have remained where we were another day to get a thorough rest. We should also have liked to examine more closely the mysteries of the volcano on the west, from which clouds of smoke ascended to heaven without intermission, but a glance at our reduced stores, the bellowing of our hungry cattle seeking in vain for food on the sand dunes, and as the sun rose higher, lighting up the dreary surroundings, the remembrance of the terrible hours we had already passed in this *inferno* of sand-storms, all combined to convince us that we must hasten away from this valley of death as quickly as possible.

¹ The Bora is a very cold, dry wind, which blows from the north-east in the winter on the eastern shores of Italy, the name being supposed to be derived from the Italian *borea*, or north wind.—TRANS.

Our further march was along the eastern shore of the lake to the northern extremity, and I will quote my account of the trip from my journal.

Wednesday, March 7.—Before daybreak a few Askari and Somal had been sent to seek the two missing men, but for all that the caravan got under way and pressed on along the shore over sand and débris, or between blocks of rock, first for a short distance eastward, then northward. Near the banks the lake is shallow, and there are no signs of animal or vegetable life upon the beach. This may be the result of the east wind, which blows unintermittently with more or less force here, and we had still much to suffer from its violence. There were many traces on our path of the previous passage of camels, goats, and sheep, and now and then we came upon a bleaching corpse. Lembasso told us that a raiding party had passed this way not long ago, and that the Turkana often made the districts round Mount Kulall unsafe.

In the early morning light we were able to see the volcanic surroundings of the lake with the big island better than we had been able to the day before. We counted five craters, from only one of which, however, was yellowish smoke issuing. The rim of this crater was of a bright orange colour, whilst the rest of the volcano was as black as a coal. At the southern end of the lake was an almost submerged crater of a beautiful circular form. The island presented an extraordinary appearance, consisting as it did of a series of apparently extinct volcanoes of a relative height of from 160 to 400 feet. Altogether we counted sixteen craters. The slopes of the conical mountain appeared to be barren and covered with different-coloured ashes. The south-eastern side of the island ended in a perpendicular cliff, against which the waves of the lake broke with great force. The surface of the lake was considerably ruffled



THE LARGE CRATER-ISLAND IN LAKE RUDOLF.

all day, and now and then flecked with foam. It would have been dangerous to attempt navigation with the bora-like east wind blowing perpetually, and was not to be thought of with our light, fragile canvas boat. Throughout this day's march we had on our right the steep, often perpendicular slope of a ridge running in a southerly direction, and the mountain chain shutting in the lake on the west was equally rugged and barren.

After three hours' tramp we came to a creek, once the mouth of a stream which had flowed from the adjacent highlands, but the bed of which was now dried up and encumbered with débris. On the beach and in the lake at a distance of from 100 to 150 paces from the shore were the remains of a considerable amount of vegetation, whilst in the ravine-like upper course of the brook channel there still grew a few acacias and tree euphorbias. We chose our camping-place by a little patch of sward, the first sign of anything like grass we had seen since we started in the morning. This sward had narrow,

stiff blades, with points as sharp as needles, and was on this account avoided by the men, whilst the cattle scarcely cared to eat it. The spot was so strewn with rubbish that the men had to clear it before we could pitch our tents, and it was pretty evident that the raiding party mentioned above had been here before us. They had set up little crescents of stones, behind each of which two or three men could get shelter and protec-



A HARD RESTING-PLACE FOR THE NIGHT.

tion from the dust-laden east wind ; a capital plan in a sandy district such as this.

Looking up the valley at the outlet of which we were camped, we obtained a nearer view of the surrounding mountain district, which presented a terrible chaos of yawning chasms and ravines, with perpendicular brownish-black precipices, the general character and trend of which led us to suppose them to be a continuation of the same fissure as that in which our progress had been arrested during our march along the western

base of Mount Nyiro. If so, this fissure must extend for some forty miles. The declivity of the high-lying region along the shore of the lake clearly formed one wall of the fissure, and the only question to be settled was—where lay the corresponding wall?

When Count Teleki sent our people to hunt for the missing men the next morning, it was more to quiet our own consciences than with any hope of finding them alive, for neither the big fire we had kept up all night on their account nor the many signal shots we fired had had the slightest result. We could but conclude that they had succumbed to thirst and the hardships they had endured, or that they had hopelessly lost themselves. But we were wrong in one case at least, for soon after we had settled down in camp one of them, Mpunga Balosi, was brought in in triumph. He had fallen asleep and slept without a break from noon the day before to dawn this morning, and this had been his salvation, as in cases of extreme thirst sleep is the best possible safeguard against fatal results, but it is, of course, dreadfully difficult to go to sleep under such circumstances. The second man, Saadalla, a bright young fellow of eighteen, was never seen again.

Thursday, March 8.—We marched for a few hours only along the shore, halting early on account of the difficulty of getting firewood. The scenery continued as dreary as ever, and there was still no sign of animal life. The heat of the sun and the never-ceasing wind which often blew a regular gale harassed us terribly, and at every moment some of the men would rush off the track to the lake to wet their bodies at least, though they could not quench their thirst with its unadulterated water. We soon found that this water had a purgative effect, alike on the men and animals, which added to the weakness of our already enervated caravan. Many of the men, donkeys, and oxen were lame with the long tramp over the sharp-edged

débris. We had to kill many of the oxen, and two of our calves were carried in improvised hammocks.

Of course under such distressing conditions the spirits of the men were at a low ebb. We had only food enough left to last with the greatest care for eight days longer, and we could not hope to reach the inhabited northern end of the lake in that time. But there appeared to be no way out of the monotonous wilderness, and it seemed as if we should not have long to rejoice in our discovery of the lake. We decided finally to leave the shore and try and get to the people living on Mount Kulall, where perhaps our prospects might brighten a little.

Friday, March 9.—We marched for two hours more along the beach and then turned away from the lake towards Mount Kulall, which came into view as the spurs, running from north to south, along which we had till now been journeying, gradually disappeared. At first the path led up at a height of from about fifty to sixty feet above the lake, at which altitude we found the ground strewn with whole beds of oyster-like shells.¹ This might be taken as a proof that the level of the lake must at one time have been considerably higher; even the submerged trees not proving its having been lower. But in a district of apparently such recent volcanic origin changes of level may well have taken place in a comparatively short space of time.

To-day also the path was strewn with the skeletons of camels, goats, and sheep, and at one place, just at the base of a steep ascent of from thirteen to sixteen feet high, we came upon a regular heap of camels' bones. There must have been the remains of some two hundred animals in one pile, and though the bones were already bleaching in the sun, there was still an odour of putrid flesh about them. We were at a loss to

¹ According to Prof. Dr. E. Suesz identical with the *Etheria* found in the Nile and the great Central African lakes, with the exception of Lake Tanganyika, which possesses a unique and older fresh-water fauna of its own.

understand how such a number of animals could have fallen in one place, for the natural position in which the skeletons lay proved that they had not been carried here, but had lain as they fell.¹

During this march recent volcanic formations were exchanged for those of earlier origin. We hailed this discovery with delight, as it led us to hope we might presently get into a less unsatisfactory neighbourhood. Isolated knotty bushes were of more frequent occurrence as we neared Mount Kulall, and the anxiety about the fate of our caravan, which had so sorely oppressed us, was considerably relieved. The scenery, too, now became enlivened by the presence of vultures, kites, and coal-black ravens, the last-named filling the air with their hideous croaking and settling without any sign of fear upon the backs of our oxen and sheep. This was the first time we had seen the perfectly black variety of the raven. We saw no big game except a single specimen of the gazelle *Grantii*, until we reached at mid-day a little streamlet which issued from the base of a perpendicular wall of rock. The Count here surprised a small herd of zebras and Beisa antelopes under the shade of some bushes, and, with five shots fired in rapid succession, he brought down five animals, one antelope and four zebras, one of the latter of the Grevy variety.

This unexpected stroke of luck, combined with the finding of a shady sheltered camping-place near clear fresh water, where we could once more put up our tents, cheered us all immensely. We concluded that there must be many such streams issuing from the base of Mount Kulall, and game would therefore not be wanting, so, as Lembasso thought it very

¹ Later we questioned the Turkana who had taken part in the raid about this, but even then we did not get a fully satisfactory answer, for they only said, 'It was night, and the Randile whom they had robbed were following them, and as they could not get away with their booty, they had killed the camels with their spears.'

unlikely that the people of Mount Kulall would have anything to sell, we abandoned the idea of visiting them.

Mount Kulall, apparently an extinct volcano, is of pyramidal form, and rises to a height of from about 3,300 to 4,000 feet, without counting the peak. The crater has fallen in, and is broken up. The south-west side of the mountain is split from top to bottom, and the western base seems also to have been depressed, as a fault is clearly visible running in an absolutely straight line from north to south. This meridional course of all dislocations of the surface is a most characteristic feature of an extensive region. The upper slopes of Mount Kulall are fairly well wooded, whilst the base is proportionately barren. A fire in the wood, which lit up the darkness for a long distance, proved the mountain to be inhabited.

Saturday, March 10.—After a march of two hours in a northerly direction, we camped by the source of a swampy little brook. A few isolated acacias were almost the only vegetation of the district just traversed. The dried-up beds of many streams, now encumbered with sand and débris, and sometimes also with the trunks of trees, proved that everything must look very different in the rainy season.

Our pool of water was bordered by fresh green rushes and grass, and near to it rose a little wood of doum palms. The eyes of all our men were at once directed to the gleaming fruit hanging on these trees, and very soon they were all happily gnawing the brown rind, which tastes more like bark than anything else. One modest bite was enough for us, but it was a long time before Hamis left off trying to enjoy the new food, for he evidently could not believe that the insipid stuff the men kept offering him was what they were themselves eating with such enjoyment.

During the march Count Teleki shot a rhinoceros, and in the hope of getting more game we remained for Sunday at our

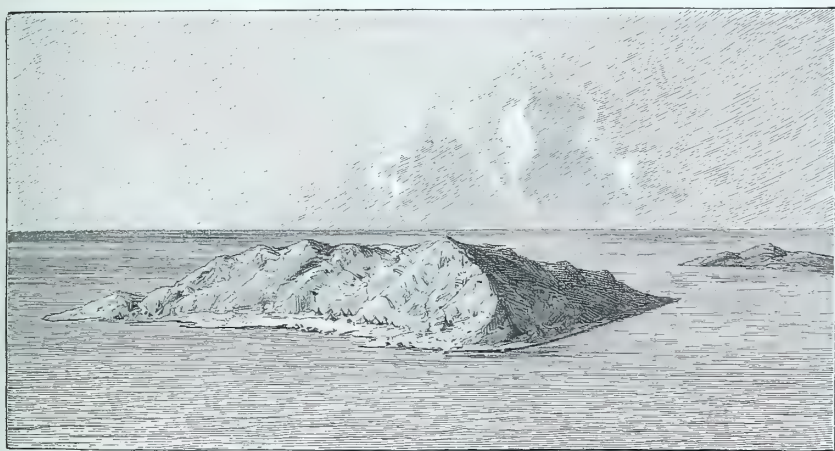
spring, which was called Ngare Dabasch. Our men, too, had found six elephants' tusks, a proof that the district was often frequented by elephants. The Count devoted the day to hunting, but the only traces of game he saw were the fresh spoors of a lion and the old ones of some elephants. In his wanderings he came upon the remains of three kraals, apparently but recently deserted, and Lembasso thought that they were those of some of the Randile who had been pillaged by the Turkana.

The struggle which had so recently taken place on the western slopes of Mount Kulall was doubtless the cause that no natives dared to visit us here, though we remained three days. We were therefore the more delighted when late one afternoon a goat suddenly appeared on one of the heights hard by. We were just about to hunt her, her brown colour leading us to take her for an antelope, when her continuing to graze quietly in spite of all the noise in camp, led to our finding out our mistake. This goat, which had probably belonged to the stolen flocks of the Randile, allowed us to catch her quite easily, and she was added to our own small herd. To complete her story I will add here that she gave birth to a young one the next day, and for the rest of our journey supplied us with a bowl of good fresh milk every day. Her gentle affectionate ways endeared her to us all, and even in the terrible times of famine through which we had to pass together, we never thought of sacrificing her.

Monday, March 12.—We left the Ngare Dabasch to return to the shore of the lake, reaching it after three hours' march. As we approached it the scenery became more and more dreary, and we were once more surrounded with sand, scoriæ, and débris, whilst the east wind still blew with undiminished force. We made many interesting geological observations by the way, noting at the beginning of the march some perpendicular white walls,

consisting of masses of a light coarse-grained schistous rock, which Dr. Franz Toula subsequently identified as microphytal slate. Nearer the lake we came upon a briskly bubbling spring of bitter saline water, the ground round which was covered with a thick encrustation of salt. With the temperature of the air at $+32^{\circ}$ Centigrade, that of the water registered $+42^{\circ}$ Centigrade.

About three-quarters of a mile from the part of the shore we had just reached rose three small barren islets of rock to which Lembasso had previously called our attention, telling us that



THE SOUTHERN ELMOLO ISLAND ON LAKE RUDOLF.

they were inhabited. We therefore kept a sharp look-out for natives on our way down, but only after a long search did we spy a few upon a little peninsula somewhat further south, who were just about to launch a couple of canoes. They seemed very much alarmed when they caught sight of us, but Lembasso and Sokoni at once hurried off to reassure them and invite them to a shauri with us. Meanwhile, however, though they could see our envoys approaching, and hear them shouting out that they were friends, they jumped into their canoes, and pushed off. So the shauri began at a very considerable

distance off, but presently one of the men landed and approached our people within about ten paces. We could watch the whole thing quite easily, the dark figures standing out clearly against the light background of water and sky. After a long delay our emissaries disappeared behind some hills, whilst the canoes were steered for the nearest island. In each canoe were four natives, three of whom plied double paddles. As far as we could make out, there was a village on this island consisting of some thirty primitive hayrick-shaped huts made of stones and grass. A number of canoes lay on the beach, and we could also see some twelve or fifteen little yellow curs.

As Lembasso and Sokoni did not reappear we continued our march along the shore without them. The lake remained shallow near the beach, but the water was not quite so clear now, and we could see a few algæ growing in it, whilst here and there the shore was strewn with dry grass washed up from the lake. In the numerous creeks were many crocodiles and a few hippopotami, whilst their shores were haunted by immense numbers of birds, including geese, ducks, flamingoes, cormorants, divers, herons, ibises, plovers, gulls, storks, and lapwings. The surrounding districts were however perfectly bare of vegetation. In one of the creeks the Count succeeded in bringing down two hippopotami, each with a shot in the shoulder from the 500 Express rifle, before they could reach the deep water. Caravan men are very fond of the flesh of the hippopotamus, and our people flung themselves into the water with shouts of joy to fetch the unexpected booty, regardless of the crocodiles, which were bigger than any we had seen elsewhere, and it was not long before the colossal corpses were dragged on to the beach to be divided, an operation which generally takes a couple of hours, and to-day we had to spend that time without any shelter in the very hottest portion of the day.

Lembasso and Sokoni now returned, bringing with them

five natives, who resembled in appearance the Burkeneji (Wakwafi) and spoke their language. Their only ornaments were made of bark, and worn on the neck, arms, and legs. Their sole weapons were spears of an inferior quality, shaped like those of the Wanyiro already described. They called themselves Elmolo, which is a name borrowed from the Gallas dialect, and means, as does Ndorobbo in Masai, poor devil. We learnt from them that all three islands are inhabited, the largest by Randile, the other two by Reshiat and Burkeneji, so that



LANDING THE HIPPOPOTAMI.

within a very short distance of each other dwell three totally different tribes. There are about 200 or 300 Elmolo altogether, and they support themselves by fishing, which must be very fruitful of results, for though they neither cultivate cereals nor obtain them by barter, they did not look as if they suffered from scanty diet. They were ignorant of the use of tobacco.

We were off again towards four o'clock, and a little before five we camped in the north-eastern corner of the southern end

of the lake, at the mouth of the broad, but now dried-up and rubbish-encumbered, channel of a stream. There was no want of vegetation here, but the general impression of the district remained forbidding, presenting as it did a chaos of sand and débris, and uprooted trees and bushes. Rather more than half a mile from the beach were two small islands, and beyond our camping-place the shore of the lake stretched westwards for a considerable distance.

Tuesday, March 13.—We kept as near the edge of the water as possible on this march, although we were often wetted by the surf, for we found it easier than tramping through the loose white sand, which stretched away to the base of the low range of hills rising about two to three miles from the shore. By this means we also escaped the dust. The country further inland was no longer a mere wilderness, for the fine sandy soil is fruitful and quite beautiful trees grow in it. Here and there occurred regular thickets of acacias and of the succulent bush of which we saw such quantities on the salt steppes near Lake Nyiro. These thickets had many of them evidently been inhabited not long ago, Lembasso thought, by Burkeneji, who used previously to frequent the shores of the lake a good deal, but had now avoided them for some years on account of their dread of the Turkana. During the march we saw numerous crocodiles, and here and there on the heaving surface of the lake appeared the unwieldy head of a hippopotamus, but the heavy surf kept most of the birds away from the beach, and the only insects were dragon-flies, such as we had noticed in Leikipia, and a kind of sandhopper, vast numbers of which lived in the damp sand by the edge of the water. The latter greatly resemble those of Europe, and share their wonderful agility, for in spite of every effort I never succeeded in catching one without a net. It was noticeable that there was no drift along the shore. Polished bits

of blue chalcedony occurred, but they appeared to have been washed down from up-country, for we found larger pieces of the same material further inland. We came upon the much-injured skeleton of a large fish and part of the shell of a crab of very singular form. After two hours' march we reached several separate salt steppes, and with them the vegetation, whether of tree or bush, came to an end. The salt pans were situated some thirty-three feet above the level of the lake, from which they were divided by a sand dune rising up like a wall. The bottom of these pans was covered with a thick crust of snow-white salt, and at the edge grew luxuriant quantities of grass with pointed blades. Just then the salt-pans were empty of water, and we were not able to discover the springs which fed them.

We now left the beach to avoid having to go round a low-lying peninsula, and made our way between two unimportant but remarkable-looking sugar-loaf shaped mountains, but we soon returned to the shadeless beach to camp, ploughing our way with difficulty through the deep sand, so that it was late in the afternoon before the cattle and the last of the men got in. Two of the oxen had died of exhaustion by the way, and Qualla told us that the rest would have to be killed. The sheep and goats had suffered less from want of grass, as they ate with relish the husks of the fruit of the different varieties of acacias. The long-dreaded day when our cattle must die had come at last, and, but for one cow, they were all killed. The flesh was carefully divided amongst the men, but we lost two days' rations by this wholesale slaughter as we could not take the intestines, skins, bones, &c., which were usually eaten up to the last scrap, with us. We had now only food enough left for five or six days, and it became more and more apparent that the men were getting weaker and weaker, although they could at any minute run down to the water to

quench their thirst. But for this we should certainly have lost half our men by this time.

Wednesday, March 14.—We marched for three hours and a half in a north-westerly direction, first along the beach and then at a little distance from it over low hills of lava. Here and there occurred blue chalcedony, beautiful calcareous spar, and coarse white or red sandstone. The white sand, in which we often found felspar and gneiss, had led us to hope the day before that a change was about to take place in the geological character of the district, but in this we were disappointed.

The course of the shore-line of course interested us most deeply, and we gazed eagerly over to the beach on the opposite side. We had now an almost boundless view towards the west and north-west. The rugged chain of mountains, some 1,600 to 2,000 feet high, which shut in the southern end of the lake, were now replaced by a flat strand stretching far away from the water. Portions of the landscape beyond the lake were well wooded, whilst others were enveloped in whirling clouds of dust. Towards sunset a distant chain of mountains rose up against the horizon which had been invisible during the day. It was about the hour of sunset that we collected most of our facts relating to the extent of the lake and the course of its shores, a duty which, it will readily be understood, we rigidly performed in our anxious and precarious position.

Thursday, March 15.—The low mountains, which thus far had run parallel with the lake, swerved northward after the first hour's march to-day, whilst the coast line maintained its north-westerly direction. Mount Longendoti, the most distant height we had been able to see when we first caught sight of the water, now reappeared, and we found that we were but one day's journey from it. The lake, however, still appeared to be endless.

The path led to-day along the shore with scarcely a break. The sandy, gently sloping beach was often strewn with dry

seaweed and fringed with a narrow strip of light-green sharp-pointed grass, whilst further inland we recognised the light foliage of several kinds of acacias. The ground of the flat landscape between the hills bounding the strand on the east and the far-stretching Mount Longendoti was covered with a thick layer of fine white sand, and greatly resembled a creek running far up inland. The shallow water near the beach was here again frequented by numerous birds, including, in addition to those enumerated above, the first swallows we had seen for a long time.

Late in the afternoon a few dark forms loomed up on the northern shore of the lake ; and soon afterwards we saw some huge unwieldy-looking objects floating on the water. The forms on land turned out to be wandering Elmolo, who were dragging along seven rafts made of numbers of canoes fastened together, these rafts being piled up with regular mountains of household goods, on the top of which squatted a few women and children. The men, up to their waists in water, dragged or pushed the rafts along without a moment's rest ; whilst at least forty of the little dogs referred to more than once in this narrative ran beside them and barked in chorus when they passed our camp. Lembasso and Sokoni jumped up at once to run and beg the natives to halt near us ; but it was only labour lost. One woman alone ventured to approach us. We learnt from her that the people with her were Elmolo from Reshiat, who had been worsted in a struggle with some of their own tribesmen, and were fugitives on their way to the southern Elmolo Island. She herself was a Burkeneji, who had only lately joined the Elmolo. Her kraal, she went on to say, had been attacked one night by Turkana, who had carried off all the cattle and women, including herself, as booty. A few days later, however, she had succeeded in hiding herself and getting away. On her way home she had met another large party of Turkana ; but she

had managed to give them the slip, and had found shelter with the Elmolo, with whom she meant to remain till she could get home again. The poor creature, who was still young and really pretty, was evidently quite crushed by all she had gone through. In a low, monotonous voice she related the tale of her sufferings, apparently quite indifferent to anything that was going on about her; and she answered Lembasso's questions, which had reference chiefly to our route, in the same manner. She did not beg, and did not even seem to care for the presents we gave her. Before she left us we made her promise to return in the evening with some Elmolo; but neither she nor anyone else came near us, though the whole party passed the night about a mile off.

Hussein Naddim Balosi, one of the porters, had disappeared in the morning in a perfectly mysterious manner, and we never saw him again. He was in good health, and several men had seen him just before we missed him. As flight really meant suicide, we were utterly at a loss to explain his leaving us in this manner.

Friday, March 16.—Acting on Lembasso's advice, we made a telekesa march to-day. The reason for this was not quite clear to us; and after several hours' shauri we were quite at a loss to understand the explanations of our guide. But as we knew absolutely nothing about the way, we thought it best to trust to his insight, which would probably be better than our own. We pushed on till nearly ten o'clock close to the edge of the water till we came to a creek, where we rested beneath the shade of a big tree during the great noon-tide heat. During this march the Count had fired at and missed a passing leopard, whilst I had brought down a rhinoceros, which had suddenly appeared near our path. In addition to this booty, we also, during our mid-day halt, secured in a very unexpected manner a big fish, weighing some twenty-two pounds. We found it

neither in the lake nor on the beach, but high up in the branches of our tree, where, doubtless, he had been hidden by the Elmolo.

In the afternoon we turned inland, and walked along a good gravelly path to avoid going round a peninsula. Towards sunset we got back to the lake, and camped at the edge of a shallow creek, at the southern base of Mount Longendoti. The succulent bush so often referred to grew here on the sandy slopes in the greatest luxuriance, forming regular thickets; and we camped in little parties amongst it, wherever we could find an open space. We were all assembled; and the noisy work of getting water and firewood, unloading the donkeys, &c., was in full swing, when one of the men came to us with the news that there was a leopard in a thicket in the very midst of the camp. This seemed so incredible that Count Teleki did not get his gun till the man had repeated his intelligence several times. The animal turned out to be wedged into a bush in such a manner that, though he was surrounded by men, it was almost impossible to get a shot at him. At last, however, the Count found a gap through which he was able to fire at the animal's back. An angry snapping and snarling ensued, but the leopard did not move. The Count crept quite close to the bush, and fired twice between the branches, at which the animal turned round several times, and then remained motionless as if dead. The next thing to do was to drag the body out of the thicket; but to our surprise our Somal, who were generally so brave, all refused to undertake the task, for, as they said, 'a leopard often shams death.' At last, however, the body was drawn up through a hole made in the bushes above it. There was a regular squabble over the flesh between the Wasangu and the Wanyamwesi.

Late in the evening we were again disturbed by some wild beast, which had crept up to our donkeys, grazing in the



MOUNT LONGENDOTI.

moonlight; but it was noticed in time and driven off. There were numerous birds and crocodiles in our creek, and we often heard the snorting of hippopotami. The only representative of the insect world were flies, of which there were such immense numbers that we had to sit in darkness, for they put out our lights as fast as they were lit.

Saturday, March 17. — According to Lembasso, we should now have to march at some little distance from the lake. Apparently, however, he did not know very much about the way or the water conditions; and as we expected to have to cross a wide stretch of country without water, we started earlier than usual. Mount Longendoti, which consists of several peaks of a relative height of from 1,000 to 1,300 feet, and the long ridge sloping away to the north abutting on it, remained close to us on our left. We now went due north by fairly straight paths, the ground being at first covered with soil, but barren, whilst later it was strewn with white sand, in which, however, grew both trees and bush.

One broad but dried-up sandy bed of a stream which we had to cross was, indeed, fringed with some fine trees, with beautiful fresh green foliage, giving the district here and there quite a pretty park-like appearance. There was also a good deal of game; for we saw several zebras, Beisa antelopes, and gazelles; but we might not swerve from the path to-day. At about nine o'clock, however, a rhinoceros made a dash at Count Teleki, who brought him down. Of course, our hungry people



A LEOPARD IN CAMP.

flung themselves upon the corpse; but we grudged the time it would take to divide the meat. Our men, no longer able to quench their thirst whenever they liked, seemed weaker than ever, and the effect on them of want of water was illustrated by the eagerness with which they fought for the loathsome, dull-green contents of the rhinoceros's stomach; whilst the results of short rations for so long were equally apparent. One of our best men had died the night before from exhaustion, and four others were in such a wretched state that they had to ride.

After shooting the rhinoceros, whilst the meat was divided, the Count went on to rest beneath the shade of some trees by the dried-up bed of a brook about twenty minutes further on. He was just going to sit down when he saw a solitary elephant bull, which had also chosen this spot for a siesta, standing, all unconscious of danger, in a most favourable position for a shot. Count Teleki had only his 500 Express with him—too weak a weapon for such big game, but the temptation was, however, too strong, and he determined to open fire with it, hoping that he might wound the elephant and keep him stationary long enough for the men to bring up the more deadly guns, which had all been left near the rhinoceros. But one shot at the temples and another at one of the feet were both without effect, and, disturbed in his rest, the elephant at once advanced upon the Count, swerving aside at a distance of some fifteen paces. Meanwhile Count Teleki had reloaded, and he followed his quarry, giving him two balls in the shoulder. The elephant dashed away for a short distance through the bush and then fell down quite dead. This was a very unexpected result to have achieved with so light a weapon, for the victim was a strong bull with tusks which, though they were broken, weighed over 40 lb. To complete our delight we found, after many hours' search, a little water, at a depth of about six feet, in the upper course of the dried-up stream, and therefore decided to camp by it. The number of those who would eat elephant-meat was now considerably increased, and a very few hours later there was nothing left but the skin and bones of the huge beast, whilst cooking and eating went on day and night.

Sunday, March 18.—In the hope of reaching the ponds which, according to Lembasso's calculations, we ought to have found the day before, we started very early, marching due north by good sandy paths, keeping close on our left the long

monotonous slopes of Mount Longendoti. There was more variety on the east, where the ridge, which was apparently the termination of a low plateau region, gradually approached us more nearly, the valley growing narrower in proportion, to be finally almost shut in by a low, many-peaked chain, the Obori, which we passed when about half way through. Further north this valley widened again, and was broken up by low hills and ridges. Acacias and fresh green succulent bush were of frequent occurrence, especially near the Obori and during the second half of the march. But as a whole the landscape could only be characterised as a desert, and there was absolutely no grass.

At the beginning of this march the district was fairly flat, but later, as we approached the narrower portion of the valley, our path led up over almost imperceptibly sloping, undulating ground for quite a long distance. Crest after crest was scaled, each one in the hope that we should come to a pool, or at least to the dried-up bed of a brook, with some green about it. But one undulation succeeded another, mid-day came, the sun was at the zenith and poured down its scorching rays upon our heads. It was one o'clock now, and a third of our worn-out men lay stretched exhausted on the ground, here one, there another. Our own cheery *Haya, twende!* ('Forwards! let's press on!') no longer had any effect, and many loads without owners lay scattered about. At last at two o'clock we began to descend a gentle slope which led down to the sand-choked, dried-up bed of a stream, where we caught what we took for the gleam of fresh green grass. But when I reached it, it was only to meet with fresh disappointment. Half the men were lying about staring vacantly before them; loads and animals were in the most hopeless confusion; donkeys and sheep wandering aimlessly about, the former either without their saddles or with those saddles under their bellies or round their

necks. Not an Askar or donkey-boy was to be seen anywhere. All discipline was at an end, and the men were utterly demoralised.

I was now informed that the Count had shot two rhinoceroses and had gone on with the vanguard. One of the dead animals lay close to the path, but no one took any notice of it. It was of such a light colour that I almost overlooked it on the white sand. With the help of my three men I at first unloaded all the animals and then hastened after the Count to tell him of the terrible condition in which three-quarters of the men were. A stony, winding path led over a low ridge for more than an hour, and at four o'clock I reached a narrow ravine cutting the ridge across, the walls of which were formed by columns of basalt of all manner of different heights and varying in circumference from one to several feet, whilst other pillars strewed the sand encumbering the ground. We pressed on for some 600 paces through the ravine, and then in its furthest corner came upon the van of the caravan, all huddled together and jostling each other about a shallow pit at the base of a wall of rock. There was water here, though in but very small quantities, about a couple of pints oozing up at the bottom every few minutes.

As even the first to get to the pit could not satisfy their thirst, it was a very long time before any water could be obtained to send back to the poor fellows who had fallen by the way. Late in the evening and during the night the stragglers gradually came in and flung themselves like wild vultures upon the water. Each one was eager to be first, so that the dark ravine was soon the scene of a bitter struggle. Not until after a great deal of trouble, and with the help of the Somal mercilessly wielding their whips, were the combatants separated, and something like order restored. The Somal then mounted guard over the water and doled it out in rations, but

even this did not answer long, for some of the sturdier fellows always managed to push to the front and drive back



STRUGGLE FOR WATER IN THE RAVINE.

those weaker than themselves. At last the Count himself undertook to give the water; the men were driven back and only

one at a time allowed to come up to receive the precious fluid. This went on till the morning, and the whole night was occupied by some of the men in hunting up the scattered porters, animals, and loads. As ever at critical times, Maktubu proved himself equal to the emergency, and went back three or four times during the night to the dried-up brook as if hunger, thirst, and fatigue were quite unknown to him. Inexorably he insisted on every man who had come without his load returning to fetch it as soon as he had had some water, and he succeeded before daybreak in getting pretty well all the men, animals, and loads together in the ravine. We ourselves got a bit and a sup about midnight, and in consequence did not suffer much from fatigue.

Monday, March 19.—We had quite lost sight of the lake during yesterday's march, but it was only a few hours' distance off. A few men were still missing, and several loads lying in the dried-up bed of the brook, but it would never do to linger long in the ravine, as there was not nearly enough water here for the men, and we had not been able to give the animals any at all, so we decided to send Maktubu and Qualla back with the donkeys to fetch the loads and hunt up the stragglers, whilst we ourselves pressed on.

We started at about seven o'clock in the direction of the lake, keeping the flat northern ridge of Mount Longendoti on our left, whilst before us stretched a slightly undulating district sloping down to the lake and gradually changing into a perfectly flat plain. On our right were the highlands, extending far away in a northerly direction, whilst beyond was the sharply defined edge of a low plateau. After a march of three and a half hours we were back on the beach. From a distance Lake Rudolf and the scenery surrounding it presented a very picturesque appearance, the fresh green foliage of tree and bush suggesting meadows and woods; but the delusion did not

last long, for the beautiful picture soon resolved itself once more into a barren desert. The trees only marked the edge of broad debris-encumbered channels down which rapid streams evidently poured in the rainy season, but which were now completely dried up; and the bush consisted of nothing but thorn-studded umbrella acacias and the old familiar succulent bush of the steppes. There was not a blade of grass anywhere. The remains of kraals led us to suppose that this district had been inhabited some years ago by nomad Burkeneji or Randile.

The bay we reached on this march is known as Alia, and, according to Lembasso, is inhabited by the Elmolo of Reshiat, but we did not meet any natives or come upon any traces of their presence.

The lake here is from twenty-two to twenty-five miles broad, and the western side is shut in by a low range of hills. We made out two large islands, one on the south-west, the other on the north-west, but we were still unable to see the end of the lake. One little thing, however: the muddy yellowish-green colour of the water led us to suppose that we were not now far off our goal, the inhabited northern shore. The beach was swampy and slimy, so that the animals could scarcely be taken down to drink.

There was a good deal of game in the neighbourhood, including zebras, Beisa antelopes, and gazelles; and we also caught sight of herds of buffaloes; but most of them disappeared soon after our arrival. During the march the Count shot two gazelle *Grantii* with one charge, and I brought down a zebra (*Equus Burchelli*) near the camp. Soon afterwards I heard the firing of a heavy gun somewhere on the beach, and found that the Count had come upon two male elephants, which were trying to escape him. The hunt after them lasted a good hour; and they were finally despatched close to the camp. We all lingered for some time by the dead animals.

The Count had measured and I had photographed them, and the men were standing about waiting for the moment when they could fling themselves upon the booty, when the news was brought that there was a buffalo close to us in a thicket of succulent bush. It turned out to be a cow far advanced in pregnancy, and she was scarcely a hundred paces off. She presently charged the Count so furiously that it would have gone ill with him if a shot had not killed her on the spot. She was a specimen of the small northern buffalo known as the *Bos caffer*, var. *æquinoctialis*.

Our camp was some 650 yards from the water, and the wind, laden with hot sand and dust, which blew in our faces without ceasing, made our position anything but comfortable. We were obliged to stop here, however, to wait for the missing men; and at noon Qualla came in, bringing with him one of the four stragglers only, and that one in an insensible condition. The other three he had found dead, and this sole survivor died a few hours afterwards, without recovering consciousness.

Towards sunset we received a visit in camp from a rhinoceros, which, thanks to the favourable direction of the wind, remained sniffing about quite close to us without discovering us, till Count Teleki brought him down. I must here add a few words about the rhinoceroses we found near the lake, which we were convinced belonged to a different variety to those we had met with elsewhere. The chief peculiarity of the new kind was the smallness of the head; but the body was at least one-third less in bulk than that of the animals we came across in Masailand. On the other hand, the horns were finer and more pointed, flattened out at the sides, or sometimes even quite flat. We took it for granted, then, that in north and north-east Africa live examples of the kinds of rhinoceros occurring far away in the south; and acting under this impression we took careful drawings and measurements. It

would appear, however, that we were in error, for science at present recognises but two kinds of African rhinoceroses¹—the *Rhin. simus* and the *Rhin. bicornis*. The former has a very wide mouth, occurs in South Africa only, and is already very rare. The latter has a long upper lip prolonged to a point, and to it belonged all the rhinoceroses we saw or shot before we got to Mount Nyiro. It must not be supposed that the third variety, which we met with in the neighbourhood of Lake Rudolf only, was a new discovery of ours; still less that the rhinoceroses seen by various travellers in the eastern Soudan and Somaliland belonged to it; but we do still think that the one we saw near Lake Rudolf differed alike from the *Rhin. simus* and the *Rhin. bicornis*.

Tuesday, March 20.—In spite of its unfavourable conditions we remained a little longer where we were, as we at least got some shade. Towards morning five canoes, in which were a few Elmolo fishing, appeared about a mile or a mile and a half off on the lake. Sokoni and some of our men hastened down to them at once, but they could not be induced to approach nearer. They even refused to accept the presents we offered them, saying that they must go home first and consult their people. Before they went, however, they inquired whether all the members of our caravan were women, as they wore loin-cloths to cover their nakedness. In the afternoon several canoes appeared, and were stopped opposite the beach near our camp. Each was manned by three natives, two of whom punted, standing up with two long poles. They brought us fish; one very large one, a kind of crucian, with brownish-black scales, which tasted very good, was, they told us, speared in the shallow water near the shore. This time our beads were accepted. The natives told us that they had dhurra and a few sheep to sell, but we must come and camp

¹ If we set aside the doubtful South African species.

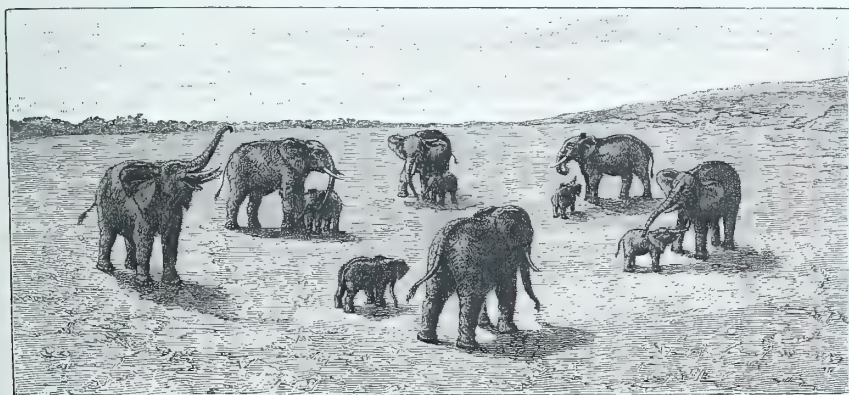
near their settlement if we wanted to buy them. They also inquired what our guns were for, and Qualla fired one in the air, at which they flung themselves flat on the ground in their terror.

Wednesday, March 21.—To get out of the dust we shifted our camp about two miles to the north-east. There was not a scrap of shade there, but the sand was coarser and the ground harder, so that we did not suffer so much from the wind. The temperature in our tents was + 39° Centigrade. The Count brought down a rhinoceros and we heard lions roaring in the night, but we saw no sign of the Elmolos.

Thursday, March 22.—We marched about four miles along the muddy shore and arrived unexpectedly at one of the Elmolos settlements. The latter part of this short stage was through a district rendered extremely interesting by the number of elephants in it, several of which fell victims to our guns. We came upon six females with five little ones of different ages soon after we started. They were in a flat, open bit of ground some 400 paces from the caravan, and were basking happily in the sunshine, all unconscious of danger. The mothers now spread out and now closed their big ears, caressed their young, and suckled them¹ as the little creatures cuddled beneath them. It was a charming scene of domestic life. Perfect silence reigned around and we all remained as quiet as possible. We refrained from shooting any of the animals on account of the young ones, but at last we were obliged to think of resuming our journey, and as the elephants were right in our way we were compelled to drive them off. A conspicuous object from afar in his snow-white shirt, Qualla advanced slowly upon the group across the sandy plain, armed with a Henry-Winchester rifle only. The herd soon showed signs of excitement, flapping their great ears and uprearing their curved

¹ The udders of the elephant are between the forelegs.

trunks, whilst the young ones crept beneath their mothers' bodies. For a few moments they gazed at the bold intruder, and then an old mother began slowly to advance upon him, making us a little anxious. But Qualla fired into the air once or twice and the herd turned tail, still seeming in no hurry to be off. He then rushed at them, shouting and firing, and the same old mother turned upon him again as if half-minded to charge. But, as we were glad to see, nothing came of it all. The herd quickened their pace and tramped off, soon disappearing from our sight, whilst we resumed our march.



A SCENE FROM ELEPHANT HOME LIFE.

Soon afterwards I heard shots in front of us. The Count had come upon more elephants, and presently I made out a number of herds against a little wood fringing the plain. The shooting continued and the hunt was evidently in full swing. I hastened on and came upon the vanguard halting near the first elephant brought down by the Count, which lay in the open and was the biggest animal we had yet come across, its tusks, which were of equal length, weighing some 228 lb.

The Count had followed up the rest of the animals inland, and I therefore decided to camp here. We soon found a

suitable spot under some big shady trees, and the men took possession with all the usual noise. The district was dotted with low sand-hills and there was a good deal of succulent bush, amongst which disported themselves countless common guinea-fowl, and also examples of the rarer vulturine guinea-fowl. I did not therefore go into camp at once, but amused myself with shooting some birds. In a very short time I had brought down five, and then, as some sand had got into my gun and rendered it useless, I returned to camp with my booty. To my surprise I heard the Count call out from the top of a sand-hill hard by, 'How many did you get?' I had thought him far away after the elephants, and answered simply, 'Five.' He exclaimed 'Extraordinary!' which puzzled me till I found he thought that I meant elephants, as the herd was really in the very thicket in which I had been shooting with such a light heart. Soon afterwards two badly wounded animals issued from it and approached the lake, whilst others still remained concealed amongst the bushes.

The Count, who had come to the end of his ammunition, and sent to the camp for more, was trying to keep the elephants in view, and I now went off in the hope of despatching those he had wounded. But my messenger brought me out the 8-bore rifle without any reserve ammunition, so I was only able after all to finish off one of the animals.

The other elephants very soon came out of the thicket, and the Count brought down two with a double shot, but only one was killed. The other soon struggled to its feet and, followed by two more, went down to the lake, where they remained standing, some 500 paces from the beach, with the water up to their bellies. They were apparently all wounded, and it seemed that two of those shot by the Count at the beginning of the hunt had got back to their comrades in the thicket. We fired from the shore several times at the

three animals, but they could not be induced to move. The Count then despatched the animal I had had to leave for want of ammunition, and we went back to camp.

I now heard all about the hunt, which proceeded in this wise. The Count had come upon two herds of elephants at the edge of the wood, our six females with their young, and five full-grown bulls. Of course he gave his full attention to the latter, which were standing in the open a little outside the wood without a bit of cover. The first thing to do was to get to the shelter of the wood, and he tried to do so by way of the beach, but it was too muddy, so he had to make a wide detour right across the plain. He was just about to enter the thicket when two more small herds of younger bulls suddenly issued from it, at a distance of some 200 paces from each other. There was nothing for it but to go between them, and this difficult manœuvre Count Teleki successfully achieved, but just as he stepped into the wood he came face to face with yet another young bull. As he wanted to bring down the old, not the young bulls, he hesitated to fire, but was at last obliged to do so. All his plans were upset by this, for though the bull, badly wounded in the head, swerved to one side, the other herds were alarmed, and soon there was the greatest commotion amongst them as they hurried out of the wood and back again to its shelter, evidently bent on getting away under cover of it. Another young bull was compelled to turn back by a shot in the forehead, and the five old fellows, which had put their heads together after they heard the firing and returned to the thicket, were now more within range. Two received bullets in the temples and went off, one, however—the first I had come upon outside the wood—to fall dead on the plain, the other to follow the rest of the herd through the wood for a time, only to succumb to three more shots from the Count, who had followed his spoor. The survivors

then turned back towards the lake, where we came upon them again amongst the guinea-fowl.

Soon after noon some of our men brought the news that one of the three elephants had come out of the lake, driven them off from the dead animal from which they were just removing the tusks, and taken refuge in the bushes close to the camp. We went after him at once, but we had no luck, for he got off in spite of all the bullets we gave him, and we saw him dash away some thirty paces from the camp.

The beach here was quite flat, marshy, and covered with algæ. There was one patch of reeds, but otherwise the shore was bare of vegetation. Without anything in the way of a boat it was impossible to get to the water, and we had nothing to drink till after the men had worked for hours at digging holes in the otherwise dry bed of a stream. They came upon a few deep pools of rainwater at a distance of some 1,000 paces from the camp; so that there had evidently been a heavy fall of rain in the neighbourhood not long ago.

The natives of Alia, as this district is called, live upon two unimportant and perfectly barren sandbanks, rising but little above the level of the lake, where they lead a kind of amphibious existence, scarcely differing from that of the crocodiles which, with other wild animals, they kill and eat. The two islands together are not more than half or one square mile in extent. On the larger are from thirty to fifty, and on the smaller about fifteen brown huts, of the hayrick shape, huddled closely together. The inhabitants number from 150 to 200, and live almost entirely by fishing. They sometimes get a little dhurra from the Reshiat. Their sole possessions are one or two cows, a dozen sheep, and perhaps a couple of dozen dogs. A third uninhabited sandbank nearer the beach serves, with the muddy bank, alike as storehouse for fuel, and mooring ground for canoes.

Although the natives must have known of our arrival, they none of them appeared the first day, so we sent Qualla and the guide to them in the afternoon. Several canoes, each manned by three men, put out to meet them, and halted within earshot, but only one woman, a Burkeneji, landed to act as mediator. One thing she especially begged of us, and that was not to take guns with us when we went to treat with the ElmoLO, or to fire in the neighbourhood again. She then assured us of the



ALIA, AN ELMOLO SETTLEMENT ON LAKE RUDOLF.

friendly intentions of the islanders, and asked for a present from us to prove our goodwill. Qualla had no goods with him, but promised some for the next day, reassured her about the guns, which he said were only dangerous to wicked people, adding that unless her friends supplied us with food we *must* use them, as we depended on them for our support, just as they did on fishing. The natives promised to bring something for sale, asked if we were cannibals, and, satisfied on that point also, they went off again.

With the help of our field-glasses, we made out in the distance not only elephants, but zebras, and also a rather large antelope covered with reddish-brown hair, of a species unknown to us.

Alia : Friday, March 23.—In the morning one elephant only remained in the lake, the other having disappeared during the night. So the Count had the canvas boat made ready, intending either to shoot the animal from it, or to drive him ashore. I meanwhile had noticed with the help of my field-glass another elephant some forty minutes' distance off, and had gone after it, finding, however, no trace of it. So I came back to the beach and saw Qualla and two other men in the boat, trying to drive the elephant out of the water. Qualla approached the wounded animal in the boldest manner, paddled round it, and fired at it some dozen times with his Henry-Winchester rifle. The elephant, however, did not budge an inch, but went on quietly rooting up seaweed with its trunk, and now and then sprinkling water over its wounds. He did not seem to notice the boat or the men in it, and was equally regardless of the bullets he received in his body. We began to think he was too weak to get to land, so the Count called Qualla and gave him the heavy Express rifle, telling him to shoot the animal dead in the lake. The boat once more circled round the quarry, but two shots fired by Qualla were without noticeable result, so he ventured yet nearer, and the men rested on their oars. We were just going to shout out our indignation at all this useless risk, when the boat began to move again, and slowly described a curve. But the next moment the men in her jumped overboard, for the elephant, which had appeared to be rooted to the spot, suddenly charged with inconceivable fury, dashing the water around into foam. In the twinkling of an eye he was upon the fragile craft, which he first shoved before him for a little distance, and then seized



THE ELEPHANT SMASHES OUR BOAT.



with his trunk. He shook it, crushed it, tossed it about, and then contemptuously flung it aside. Finally, without taking the slightest further notice of the men, who were diving close to him, or of the shots which Qualla continued to fire, he marched with slow and stately steps through the water, and disappeared behind a peninsula. This unexpected end of the struggle annoyed us very much, as we should probably greatly need our canvas boat in our further wanderings.

Back again in camp, we found that several old Burkenegi women had arrived. There seem to be a good many living amongst the Elmolo. They begged leave to share some of the elephant-meat, and as there was more than enough of it, we willingly consented. In the afternoon we sent messages to the natives, who were already less shy, men and women venturing on to the beach, and we succeeded in buying some 85 lb. of dhurra. Kharscho, who had meanwhile been to shoot guinea-fowl, brought in a dozen. A strong south wind blew continuously here, and covered everything with sand and dust, making our existence a burden to us. The air was misty and heavy, and the distant landscape appeared to be wrapped in fog. The thermometer registered $+38^{\circ}$ to 39° Centigrade in the shade at noon, whilst at night it fell below $+30^{\circ}$ Centigrade.

Alia : Saturday, March 24.—Qualla went to the Elmolo to buy more food, our men having begged very hard for a little something to give relish to their meat, if only a mouthful of dhurra meal. Qualla succeeded in getting a very small quantity of dhurra and six sheep (with such abnormally developed hoofs that we could not take them with us), and two tusks of ivory, the smaller of which, that had belonged to a female, weighed 24 lb. only, the price being ten strings of common Masai beads, worth about ten kreuzers. The second tusk weighed 166 lb., and the price was nine small rings of iron wire,

one string of blue ukuta beads, one string of mboro beads, and ten strings of small Masai beads, value from thirty to forty kreuzers. A tusk such as this would fetch 1,300 gulden in Zanzibar.¹ The articles of barter most in request here were brass wire and ukuta beads, but we had so little of either that we should not have been able to manage with them only. Stuffs were never asked for at all.

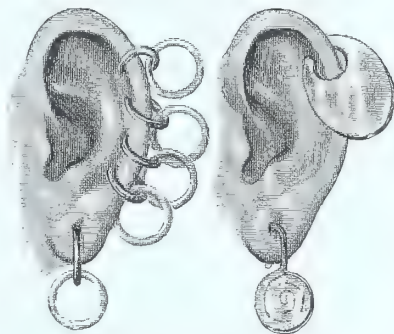
Alia: Sunday, March 25.—In the morning some thirty Elmolo, male and female, came into camp, and we became better acquainted with these people. They are connected with the Reshiat or Rissiat living at the northern end of the lake, who are certainly of the Gallas stock. The men were all well grown and muscular, and looked well fed. Their type of physiognomy differed considerably; with some it was of the negroid, with others of the Semitic cast, and it would appear that the latter modification was the result of the intermixture of Reshiat of pure descent with Burkeneji. The chief peculiarity with the men is a pointed chin with a scanty beard, combined, however, with broad jaws. The nose is not always as broad and flat as that of a negro, and the complexion is as a rule darker than that of the Masai. The men are circumcised in the Mahomedan manner. The hair is dressed in various fashions, either dragged up into a short thin tuft which is thickly smeared with red fat, or combed back flat, and, with the help of some greasy green or violet coloured clay, moulded into quite an artistic-looking chignon. The latter style is peculiar to young men, and is sometimes finished off with two short ostrich feathers. When touched, this chignon will be

¹ The Swahili word for the tusk of a female is *galascha*, and a large tusk of a male is *bori*, whilst a middle-sized one is *vibori*. The tusks of the female are far more highly prized than those of the male elephant, as they consist of soft and more malleable material, suitable for making the most expensive articles, such as billiard balls. A *frassilah*, or about twenty-eight and a half pounds of female ivory, fetches, according to the size of the tusks, from 110 to 140 dollars.

found to have a thin hardened outer layer of clay, whilst the inside is quite soft, like a pad. Rings are worn in the lobe and sides of the ear, but the lobes are very slightly distended. Other ornaments are bracelets worn on the upper and the lower arm, made of brass or iron wire or of hippopotamus-hide.

A round knife is also sometimes worn as a bracelet, the edges being protected, as are those of the blades of the Wanyemps, Burkeneji, Elmolo, and Reshiat spears, with a leather case. The very simple costume of the men consists merely of a circular apron about two and a half inches long in front and six inches long behind, made of dressed kid-skin, the edges of which are very prettily decorated with a row of gleaming home-made iron beads. The rounded knives already mentioned, bows, arrows, and some inferior spears, complete their equipment. I must add that all the men, but none of the women, carry a little two-legged stool to sit upon, which also serves them as a pillow at night.

Most of the women who visited us were Burkeneji, and behaved as their people always do, but there were a few Reshiat amongst them, who were pleasantly distinguished by wearing costumes more suitable, in our eyes, for the female sex, consisting of two short petticoats falling in folds, made of dressed kid-skin. The upper portion of the body, however, was quite naked. The Reshiat women we saw were, on the other hand, not nearly so good-looking as the Burkeneji, and we could understand the latter being preferred by the men.



RESHIAT EAR ORNAMENTS.



IRON BEADS, NATURAL SIZE.

The natives made an excellent impression on us on the whole; they were neither importunate nor shy, but squatted quietly down at once, ready for a shauri, which was conducted in Masai style; that is to say, one speaker stood up and held forth with his spear or some other object in his hand. The direction of different places was very cleverly indicated by pointing with the tongue. A Burkeneji woman interpreted, and made us understand that the Elmolo would take us in ten canoes to the Reshiat if we would wait a couple of days longer. They were going to their relatives to buy grain, but first they must catch a lot of fish. We promised to wait one day, but we could not remain longer, as the elephant-meat would be finished, and we were besides suffering so dreadfully from the dust. After the shauri the natives looked round the camp and then went away. The same day Qualla bought two elephant tusks, each weighing over 100 lb., for a ridiculous price, and also a little coffee in the husk, but he could get no more durrha, the Elmolo having apparently let us have all they had the day before.

Alia : Monday, March 26.—The natives sent us word that on account of a death they could not follow us till the next day. So we remained where we were for another day, and, in default of other sport, amused ourselves with shooting guinea-fowl. In the afternoon I for a long time, with the help of my field-glass, watched a little herd of animals which, from their size and colour, I took to be wild asses. As we had not met with any before, I was at some pains to get near enough to examine them carefully, but in the end I found they were only zebra Grevyi with narrow stripes. Seen with the naked eye at a distance of some 300 paces they appeared to be of a uniform grey colour. Every evening just before sunset we noticed the sudden appearance of an immense number of birds of about the size of a turtle-dove which flew backwards and forwards in

zig-zag fashion at a moderate height in the air. Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, they would form up into regular cloud-like masses and fly off across the lake in a westerly direction, the whole thing lasting not longer than twenty minutes.

Tuesday, March 27.—As the natives evidently had no real intention of going with us, we started without them. According to the Elmolo, we were not so far now from the Reshiat of the northern end of the lake as from the settlements of their own people at the southern extremity, so that we might hope very soon to reach our goal, which was the more desirable as our people did not seem able to recover their health although they had lately had plenty of elephant-meat. This must be explained by the unfavourable conditions, especially the harassing dust of our camping-place, the latter making perfect rest altogether impossible. Just before we started two of our men died, one of whom was really the cause of his own tragic end. The elephant-meat being finished and no game having been brought down, beans had been given out as rations, and this man, famished with hunger, had eaten his portion raw, the result of which was that he died after a night of terrible agony. Caravan people know perfectly well that eating raw beans or dhurra often causes death.

We marched for four and a half hours altogether, at a short distance from the lake, and camped at noon on the beach. The ground was at first strewn at intervals with fine white sand, and then covered once more with volcanic débris, but everywhere perfectly barren. A few umbrella-like acacias, which had been much injured by elephants, were the only vegetation we saw. We passed a great many elephants on this march; first two, then four gigantic beasts with huge tusks; then a herd of twelve bulls, four of which were very old; then three young bulls, with tusks reaching down to the ground; and lastly, a herd of fourteen animals bigger

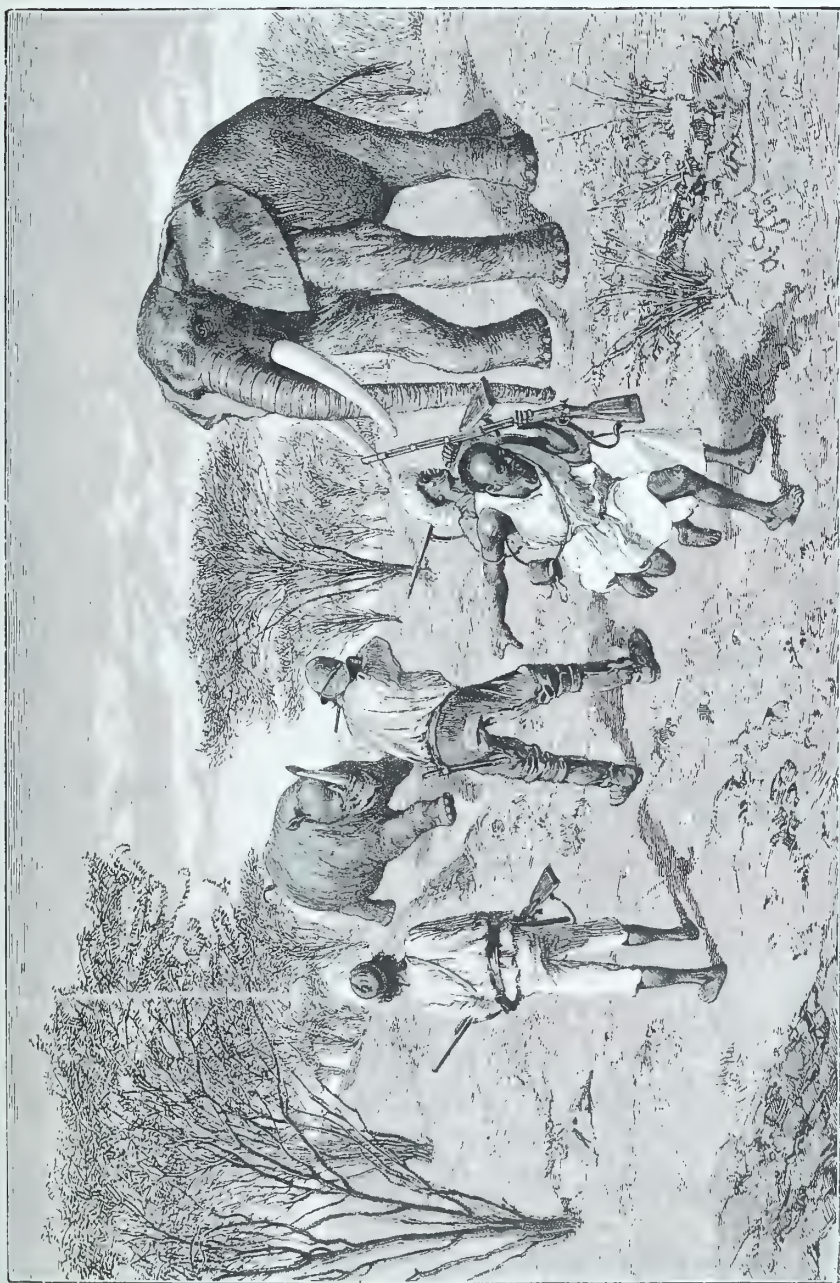
than any we had yet met with. Here, then, was ivory worth some 100,000 gulden; but we were unable to hunt any of the elephants, as they were all either in the lake or on the open beach, with not an inch of cover. Amongst the tusks we saw, there must have been some weighing considerably over 220 lb.¹

We camped on the open beach where the shore was no longer muddy, but flat and sandy.

Wednesday, March 28.—Our march to-day lasted five hours altogether, and was at a distance from the lake varying from about 550 to 1,100 yards. The sky had become very overcast even in the morning; slight showers of rain had fallen before noon whilst we were still on the tramp, and towards the end of the march there were frequent flashes of lightning in the north, always a sign of the approach of the rainy season. A cool sea breeze blew throughout the day; the weather was delightful for walking now; and we were able at last to camp without the dust which had bothered us so long.

Our march had been interrupted by an elephant hunt which lasted for several hours. Soon after starting the Count had come upon a strong young bull; but for want of cover he had had to fire from a considerable distance. Bleeding from the trunk, the animal moved slowly off, and as he kept near the beach, Count Teleki followed him, although the caravan had gone on. For a considerable distance the quarry remained from 200 to 300 paces off, receiving a bullet from his pursuer every now and then. Presently, however, he turned inland, where a few isolated acacia bushes afforded the Count a little shelter; but he was not brought down till he had been struck by six bullets from the 8-bore rifle and four charges from the 577 Express rifle, none of which at first

¹ The heaviest tusk Jumbe Kimemeta ever met with weighed 264 lb., and three others which he once brought home weighed 220 lb.



A DOUBLE ONSLAUGHT.



appeared to have made the slightest impression on him, for just before he died he seemed about to charge his enemy. At the same moment a rhinoceros had suddenly dashed out, and the Count found himself in the uncomfortable dilemma of having to choose between the trunk of an elephant and the horn of a rhinoceros. It was a critical moment; but the issue was fortunate. Count Teleki saw at once that the latter would reach him first, so he fired at the new-comer to begin with, not only making it swerve aside, but causing the elephant to turn round. As the shot rang out, the sorely wounded animal staggered away a few paces, and fell. His tusks weighed 121 and 128 lb. Later, our men found the dead body of the rhinoceros.

During the afternoon a herd of female elephants with young ones went down into the lake near the camp, and remained for a long time standing still with the water up to their bellies, rooting up seaweed with their trunks, from which they shook the water before eating it, shoving it into their huge wide-open mouths in the usual manner. Five buffaloes of the *Bos caffer æquinoctialis* variety, and a few zebra Grevyi also came down to the water towards evening. The noise made by the latter when alarmed or excited is so very like the roar of a leopard or a lion that we were more than once deceived by it.

The water of the lake here tasted and smelt equally disagreeable, and to us Europeans was simply undrinkable. One of our men died in the night.

Thursday, March 29.—To avoid a low volcanic ridge sloping too abruptly to be easily scaled, we marched at first some little distance from the lake, a chaotic medley of blocks of rock making walking most arduous; but later we went down again to the water, and pressed on along the beach. A little pool of thick, yellowish-green rainwater which we came across was quickly emptied by our men, who were tired of the brackish water of the lake, which was here again as clear as crystal.

Madschi a mvua! (rainwater) was passed joyfully from lip to lip, till the shout was taken up by the last man in the rear.

The mountains on the opposite shore of the lake rose up at a distance of some twenty-two miles, clearly and sharply defined, sinking down abruptly towards the water, and here and there approaching quite close to the beach. Their relative height may have been about 3,280 feet.

We camped at the mouth of a dried-up brook, near to which were a few shady trees, with numerous succulent fresh green bushes. In the lake itself stood four elephants, which went on feeding quietly in spite of our presence near them; but perhaps the breaking of the surf prevented them from hearing the noise from our camp. There were a good many zebras, Beisa antelopes, and gazelle Grantii in the bush; and some of our people surprised a young gazelle in its sleep and caught it. On the beach were numerous crocodiles, in spite of the strong breakers.

We left the elephants undisturbed until they forsook the lake and approached the camp in a hesitating manner. Our hunting was equally undecided, for the wind veered so often that we had constantly to change our position. In the end, though we wounded several, all the animals got off. The little herd was led by a full-grown bull without tusks. The Swahili call such animals *Bude*, and they are evidently very fierce, as they are always chosen as leaders. It was the Bude in this case which warned his fellows to flee, and directed them in their flight. The absence of tusks must be very rare, as this was the only example we met with.

During this hunt, which took place between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, several showers of rain fell, and the weather was unsettled for the rest of the day. As usual, numbers of birds appeared just before sunset, to disappear soon afterwards in the west.

A man died during the march, and we had to doctor another for violent colic. The general mode amongst the people of caravans of treating colic is to lay the sufferer on the ground with outstretched legs, then to fasten the feet together above the ankles with a strip of stuff, pass a stick through the stuff and turn it round and round till the patient gives vent to terrible screams of agony. When he leaves off crying out the Prophet's



TREATMENT FOR COLIC.

name, to which he volubly adds some half dozen of his most familiar attributes, he is released from the rack, by which time he is always quite cured, as we ourselves witnessed in more than a hundred cases.

Friday, March 30.—After a short march along the beach, which was at first sandy, then muddy, we camped, the Count having brought down one of the elephants wounded the day before. It had led us far away from the beach, which was

the reason for such an early halt. Through the glass we saw no less than four herds of elephants in the distance, the largest of which contained some twenty-five or thirty animals.

The sky was much overcast all day, and we could see rain falling on the north and north-east. In the morning a strong breeze blew from land to sea, and in the afternoon from sea to land. One of the men who had gone to the dead elephant to fetch some meat was missing in the evening, and to guide him to camp we lit a big fire.

Saturday, March 31.—We marched for three and a half hours along the flat beach, which sloped up towards the east. The low steep ridge, which had so long shut in the horizon on the east, ended here, and instead of it we caught sight for the first time of the peaks of a distant chain of mountains called the Trr or Tarr range, on the west of which, according to our guide, was situated the Basso Ebor, the second lake of which we were in quest.

During this march the man we had missed the day before turned up. He had lost his way, and, it appeared, his head too, for he could easily have got back to the beach. In the deep sand at the edge of the water we came upon immense quantities of two kinds of mussels, the first we had seen.

Towards sunset some two or three hundred buffaloes of the *Bos caffer æquinotialis* variety came down to drink, but, as there was no shelter, it was impossible to stalk them. I got a shot at them from a distance as they galloped away huddled closely together, and was lucky enough to wound a cow mortally. This kind of buffalo is pretty well covered with hair, whilst the true *Bos caffer* has scarcely any. We also saw some zebras here.

Sunday, April 1.—Marched for five and a half hours along the flat sandy beach. We saw no seaweed yesterday or to-day, and it was probably for this reason that we came upon no

elephants. There was rather more bush inland, and altogether the scenery was less dreary than it had been. No game or water-fowl in sight, but we passed the spoors of many buffaloes, and found a good many elephant tusks, weighing altogether some 154 lb.

At noon, to the delight of us all, we noticed smoke rising up in the distance on the north, and knew that we must be near the end of the lake. On the west the coast hills drew back from the shore, shutting in a flat stretch of country, whilst on the east the land sloped rapidly up, shutting out our view of the Tarr range.

When Count Teleki asked Ali Schaongwe, who reached the camping-place with the last of the men some hours after we did, how things were going, he answered in Swahili fashion, anxious as usual to please: *Oh, Habari 'ngema, bwana, watu wawili wamekufa!* ('Good news, master, two men have died!'). Swahili etiquette requires that to the question *Habari ghani?* ('What's the news?') the answer should, under all circumstances, be *Ngema* ('Good'). Only in further conversation is bad news communicated.

At noon the thermometer generally registered from +38° to +40° Centigrade.

Monday, April 2.—We camped after marching for three hours, meeting on our way two canoes, in which were five Elmolo, who were on the return journey from Reshiat to Alia, and had spent the night on board. These people upset all our preconceived notions about negroes, as they neither ran away nor showed any signs of timidity, although they came upon us quite unexpectedly. We learnt from them that nothing was yet known in Reshiat of our approach. The first meeting with natives unaccustomed to caravans is always a most anxious and exciting time. The too sudden appearance of a large party will often induce flight, or ignorance of the language and

customs of the natives will lead to hostilities. In the present case it was of the utmost importance for us to establish friendly relations with the people of the country, as we were at the end of our resources, and needed not only days, but weeks of rest to recruit. For some days we had secured no game, and were altogether in a most necessitous condition.

Taking all this into consideration, we decided to make an earlier halt than usual, and to send on only a small carefully selected party of forty men under Lembasso and Qualla, who was unrivalled in knowing how to deal with the most diverse conditions in Africa, with instructions to make advances to the Reshiat.

Our march to-day was in a northerly direction close to the beach, and we halted where the coast began to bend north-westward, though the path still ran on northward, in other words, inland. Deep sand covered the beach hard by, this sand being bordered by a pretty thick fringe of bush. The scenery was greener and more inviting here than anything we had so far met with on the lake. Our view was shut in on the north by a low hill with a gentle slope, so we gave most of our attention to the opposite shore of the lake, which was still some twenty-two miles wide. The line of the shore ran on due north, whilst the coast range of hills drew back and stretched away north-westward, the intervening landscape being quite flat. The water of the lake, apparently of little depth, was thick and loam-coloured, whilst from the centre rose up conspicuously a row of dead trees, the occurrence of which in such a situation we could not account for for a long time. We were unable to see where the row of trees ended on the south, as the trunks were at wide intervals from each other, some few being quite isolated. At the north end they were closer together, the already bleached stems rising abruptly from the water. It was evident that they were the remains of submerged vegetation,

such as we had noticed all along the eastern shore of the lake, but here, instead of being close to the edge, they were in the middle of the water. Here, too, we came upon another familiar characteristic of African scenery, the hills of termites, which we had not seen since we left Nyemps.

All the afternoon we anxiously awaited the return of our envoys from Reshiat, and when the evening arrived without any news of them, we were filled with apprehension as to their fate.



VIEW NEAR THE CAMP OF APRIL 2.

Our men, too, as they gathered about their fires eagerly discussed what could have kept their comrades so long. At last at ten o'clock some distant shots told of their approach, and soon afterwards Qualla appeared and opened his budget. After wandering about for a long time without finding a trace of human habitation, they had seen smoke rising up in the distance, and soon after came to a village on a low-lying sandy height, approaching close enough to it to be able to see its inhabitants quite clearly. Then they squatted down to await

events. They could see that the natives were aware of their presence, but it was a long time before anyone took the slightest notice of them, even the cattle continuing to graze quietly around them. After about an hour's suspense one man appeared, but our people could not understand a word he said. Then came two more men, but it was the same thing with them, and it seemed hopeless to arrive at any understanding, when at last a Randile, who knew a few words of Burkeneji or Masai, was brought out, and in broken language did his best to interpret. Qualla managed somehow to make him understand all we wanted, and offered the Reshiat a present to prove our goodwill. It was refused, but in the end the natives told our men to go back now and return the next day with the whole caravan. They would meanwhile tell their Leibon about us, and get food ready for us. As Qualla was leaving, the Randile came after him to ask him to leave two of his men behind in the village, but Qualla refused. The fearless bearing of the Reshiat made a great impression upon Qualla, who said he thought they must be a very powerful tribe if the sudden appearance of forty men, who might have dropped from the skies, affected them so little.

Tuesday, April 3.—Although the sky had been very overcast the whole of the day before, the rain did not begin till the night. At first we had short, sharp showers, and then a steady downpour, which lasted till the morning. The poor men, who had, so to speak, spent the whole night without shelter, looked the very picture of misery as they shivered with the cold, their complexions ashy grey or dull yellow. As there seemed no prospect of improvement in the weather we started, but the continuous heavy rain soon compelled us to stop.

Nothing upsets negroes more than damp cold, and in the very first half-hour of the march all the men began to show signs of the greatest distress. Shivering and trembling, moan-

ing and crying, the tears pouring in streams down their livid cheeks, they mechanically followed the path like children, splashing painfully along through the floods of water. Two men went quite out of their minds, flung down their loads, and rushed wildly to and fro in the bush. We managed to catch one of them and restore him to reason, but the other we only found again as a skeleton two months later.

After one hour's march our caravan presented a woe-begone appearance such as almost baffles description. The men were all either in utter despair or perfectly indifferent, and presently when we came to a foaming brook which we had to cross, the finishing touch was put to their woes. The water was quite shallow though the current was strong, but, as if in a dream, the miserable fellows plunged into it, and the next minute the loads were all tossing and bobbing about in the brown foaming waters. Deaf to all our exhortations and threats, the porters allowed themselves to be swept along like logs of wood, and I really think if we ourselves and the Somal, who had kept their nerve throughout, had not taken the men one by one by the hand and led them through the brook, we should have lost one-third of our caravan.

Of course it was absolutely necessary to halt after this. Our first care was to make a good fire that the poor shivering fellows might get warm. Thanks to some patent lighting apparatus charged with petroleum, which we had almost forgotten we had with us, we got a good blaze, after our experienced Mhogo Mtschungu had tried all the usual means in vain. Our proceedings were watched by our men with gaping mouths and eager anxiety, and they crowded closely together round the smoking pile beneath our umbrellas.

Fortunately the rain ceased at eleven o'clock, and at noon the sun for the first time broke through the clouds, and only the rushing stream reminded us of the piteous scenes enacted here

but a short time ago. By three o'clock in the afternoon the bed of the brook was again almost dry, and we were able to set to work to recover the loads which had floated away. We found several of them from 500 to 1,000 paces down stream; many were quite spoilt, including an entire load of dried and pressed plants, but nothing was actually lost. The rapidity with which the channels of streams fill up, to contain perhaps a few hours later only a little damp sand, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the tropics.

We employed the rest of the day in drying our wet property, and Qualla was sent again to the Reshiat with forty men. This time the natives showed more interest in them. Old men, warriors, and women came out in great numbers, all behaving in a perfectly fearless but quiet and modest manner. Herds of cattle and troops of donkeys grazed about as before, and the natives showed absolutely no signs of suspicion. Again they declined our peace offerings, but sold a little dhurra to our men, telling them to go home now and come back with the whole caravan.

Wednesday, April 4.—We had escaped rain in the camp during the past night, but the bed of the stream was again full of a rushing, foaming flood, so that it had evidently been raining heavily higher up. Full of delight at beginning our last march by the lake, we were off early, our men crying ‘Hurrah!’ and ‘Haya ugali!’ as they shouldered their loads. We should have shouted ourselves if previous experiences had not taught us caution, and in spite of the assurances we had received of the friendly disposition of the Reshiat, we did not neglect certain customary precautions. The axes were given out to the vanguard, and they were told to begin making the fence directly we reached the camping-place, whilst the rest of the men were warned to be on their guard and have their weapons in readiness.

We first crossed a pretty little acacia wood with fresh

green foliage and sandy soil, quite park-like in appearance. Walking was almost a delight on the dry ground in the clear pure air. Countless birds rather bigger than swallows, with beautiful red plumage, azure-blue heads, and long thin tail feathers, circled continuously about our heads and filled the air with a deafening twittering. Their nests, of which there were thousands, were in holes in the flat ground. After an hour's walk we issued from the wood, which extended in a westerly direction to the side of the lake. Then came a stretch of ground strewn with human skulls and bones, the unfavourable impression of which was removed a little later, when we found ourselves amongst numerous herds of oxen and donkeys grazing quite unguarded—a sure sign of the peaceful intentions of the natives. Soon we were once more on the beach, here overgrown with rushes and flanked by the low sandy hills at the northern base of which we knew, from Qualla's account, we should find the Reshiat village. And there, sure enough, some 1,100 yards off, it lay, rising up distinctly against the gleaming white sand, surrounded by crowds of natives. Most of them were warriors, armed with spears and long narrow shields, who watched our movements as eagerly as we did theirs.

Arrived on the beach, we halted, the men at once going off to collect material for the fence, whilst we took a good look at the natives through our glasses. This was perhaps the most interesting day of our whole journey, for we were now for the first time face to face with a perfectly unknown people. And the way in which these natives, who had hitherto lived quietly far away from the rest of the world, received us on this first day of our arrival was so simple, so utterly unlike anything related in the accounts of their experiences by African travellers, that we could not get over our astonishment. First came a party of ten or twelve warriors, and behind them a group of some sixty or eighty men, who advanced fearlessly towards our

camp. They paused every now and then, but evidently not from nervousness, for they allowed the women laden with food to approach a good bit nearer to us. We gazed at the dark, supple forms with eager curiosity, but drew back when the first group squatted down at a distance of some 200 paces from the camp, lest the sight of our white faces should upset the negotiations. Jumbe Kimemeta, Qualla, Lembasso, and a few of the men went forward, and a shauri began, the upshot of which was that the natives said, 'We are glad that you



ARRIVAL AMONGST THE RESHIAT.

are come to us, we will remain your friends, and the only struggle shall be between your beautiful goods and our products. And in this you will get the worst of it, for our food supplies are inexhaustible.' With beaming face Qualla came back with this message. The whole tone of the shauri must have been most cordial, for he could not sufficiently express his wondering admiration of these Washenzi, as he called them.

Qualla was now told to go back to the natives, who did not

approach nearer until the fence was completed, and show them some of our wares, with a view to finding out what they would like best. But now a great disappointment awaited us. Iron was worthless, they did not care for stuffs, and they took our little beads for seeds. The only things they fancied were the big blue ukuta beads, which, though they had never seen them before, they at once called Tcharra or Tchalla. Of these, unfortunately, we had only ten strings, so they were no good for bartering purposes. Not until the women put in their word on the subject were the blue and red Masai beads allowed to be worth anything, and they were finally accepted as currency, one string being taken as of equal value to about two pints of dhurra. At this rate, without further discussion, some fifteen loads of grain were quickly purchased under Qualla's superintendence, our men being forbidden to do any bartering on their own account, lest our currency should become depreciated by competition.

When the market was in full swing and the natives had furtively looked their fill from a distance at our white faces, we approached them in a friendly manner, to find that even the warriors shrank from us with the greatest dislike, not apparently from fear or shyness, but from disgust. Some prime tobacco, which I offered to one man, was indignantly refused, although all the Reshiat are very fond of chewing tobacco and taking it as snuff. The feeling of repulsion, however, soon wore off, and in the afternoon some two hundred men and women crowded into and about the camp, touching and staring at all the things new to them.

The chief of the village, or, as they called him here, the Oromaj, also came to see us. He was about fifty years old, very slim, and more than six feet high. He wore no ornaments, and his only clothing was a coarsely woven sackcloth-like garment several yards long, made of sheep's wool, such as we

had already seen on Mount Nyiro. He wore this either like a shawl over his shoulders, wound round his body like a girdle, or draped in various ways. His mother must, I think, have been a Burkeneji woman, for he spoke that language perfectly, which greatly aided our intercourse with him. He told us we must shift our camp, as we had pitched it right in the track across which his people daily drove their cattle. He recommended a spot nearer the village on one of the sandy hills, where we should be less bothered with mosquitoes and should have a pool of rainwater on the other side of the hill. The Count promised to move there the next day, and the Oromaj left us after receiving a small present, for which he did not seem to care much.

So our first day amongst the Reshiat passed over in a remarkably quiet manner, differing not at all from what it would have been if we had just arrived at Taveta or some place near the coast.

CHAPTER IV

AMONGST THE RESHIAT AND TO LAKE STEFANIE

From April 4, 1888, to May 14, 1888

Amongst the Reshiat—The northern end of Lake Rudolf—Flooding of the country after rain—The Reshiat—Mborro and Tcharra beads—Further inquiries—League of friendship with the Reshiat—The Oromaj—Our plans are opposed—Kinds of fish found in Lake Rudolf—Donyiro is brought to her husband—March to Lake Stefanie—We find it deserted—Elephant hunt—Randile and Borana—Bird life on the shore—Marle and Arbore—Physiography of Lake Stefanie—Return to Reshiat—Want of water—All well again—We are forbidden to go further—In a critical position—New plans—March to the Buma—Preparations for the return journey.

AFTER fifty-four days' wandering in an all but uninhabited land, nearly bare of fresh water and of vegetation, we were once more in a well-populated district. We stood upon the threshold of northern Gallaland in the district belonging to the Reshiat, or Rissiat, who occupy the northern shores of Lake Rudolf, which is here fringed with reeds and rushes, whilst beyond stretches a flat tract of country overgrown by an impenetrable forest from which rises but one mountain mass, the five-peaked Mount Nakuá, whilst far away in the distance the horizon is shut out by a chain of heights varying in altitude from about 1,640 to 3,280 feet.

Close to the northern edge of the lake were numerous dead trees, and from the tortuous windings of a brook flowing into it at the north-eastern corner, stretched up the bleached skeletons of many others, but how they came there was somewhat of a puzzle. They probably marked the termination of a forest which had once clothed the banks with verdure, and

as the water gradually rose had become submerged with the channel, the course of which they had lined.

Where we had camped the shore was barren and covered with white sand. The flat landscape on the west appeared to resemble our surroundings, but between the dark groves of the forest on the north we could catch sight here and there of some little gleaming rivulet, or columns of smoke from some village, giving us the comfortable assurance that we were in a well-populated district, where plenty of food was to be had, in a word, all for which we had been longing for so many weeks and months.

To meet the wishes of the natives we shifted our camp nearer to the village the next day, and settled down on the ridge of a low height which stretched alongside of the lake. Scarcely anything grew on this hill, so that the material for our fence had to be fetched from a distance. The few big trees here were outside the boundary of the camp, close to the entrance to the native village on the north. Qualla had thought this the best arrangement so as to secure a shady place for the daily market. On the east our hill sloped rapidly down to a plain covered with fine red dusty soil, and dotted here and there with trees and bush, whilst in the dried-up bed of a stream was the rain pool which was to supply us with water.

The natives, though they did not come in any great numbers, were pretty constant visitors, not only from the village, but from the outlying districts. Early in the morning women brought the still warm milk in wooden vessels, whilst later, a regular little market was opened and carried on as quietly as that of the first day, partly because we kept to the price settled then, of one string of beads for about two pints of dhurra, and partly because, as already stated, our men were forbidden to buy corn for themselves lest their competition with us should send up prices. Scarcely anything else was



CAMP SCENE IN RESHIAT.



offered for sale. Our men got such good rations now that they were able to eat their fill without any trouble taken by themselves. Later in the afternoon natives came in from a distance with dhurra and tobacco, and generally just before sunset a few men or women would appear with milk, fish, or pieces of beef. All day long, however, a few young or old men would stop in camp to chat or otherwise amuse themselves, and we made them welcome, as they never did anything to annoy us. They did not beg or attempt to steal, they were neither importunate nor shy, and they maintained this satisfactory behaviour from first to last.

In spite of our friendly relations with the Reshiat, it was extremely difficult to get any reliable facts about the surrounding country, as our questions were either cautiously answered, evaded, or taken no notice of. We concluded at last that the natives were forbidden to give us any information, but why, we failed to discover. The following is a brief summary of what we either observed for ourselves or wormed out of the Reshiat.

These people occupy the flat district stretching away from the northern shore of Lake Rudolf, their territory extending on the west rather further north than on the east, being bound in the former direction by Mount Nakuá. Two large rivers, the Bas and the Nianamm, one of them also called the Leba, which flow into Lake Rudolf on the north, cut their land into two parts, the western half of which is more thickly populated than the eastern. Each division has its own Leibon, and another official called the Oromaj, whose position perhaps corresponds with that of the upper Lygonani of the Masai. Apparently there are four large Reshiat villages with three settlements of Burkeneji and Randile in the western, and only three large Reshiat villages in the eastern portion of what may be called Reshiatland. All we ourselves saw were the big village near our camp, and several small enclosures containing a few huts,

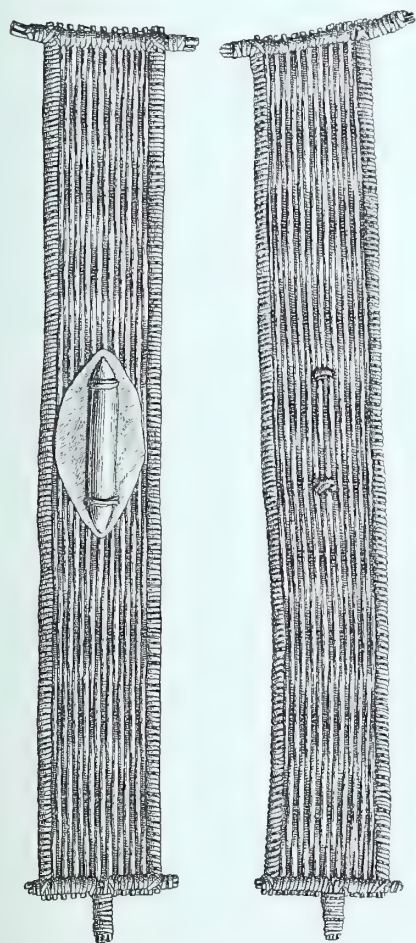
but we were told that there is one village in each division exclusively devoted to the Leibon and his warriors.

The village, situated about 1,500 paces from our camp at the northern end of the sandy hill, contained from 100 to 150 dirty and wretched-looking huts surrounded by tumble-down fences, the ground near by strewn with offal, bones, and rubbish of all kinds. The huts, some round, some dome-shaped, resembled those of the Masai in general appearance, but they were covered in with ox-hides or plaited grass mats as in Somaliland. They looked as if they were only intended as temporary habitations, but the dirt about them proved the contrary. This may probably be explained by the fact that the lake rises in the rainy season, flooding the neighbouring plains, so that the Reshiat are compelled to shift their settlements to higher ground. This condition of affairs lasts for three or four months, during which the two divisions of Reshiatland are cut off from each other, as the people have only a few miserable canoes.

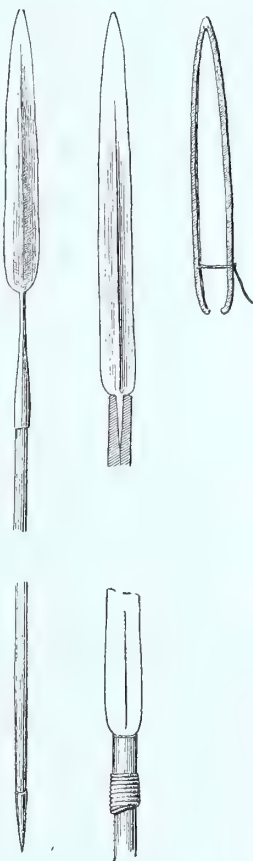
The Reshiat are well grown, but slim, and their skins are very dark. There is little to add to the description given of those we saw at Alia. We were, however, less struck here with their resemblance to the Semitic type, or perhaps we were more accustomed to it now and noticed it less. Our neighbours are very quiet and reserved, but at the same time cheerful and amiable. We could never, however, induce them to show off their dancing and singing for our benefit.

Reshiat men prefer Burkeneji women as wives, they being, as before stated, distinguished from other negresses by their winning, self-possessed manners and their beautiful expressive eyes. The offspring of these unions are of a nobler type than the true-bred Reshiat; they are better proportioned, and they also seem to be more intelligent. We could always distinguish them by their eyes.

The Reshiat practise no handicrafts, and as a result their weapons are of very inferior quality, consisting of spear, bow and arrows, a shield made of a kind of wicker-work, more rarely of buffalo-hide, and a pretty-looking club with a wedge-



RESHIAT SHIELDS.



RESHIAT SPEARS.

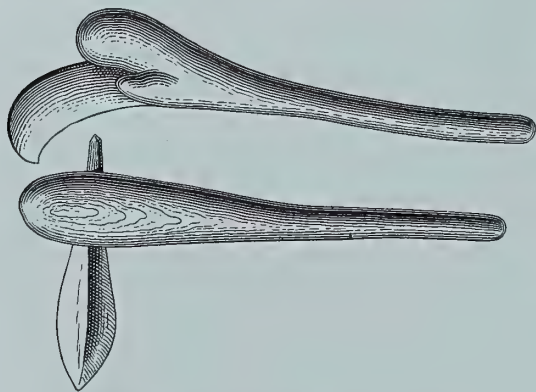
shaped handle, protected with a kid-skin cover. The club does not seem to be used for fighting purposes so much as for driving cattle, or separating one or another animal from the rest of the herd. We noticed two kinds of spears. The

blades are generally protected with a small leather sheath, and it is the custom to carry them pointing downwards in peace, whilst holding them up is significant of hostile intentions. The older men set very little store on weapons, dress, or ornament, but they always carry in the right hand the indispensable *karro*, the stool already mentioned, which serves as seat, bolster, and sometimes also as tobacco-pouch. No male Reshiat is ever seen without his *karro*, but women do not use them at all.

Though, as before remarked, the males are circumcised in the Mahomedan manner, the Reshiat do not seem to know anything of the teaching of the prophet. Their one word for God is *Yrr*, at least that is all we were able to find out about their religion.

The Reshiat address everyone as *bal*, a word which, like the *schore* of the Masai, and *moratta* of the Wakikuyu, signifies friend. They greet their *bal* with a reiterated *na*, the correct

answer to which is *faya*, but we could not find out the meaning of these words.



RESHIAT AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

The Reshiat are agriculturists and cattle breeders. They grow the best kind of *dhurra*, and two kinds of pulse¹ in smaller quantities in the river meadows. They own

thousands of oxen, goats, and sheep, and hundreds of grey donkeys, which last they breed for the sake of their flesh only. They also keep dogs, but no feathered fowl. Only the poorest of the people eat fish. They grow but a very little

¹ *Phaseolus Mungo*, L., and a kind of *Vigna sinensis*, L.

poor tobacco, as they can buy it good and cheap in the immediate neighbourhood. Both sexes are very fond of chewing it. Coffee is bought of the Aro through the intermediary of the Kerre. The population of the whole of Reshiat is about 2,000 or 3,000.

In spite of the variety and excellence of the goods we had brought for barter we were not able to buy anything here but dhurra, fish, milk, and a few trifles, not because the Reshiat did not care to part with their cattle, but because they did not fancy anything we had to offer in exchange. Iron was worthless and copper and brass were of little value, which rather suggested that metals were to be found in the neighbourhood. Nor were stuffs much sought after either, and it was only in course of time that our red and blue Masai beads became the fashion. What they daily asked for, and what we might have bought any amount of cattle and donkeys for, were first Mborro and then Tcharra or Tchalla beads, of which they had but a few, and those probably heirlooms, as they were very much the worse for wear already.

Mborro beads are about the size of a hazel-nut, of an irregularly round shape, and are made out of transparent quartz of a cornelian red colour. They are evidently of native manufacture, though we could not ascertain by what means the holes were bored in the balls of quartz. The Reshiat did not make them themselves, but got them in barter from the Marle, a tribe living on the northern shore of Lake Stefanie. Most of the Reshiat women wore two or three of these beads, each threaded by itself on a hair from the tail of a giraffe, and only a few had more than this. None of our people had ever seen any beads at all like these, and, in spite of all later inquiries, we were never able to ascertain where they came from originally.

By Tcharra beads the Reshiat understood long, opaque,

cylindrical, blue beads of European manufacture, and those they had seemed to us old, though we could not find out how they got here.¹ Our pretty blue Ukuta beads were at once hailed with delight as Tcharra, and looked upon as of equal value. But, as before stated, we only had a few strings of them, and could not part with these, or we should have spoiled our own market.

There was a great demand for the hairs of giraffes' tails and for horsehair, the women using them to string their beads and the men to wind round the padding of their chignons.

We were able to learn very little either about the tribes living near the Reshiat, who spoke of them all, except the Marle already mentioned, with the greatest contempt, calling them *mangati*, or wild beasts.

The nearest neighbours of the Reshiat on the east are the Amárr, in whose district iron seems to be found, as it is from them that the Reshiat get their weapons and ornaments. The Amárr apparently cultivate dhurra and keep bees, the hives being in holes made in the ground. They generally have a superfluity of provisions, but when we arrived they were suffering from famine, and every day parties of Amárr came over to exchange their cattle for a little dhurra.

North of the Amárr live the Bachada, who also till the soil and own small herds of cattle, whilst on the west dwell the Turkana, or Elgume, and on the north-west are the Dónyiro, who are nearly related to the Turkana. The Reshiat are on hostile terms with the Turkana, but pretty good friends with the rest of their neighbours.

We were told that the Buma, Marle, Budu, Kerre, and Murdu (perhaps more accurately spelt Murdhu or Murzu) live by the Nianamm, the more easterly of the two rivers mentioned

¹ Beads of a similar shape are met with in great quantities amongst the Wakamba, the girls wearing thick rolls of them round their loins, but we did not happen to come upon them elsewhere in our expedition.

above. It is one day's march only from the Reshiat to the Buma and Marle settlements; from Buma, Kerre can be reached in three, and Murdu in five days. From Murdu to Aro is six days' journey; the river districts appearing to be uninhabited. The Budu are agriculturists only, whilst the Kerre devote themselves exclusively to the breeding of cattle, sheep, and goats. The Kerre own three villages. The Murdu do not till the soil, but breed cattle, and also own camels, goats, sheep, and donkeys. None of these tribes, we were told, practise circumcision.

The Turkana, Dónyiro, Buma, and Marle dialects belong to the Nilotic, and those of the Reshiat, Amárr, Bachada, Budu, Kerre, Murdu, and Aro to the Hamitic stock, the Amárr, Bachada, and Kerre speaking the same dialect; whilst the language alike of the Murdu and Aro differs from that of any other tribe.

The second day after our arrival, the Oromaj and three old men came into camp, bringing with them a sheep to make friendship with us according to the custom of the country. The natives had evidently been all this time discussing how they should treat us. The question of peace or war had been eagerly canvassed, and the people of the western district had wanted the latter. We had not noticed what was going on; but were told all about it by some Burkeneji women. The night before there had been a most diabolical row in the neighbouring village, which had lasted till the morning, and we expected anything rather than a league of peace, especially as the market was almost deserted the next day. The few men and women who had come to it ran away when they saw the approach of the Oromaj, who had a thin rod some ten feet long in his hand. We of course invited him into the camp, and noticed, to our surprise, that he looked about searchingly for his people, without speaking a word. The sheep was led to the Count's

tent, vigorously spat upon, then soused with milk brought by natives for the purpose, and was about to be slaughtered when our Somal, who had so far looked on quietly and attentively, interfered, thinking that if they did not kill the animal



A RESHIAT WOMAN.

they would be left out altogether. Jumbe Kimemeta, who, as a person of importance, was sitting with us at the entrance to the tent, understood the position at once, and explained to the natives, astonished at the interruption in the proceedings, that we never looked upon a league of peace as complete unless we were the slayers of the animal offered up. Shaking his head, the Oromaj drew back

and yielded to our wishes; so the sheep was killed, skinned, and disembowelled by the Somal.

The interval was employed by the Oromaj to make a speech which interested us all very much, especially Jumbe Kimemeta, who was evidently greatly impressed by the 'wild man's eloquence.' Our guest spoke in the Masai language, and the following was the upshot of what he said:

'They, the Reshiat, were a peace-loving people, living in friendship with all the neighbouring tribes. Two rainy seasons ago there had been hostilities with bloodshed between them

and the Burkeneji ; but it was the fault of the latter. Like ourselves, they had one fine day suddenly appeared on the borders of Reshiat, and let their cattle graze there, disappearing again after a short stay. They came back the next year. The Reshiat had taken counsel together, and decided to invite the Burkeneji to remain. "If you like our pastures," they had said to them, "stop with us and be our friends—our brothers." The Burkeneji had accepted the invitation, and built a kraal, on the site of which, as you see, their bones now lie bleaching. The Burkeneji had shown their gratitude by stealing and slaying an ox belonging to the Reshiat ; and when that was left unpunished, they did the same with another. Then the Reshiat asked themselves whether their spears were not as good as those of the Burkeneji, and had taken vengeance upon them.'

Two days ago, the Oromaj continued, we had appeared, and had asked in a friendly manner to be allowed to settle down and trade with the Reshiat ; but they had never before seen anyone like us, and had naturally consulted together as to how to receive us.

Some of them had been against us, and had warned the rest to have nothing to do with the Lojomba ; but others, the majority, had said, 'Let the Lojomba stop if they do not steal or rob, and only want to trade.' And now, he, the Lygonani of the Reshiat, representing the Leibon, who was very old and infirm, had come to make friendship with us.

The quiet, self-possessed manner in which the Oromaj had spoken, and the very transparent moral of his discourse at first struck Jumbe Kimemeta dumb, and it was some little time before he recovered himself sufficiently to reply. When he did so, however, he made out that the chief aim of our long journey from the far distant coast had been to bring the Reshiat all manner of beautiful things ; and he wound up by saying

that such was our love of peace, they would never repent having trusted us.

After this naive interchange of civilities, a long strip of the skin of the entrails of the sheep was wound round the neck of each of us; the Oromaj spat upon us several times, whispering *Serian* (peace), and the bond of friendship was sealed. We presented the Oromaj with the finest beads we had, very greatly to his delight; but though we had never before seen him in such good spirits, he was not a bit more ready to meet our wishes.



A RESHIAT MAN.

The Oromaj was between fifty and sixty years old, more than six feet high, and of altogether a striking appearance. He was very reserved, the ex-

pression of his face was gloomy, and his eyes were generally fixed thoughtfully on the ground. The back of his head was developed in a very remarkable manner. The long piece of woollen stuff already mentioned, which he wore either flung picturesquely over his shoulders or wound round his loins, was his only garment, whilst a pair of bracelets formed his sole

ornament. We could always recognise him a long way off when he came to visit us, which he did pretty well every day. He would march into camp with rapid strides, making straight for us, without taking the slightest notice of anyone else, and squat down beneath the reed-thatched shelter in which we generally spent the day. We would then in our turn seem not to observe his entrance, till after a bit he would break the silence with a tardy *Leibon serian!* or with the simple question, *Godde Dschumbe?* ('Where is Jumbe?') to which he always received the stereotyped answer, 'We don't know.' He really was endowed not only with remarkable self-possession, but with an extremely clear head and considerable diplomatic skill, so that even Jumbe Kimemeta, who had grown grey dealing with natives, often seemed quite a simpleton beside him.

The day after the friendship-making we, for the first time, unfolded our plan of going next to the lake on the east, and then round the northern end of Lake Rudolf, returning southwards along its western coast. To our surprise the Oromaj most decidedly opposed our doing anything of the kind. We knew well enough that our guides Lembasso and Baringo were, as was natural enough for children of Samburuland, unwilling to go with us by the westerly route, through God alone knew what districts, to be left in the end at Nyemps on Lake Baringo. But why in the world the Reshiat should object to our taking this route, or indeed to our going further in any direction, we could never discover. All our shauri with the Oromaj ended in exactly the same manner. If we asked him about the way to the other lake, his invariable reply was that there was no way for us but that by which we had come—*Meata gojtoj* ('There is no way'). Just as little would he hear of our going further north, though we should no longer be in his district. 'There are none but mangati and cannibals there,' he would say, 'you can't go there either;' and if we asked about the Basso Ebor

he simply said, 'What can you want there? it has been dried up ever so long.' Did we press him with questions and arguments he answered not a word, and went his way, or he seized his long staff and, tramping up and down like some wild beast in a cage, gave vent to a long-drawn-out 'Heheu.' Then he would order Jumbe Kimemeta to sit down opposite to him, and whilst he himself remained standing he would hold forth with a stern expression, evidently suppressing his rage with difficulty, the refrain of his discourse being ever, 'There is but one way for you, and that is back as you came. Fly over the lake, swim over it if you can, but if you can't, then go back! That is the decision of all the Reshiat.' Every attempt at a friendly discussion about our route ended in a similar manner. Opposition to our wishes had become a state affair.

We did not at first attach any particular importance to the objections of the Reshiat to our further journey. We must prepare to go against their will if necessary, that was all. We were by no means ready yet either, for we wanted to feed up our half-starved men before anything else. Going to the Basso Ebor might wait, and weeks must elapse before we could hope to begin the return journey.

We did not get on any better when we tried to persuade the natives to sell us some cattle. They got to like our red and blue Masai beads very much as time went on, and with them alone in the course of the first ten days we could have bought nearly seven tons of dhurra, but we could not get a single sheep, although we spoke to the Oromaj about it every day. 'We don't want your iron,' he would reply, 'your stuffs are worth nothing,¹ and your beads are too small. The Reshiat want Mborro and Tcharra beads; if you come again bring them,

¹ These stuffs included several kinds of merikani of the best quality, but they are not suitable for importation into east equatorial Africa, as they are too thin to please the natives.

and you can buy up all our cattle.' No amount of arguing or persuasion could make the Oromaj budge from this position.

Our men were, however, quite content now with the dhurra they had dubbed asses' fodder at Mawia. They got *ugali* or stiff porridge twice every day now, and they had not tasted it since they left Kikuyuland. Many supplemented this diet with fish, mussels, of which there were quantities in the shallow water of the lake, and soft, sticky red berries, which grew near by. We made acquaintance with several different kinds of fish, some of them of very peculiar form, mostly belonging to the siluridæ or eel families, including one resembling a snake, but with hard, stiff armour-like scales. Another had a pointed head like that of an eel, a small mouth the shape of that of a shark, and in the upper and lower jaws a row of square teeth like human incisors. A third kind looked like a smooth, short, thick eel, with the head of a cat-fish, and a wide mouth with numerous pointed teeth. The fore part of its body was grey, but it became red towards the tail, and the sides were dotted with small isolated bright red spots.

There was apparently very little big game in the neighbourhood, so that we were not tempted to do any hunting. The numerous waterfowl had forsaken the lake and flown further north soon after our arrival. Only a few larks and now and then two or three crested cranes were seen near the camp, the last-named eagerly picking up the big scorpions, incredible numbers of which were to be found under the stones on the ground.

We did not suffer much from the heat here, as the rainy season was already approaching, and the sky was generally overcast. There were showers in the neighbourhood, especially on the Amárr Mountains on our east, pretty well every day, but we only had three copious downpours in Reshiat between April 3 and 14. The prevailing wind was from the east, which

in dry weather was always laden with reddish-yellow dust, the atmosphere being so thoroughly impregnated with it that the landscape was shrouded as in a thick fog, the dust remaining suspended in the air for hours even after the wind had gone down.

The days passed over quietly without any special change. The Oromaj was now more, now less arrogant in his bearing, whilst the rest of the natives remained friendly towards us. The Oromaj was really the only Reshiat we did not quite like, and he probably felt very much the same for us as we did for him, especially as the Count, half in fun of course, always called him *El moruo torono*, or the wicked old man.

We had a happy little domestic episode in our camp here, illustrative of the predilection of the Reshiat for Burkeneji women. The fair Donyiro who had joined us on Mount Nyiro found a suitor for her hand. Her much older companion had been sold by Lembasso on the journey to an Elmolo of Alia for two rusty old spear-blades. The Reshiat who took Donyiro from Lembasso, the latter having given out that she was his sister, seemed very much in love with her, and the maiden was also greatly taken with the idea of a new home in a strange land. But, like a sensible girl, she examined the surroundings very carefully before she obeyed the alluring voice, and spent a day in the village to begin with. After this, however, she packed up her bundle and bade us farewell, Lembasso rejoicing in the possession of two sheep, the price he had been paid for his Donyiro.

Our men being now fairly restored to health, whilst we had got a pretty good notion of the geographical position and character of the district, and had made a vocabulary of native words, we were once more seized with a longing for new discoveries and fresh experiences. Inaction after a long period of strenuous exertion always has pernicious results. Body and

spirit alike become enervated, attacks of indigestion occur, and the traveller is far more liable to be unfavourably affected by the climate than when on the march. We had still to explore the second lake, and as no Reshiat would act as guide, Lembasso, though he had never been to it, offered to try and take us there. He had a general notion of the direction, and said he should feel quite at home when he got to the lake. We trusted ourselves to his guidance the more readily as we were assured that it had lately rained all over the district to be traversed, so that there was no fear of our not finding enough water.

After the exploration of the second lake, the Count meant to go back to the Reshiat and carry out his original plan of going round the northern end of Lake Rudolf, even if he had to do so against the will of the natives. Under these circumstances it was superfluous to take all our loads with us now, so we decided to leave behind all the ivory and some of the loads of wire. The Oromaj had himself suggested this some time ago, but was now disposed to hesitate to take charge of the sixty loads, as he was afraid they might be stolen by the Burkeneji who had made a raid upon the Amárr but a few days before. We reassured him by saying that we would bury our goods deep down in the sand, and make a *dazim* (medicine) which would work against anyone who dared to touch our property. The loads were then taken outside the village, and in the presence of a large body of witnesses, Jumbe Kimemeta had them buried with much mysterious ceremony, &c., which we supplemented with a little play from our fire-spears. This made a great impression even upon the Oromaj, and we deepened it after dark by sending up a couple of rockets.

After a night during which several heavy showers fell, we started on the morning of April 14. We now found that eleven of our men were unfit to march, and had to go without them.

Contrary to our expectations, the Oromaj made no objection to our leaving the sick under his care, so we were relieved from anxiety on their account.

We marched for five hours through a thin bush wood up a gradual slope, the sandy soil of which had already sucked in every drop of rain, and camped by the dried-up bed of a stream, having passed by the way the upper course of the river by which we had been compelled to halt on April 3. There were a few rain-pools still in its bed, and this led us to push on further in the hope of finding similar supplies later, but there was not a sign of water where we camped. It had evidently not rained here for a very long time, as digging deep in the sand



ADENIUM SPECIOSUM.

was altogether fruitless of results. We had to send some of the men back for an hour and a half's march to get a little of the water we had passed, so that their day's work was an arduous one. The bright fresh green of the bushes gave a pleasant appearance to the scenery, in spite of the scarcity of grass and the immense number of

termite or white ant hills, which were more numerous and of more regular cylindrical form than any we had seen elsewhere. A copious shower which fell in the evening put an end to our sufferings from thirst, and reassured us as to the prospects of

the next day. The clear cold rainwater, of which we caught every drop we could from the dripping tents, &c., in our indiarubber baths, basins, and everything we could lay hands on, was such a delight to us that we very nearly made ourselves ill with the quantities we drank.

The next day our path led us over ground strewn with coarse volcanic débris, the district gradually becoming more broken and hilly, whilst the vegetation grew sparser. After an hour's tramp we came to a muddy pool, but we pushed on without stopping, to camp once more after four hours' tramp by the deep channel of a dried-up stream, with here and there perpendicular banks of rock, some of them consisting of columnar basalt. Not far from us were the remains of a Burkeneji kraal, from the naturally manured site of which grew quantities of soft green grass and an edible vegetable, tasting rather like radishes, which the caravan people called simply *maboga* or vegetable. Our porters, as well as our cattle and donkeys, roamed happily about on the sward, whilst Lembasso and the rest of us sought in vain for the water-holes which must have supplied the needs of the Burkeneji when they lived here. In the end we had to resort to digging, and had obtained some little results when the news was brought that there was plenty of water half an hour's distance off, left by the rain of yesterday.

In the bed of the stream were a few fine well-grown acacias and also some remarkable-looking trees, the foliage and flowers of which resembled those of the oleander, whilst the stems were rather like those of the baobab. They were just then in flower, and later, Dr. G. Schweinfurth was good enough to inform me that they were examples of the *Adenium speciosum*, Fenzl., one of the Apocynæ. This tree seemed to grow best from the bare rock; we met with it first, also in flower, on Mount Nyiro. We also noticed here, and nowhere else, a

very fine lily, the *Gloriosa virescens*, Lindl., and more widely distributed was the equally beautiful *Crinum ammocharoides*.

Our third march led us still in a south-easterly direction over uniformly ascending volcanic ground, and we crossed several dried-up river channels encumbered with white quartz or gneiss sand, though the bed was in volcanic rock. We halted for a mid-day rest in one of these water-courses, and



CRINUM AMMOCHAROIDES.

got water by digging about a foot deep in the sand, which had recently been saturated with rain; below the damp layer, however, it was quite dry again.

So far the ascent had been continuous, and now for the first time we came in sight of the ridge of the Trr or Tarr range, at the western base of which we expected to find the Basso Ebor. The altitude of our camp here was 2,372 feet, so that in our three days' march we had ascended some 1,092 feet above the

level of Lake Rudolf, of which the altitude above the sea is 1,300 feet.

We maintained a south-easterly direction in our next march, the scenery becoming less rugged and hilly. We camped early, as the Count brought down two rhinoceroses which he came upon by the way. It had rained heavily here quite recently, and we found not only plenty of pools, but much vegetation in a forward stage of growth, herbs, bushes, and trees filling the air with the scent of their flowers and brightening the otherwise dreary landscape with their varied colours. The animal world, too, was well represented, chiefly, however, by insects, such as beetles, butterflies, ants, and flies, of which we had seen none lately.

We still maintained an easterly course on the next or fifth day's march, going down now to the watershed of the Ser el Karia, by the mouth of which in Lake Rudolf we had camped on March 28. Water was only obtained here by digging.

We pressed on along the dried-up bed of another stream in the same watershed as the Ser el Karia, which, however, flows, when full, first due east, then north-east between steep upright walls of rock, consisting chiefly of basalt columns. On our right was the edge of a low rugged plateau, and on the north-east the slopes of the Trr range rose up from the plain. We reached the flat country stretching away on the south of the Basso Ebor without having seen anything more than a little glimmer of the lake. We soon came to a stretch of grassless loamy ground, reminding us of that on the south of Nyemps Mdogo, a few young camel's thorn bushes, and nearer the lake more succulent bushes, being the only vegetation. As far as we could make out, the immediate neighbourhood of the lake was very disappointing, and as there was nothing to tempt us to go down to the beach, we camped near a good-sized pool of rainwater.

The Reshiat had told us that we were sure to find plenty of

Burkeneji with their herds of cattle near the lake, and one aim of our journey here had been to turn our goods to account at last by buying oxen, sheep, and goats from them. Lembasso, too, who claimed to be quite at home here, had painted a most rosy picture of the state of things, and even on March 28 he had urged us, instead of going further along Lake Rudolf, to follow the Ser el Karia to the land of his people on the Basso Ebor, where we could buy whole herds of cattle. We were there now, and all we could find were the remains of a few old deserted kraals! Not a column of ascending smoke was to be seen anywhere to tell of human habitation. Our two guides were themselves dreadfully upset by this disappointment, for they had hoped after many years' absence to be once more with their own tribesmen. Acting on their advice, Count Teleki decided to leave the lake alone for the present and to make in an easterly direction for a place called Sapari, somewhere near the Trr range, where, he was assured, natives would certainly be found.

We were only just under way, however, when the march was interrupted, the Count having come upon a couple of elephant bulls as he and the vanguard were making their way through some thick bush. Count Teleki halted and gave the foremost animal a charge in the shoulder from the 8-bore rifle. He dashed aside, received another shot in the same part, staggered a few paces further, and fell, his companion getting off into the thicket. The wounded elephant lay on his side, and remembering our experiences on Mount Nyiro, the Count took care to put him out of his misery without delay, eight bullets in the temples from the 8-bore rifle being needed before he finally succumbed. He was rather an old bull, and his tusks weighed 165 lb.

As there were plenty of pools of rainwater here, and as we might not find any further on, we thought it best to camp near

the dead elephant and only send a few men on to Sapari to look for the natives. We therefore despatched Lembasso and thirty porters who did not like elephant-meat, whilst the rest of the men happily divided the spoil.

The Count had thought that all his shots had struck one of the elephants only, but our people presently came upon a second fresh blood spoor, so that it seemed as if the two elephants had, unobserved, changed places in the thicket. We went off at once, expecting we should soon come upon the badly wounded bull. It was easy enough to follow the spoor at first, great patches of blood staining the loamy or sandy soil, but further on the ground became rocky, and the blood only occurred in drops. The chase grew more and more interesting, however, and all our hunting zeal was aroused. More than once we lost the spoor, and had to begin our search again, but at last we had the great delight of coming upon the animal lying dead on the ground, a good geographical mile from where he had been shot. The bullet had passed right through the body and was imbedded under the skin, which had swollen into a lump, on the other side. Near the corpse was a herd of four females and four young, which we left undisturbed. In tracking the second elephant we came upon a third, which we at first, of course, took for the wounded animal. It, too, fell, after half a dozen shots.

At four o'clock in the afternoon our men returned to tell us that they had not gone as far as Sapari, as there had been no water by the way, which made us the more glad that the meeting with the elephants had led us to camp where we did. Lembasso had gone on alone to search carefully for traces of his people's presence, and did not get into camp again till nine o'clock in the evening. He had met no one, and only found a few traces of recent occupation. This was the more disappointing as, in the interests of science, we were most anxious

to learn all we possibly could on this expedition about the Burkeneji, and their wandering propensities would most likely have enabled them to give us valuable information concerning the districts and their inhabitants on the north and east. We had to be content with the meagre details Lembasso was able to give us.

According to him, Samburu extends from the General Matthews chain in the south to the Basso Ebor in the north, and consists of a series of fairly uniform highlands with very few mountains of any importance, including Mounts Marsabit, Nyiro, Kulall, and the Trr and Ure ranges. Marsabit lay from fifty to sixty miles east-north-east of Mount Nyiro. We were not able to make out the exact position of the Ure chain, but the reader is already familiar with that of the other highlands. Samburuland is very badly supplied with water, and there are absolutely no rivers or streams which are never dried up. It is inhabited by about equal numbers of Burkeneji and Randile, who are on the best of terms with each other. The former are, as already stated, nearly related to the Masai, whilst the latter, according to Qualla, and as far as we could make out from the few individuals we met, are connected with the Somal. Both tribes are nomad, and, like the Masai, restrict their wanderings to certain districts, a habit established by custom or tradition, and on the five mountains mentioned above there are said to be permanent settlements. We ourselves saw that this is the case on Mount Nyiro. Marsabit is the chief rendezvous in Samburuland of the Burkeneji and Randile, and near to it is a long swamp or lake overgrown with reeds as high as a man, the haunt of countless elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami, which are never disturbed by the Burkeneji, who do not hunt:

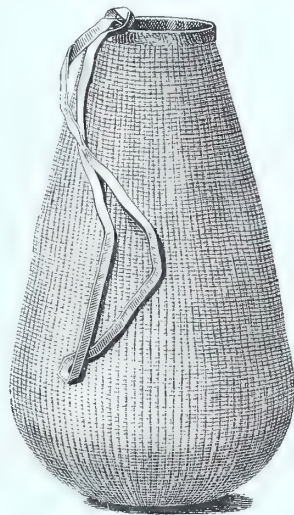
A few decades ago the Burkeneji occupied districts on the west of Lake Rudolf which now belong to the Turkana, whence

they were later driven eastwards into Samburu, and there are Randile settlements east of the lands jointly occupied by them and the Burkeneji. Formerly both tribes regularly visited the shores of Lake Rudolf, but they have given up doing so on account of the repeated attacks of the Turkana.

The Burkeneji own cattle, sheep, goats, donkeys, and a few camels. The Randile breed more camels than any other animals, and in eastern Samburu, where this tribe is most numerous, as well as on Mount Marsabit, there are also a great many horses.

The few Randile we met with in Reshiat differed very much from the Burkeneji. Their complexions were lighter and of a more pellucid yellowish tint, whilst their features were less of the negro type, the nose less squat and broad, the hair less frizzly. They resembled the gypsies in many respects. They use their horses to ride on and their camels as pack-animals. Their only weapons are spears and bows and arrows. In a temporarily deserted kraal we found perfectly watertight spoons and milk-bowls made of closely plaited string. The Randile practise trade, exchanging stuffs made of sheep's wool for ivory. Their language contains a good many Somali words.

North of Samburu live the Borana, their districts stretching from the east of the Basso Ebor far away to the north-east. These Borana appear to be a numerous and powerful people, owning cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and horses. Their weapons consist of two spears with very broad blades, and they protect



A RANDILE MILK-BOWL MADE
OF PLAITED STRING.

themselves with small round shields made of the skin of the hump of the Beisa antelope. Their only garments are two cloths, a small one worn round the loins and a larger one flung from the front over the shoulder and hanging down behind. The Borana living near the Basso Ebor are a poverty-stricken section of the tribe.

This was all Lembasso could tell us about his native land, and as to where we could now turn to buy cattle and pack-animals he had absolutely nothing to say. We needed the latter terribly, having lost so many porters by death, whilst, not to speak of our ever-increasing ivory, our goods for barter were nearly as heavy as before, no one having cared to accept them.

Anyhow, the best thing to do now was to examine the new lake, and we set to work at this the next morning, first cutting across a little acacia wood and then reaching the shore, here overgrown with succulent bush, where Count Teleki came upon a lion, which, however, got off with several bullets in his body. A little later I shot a rhinoceros, belonging, as did all the others seen in the northern districts visited by us, to the small variety. We then pushed on at a distance of some thousand yards from the beach, finally camping in rather an uncomfortable place amongst a number of rain pools. Between our camp and the lake was a perfectly barren strip of land from 650 to 1,100 yards wide, which had evidently once been part of the old lake bottom. The beach was so flat and the lake so shallow that at a distance of about 218 yards from the beach the water was not more than a few inches deep. On the beach and in the air were thousands of scavenger-birds, including vultures, marabout storks, and crows, glutting themselves with the fish which lay about in great quantities in various stages of decomposition. Either the lake had been over-populated with fish or all these dead

inhabitants had ventured too close inshore during a temporary rise of level and had been left stranded when the water receded again. The water of the lake was very brackish, and but for the rainpools it would have been impossible to remain where we were.

The altitude of the lake is 1,740 feet, and it is about thirteen to fifteen miles broad by sixty-seven to seventy-five long. Its direction is north by south. It is overlooked on the east by the Trr range, the general altitude of which is 4,920 feet, and on the west and north-west by the Amárr mountains.

In honour of Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Stefanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolf, Count Teleki named the newly discovered sheet of water Lake Stefanie.

Lake Stefanie is evidently rapidly receding, and our guide was astonished to find how many feet lower it had become during his three years' absence. In spite of the quantities of salt in solution in the water we saw no deposits of that substance, probably because they had been melted and washed away by the rain. Crocodiles as well as fish were very numerous, but about hippopotami we cannot speak with certainty, as we saw no traces of them here. According to Lembasso, only one small river flows into Lake Stefanie, and that one on the north. The numerous channels abutting on the lake only contain water now and then, which accounts for the neighbourhood being uninhabited.

There are said to be two villages near the northern shore of the lake occupied by the Marle, who are on friendly terms with the Burkeneji. These Marle cultivate dhurra, beans, and tobacco and breed cattle. They trade with the Reshiat, exchanging cattle, woollen material, and beads for ivory, but Lembasso could not tell us either how they get their wares or what they do with the ivory obtained. Unfortunately we were not able to see anything of the Marle ourselves, as we had

been told by the Randile that they were suffering from small-pox and all intercourse with them was broken off. The Marle are evidently a very remarkable people, for they are held in great esteem and affection by all the surrounding tribes. The route to their settlements runs along the eastern shore of Lake Stefanie. North of the Marle live the Arbore.

This day, on which we had achieved the last aim of our long expedition, was celebrated, to the best of our ability, by us and our people, with all the means at our disposal. We brewed ourselves a bowl of foaming liquor, made, it is true, of nothing but honey, water, tartaric acid, and doubly-distilled carbonic acid, but which tasted delicious, and we emptied it with an enthusiastic 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' in honour of the royal pair with whose names it is our proud privilege to associate all the geographical results of our arduous undertaking. Our people organised a fête in the afternoon, beginning with a number of Masai dances and songs, performed in front of our tents. Then some of them hoisted Count Teleki on to their shoulders and carried him, to the accompaniment of much shouting and firing of guns, some thousand paces nearer the lake, where they set him down and danced round him. One of the caravan bards had already composed an ode in anticipation of this occasion, the joyful refrain of which was '*Bwana mkubwa, kazi mekwischa*' ('Great master, our work is at an end.') Towards evening all the Mrima men of the caravan, led by Jumbe Kimemeta, performed a regular Mrima dance accompanied with song, the rhythm and melody of which reminded us very much of the performances we had witnessed in Kilimanjaro.

As we had but a little food with us it was now time to think of returning. We were anxious, however, first to make one more attempt to get into communication with some natives of the district, and Count Teleki sent Jumbe Kimemeta, Qualla, and thirty men to make a thorough search, in which Lembasso

could not be induced to take part. The evening before we had discussed the plan of sending a few men to the Marle, in spite of the small-pox, which some of them would most likely have taken, but now Baringo, who really knew the neighbourhood well, though he had shammed ignorance, offered to go alone towards Sapari and see if he could find any of his people. We employed the interval in the necessary scientific observations, and in making a more thorough examination of our immediate neighbourhood. The view of the lake from our camp was very restricted, so I betook myself to a height conveniently situated close to the water and commanding the greater part of the lake. This hill, of volcanic formation and with rugged, cliff-like sides, was almost entirely bare of vegetation, but encrusted to a height of some sixty to eighty feet with countless lacustrine shells, a sure sign it had once been under water. I could only just make out the northern shore of the lake from where I stood, but it seemed to be flat, with a background of forest. There were six small islands to be seen at a little distance from the southern end, all mere barren rocks. The shore on the west was flat and bare, whilst on the east it was fringed with tall grass or reeds. The flat landscape on the south is dotted with rugged volcanic hills. The specimens of rock brought by Qualla from the base of the Trr mountains were of similar origin, so that that range is probably the edge of a plateau. Similar hills crop up also on the south-eastern side of Lake Stefanie, all of them covered with an incrustation, from two to four inches thick, of oyster shells.

The day before an elephant and a rhinoceros had shown themselves near the camp, but had disappeared too quickly to be hunted. The Count set off the next morning in the hope of coming upon similar game, but he only secured a Beisa antelope and a gazelle *Wallerii*. In the afternoon, however, a number of animals approached, the colour of the hair of which

resembled that of wild asses. With the greatest caution I stalked them, and managed to get as near as some 250 paces. Even when looked at through a glass they were so deceptively like donkeys that I at first thought they might be our own grey fellows. But the latter were peacefully grazing by the lake, and with fresh conviction that I was at last to get a shot at the shyest of all game, I drew trigger and fired. Down went one of the animals, and in the greatest delight and excitement I hurried to it, only to find to my intense mortification that it was, after all, merely a zebra Grevyi. My sharp-sighted companions had also taken the animals for asses.

We added considerably to our collection of insects here. There were thousands of three kinds of the big, gleaming, metallic-green Buprestis beetle, and a pretty black and pink variety of the *Cryptopentamera* group, familiarly known as wood-beetles.

A little before sunset on the second day, our envoys returned, having searched for natives first for some distance along the lake, and then at the base of the mountains. They had only found one cattle kraal, which had evidently been deserted for at least three years. They had, however, seen plenty of game, including numerous elephants, one a giant with tusks longer than any we had yet seen, compared to which, according to Qualla, all our other elephants had been mere children's toys. We still hoped that Baringo might be more successful, and therefore waited here another day, but he did not come, and we thought it very likely he had found natives and remained with them, although from his having borrowed a second spear from Lembasso, so as, to quote his own words, to have two in case of need, we gathered that he did not expect to be kindly received.

On the morning of April 25 we left the lake and pushed on along a path running parallel with it in a westerly direction,



THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE OF LAKE STEFANIE.

Landing from the boat



meaning thus to return to our old route by a short cut. On this march the Count came upon a group of crocodiles, which rushed headlong for the water at his approach, not, however, before one of them had been shot dead. He also surprised a lion and a leopard, but they both got off before he could fire. We halted for the night in the ravine-like mountain channel of a brook, and found to our surprise that the subsoil consisted of metamorphic rock, so that only the upper stratum was of volcanic origin. Layers of gneiss, running from north to south, with an easterly inclination of from about seventy to eighty degrees, were of frequent occurrence in this ravine. The formation of the lake appears to have been the result of subsidence.

As we marched further, we made the disagreeable discovery that it had not rained in the mountains during the last few days, and we must expect to suffer from want of water, which, in fact, we very soon did.

We obtained a little water by digging the next day, but no more after that, so we were compelled to do the whole of the march from Lake Stefanie to Reshiat in four days. The last stage was no less than twenty-five miles, which we achieved, with only a short break at mid-day, between daybreak and sunset. The men, however, managed it pluckily without any lagging behind. The thought that we were on our way home cheered them all up wonderfully.

It was very fortunate for us that we happened to arrive at Reshiat in the rainy season, for at any other time it would have been simply impossible for us to reach Lake Stefanie, and of course even if we had got there we could not have remained, as its water was not fit to drink.

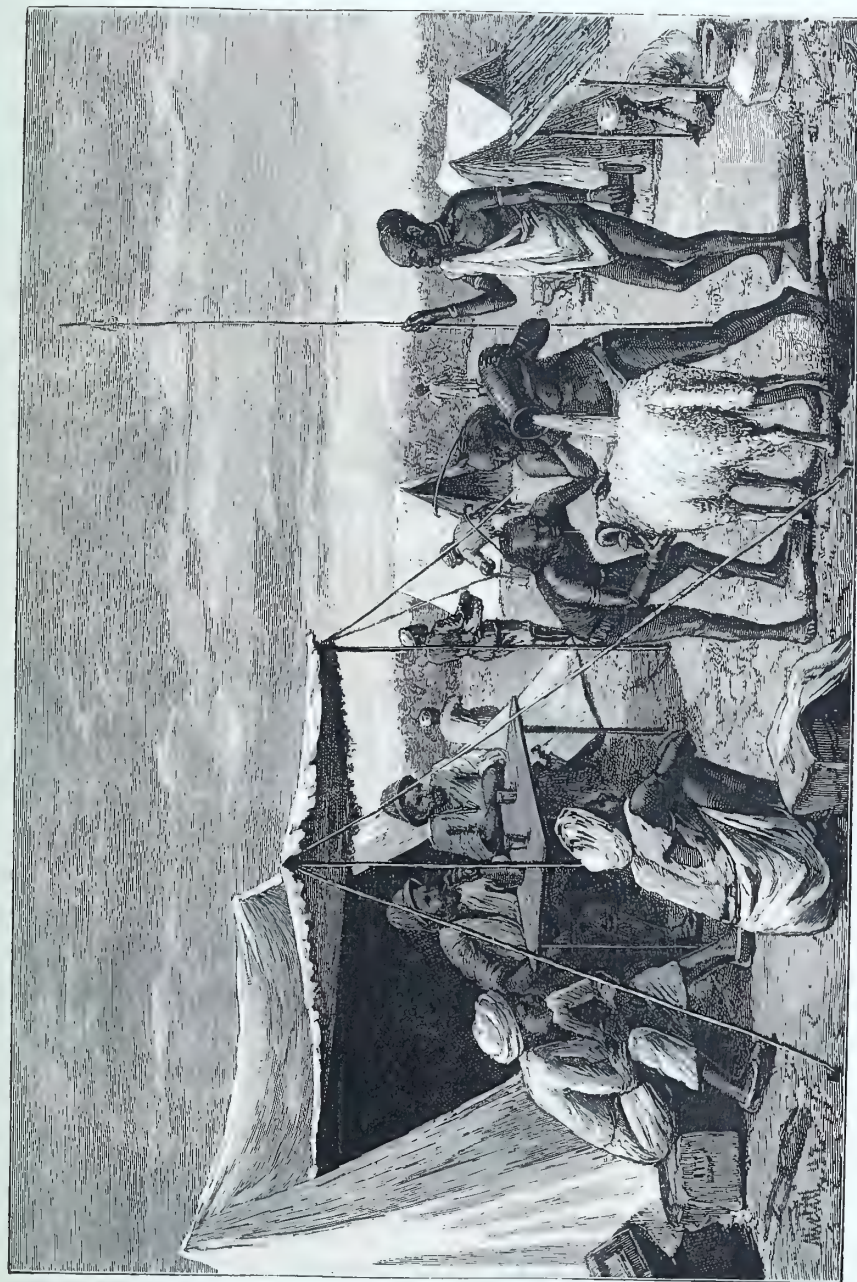
We found the camp just as we had left it. The Oromaj came to see us, in spite of the lateness of the hour, just as he had done before, bringing us fresh milk, and spying carefully

about in case any of his people should be with us. But the threatened approach of a heavy storm compelled him to leave again before we had done more than hastily exchange the most important news. Two of the eleven sick men we had left here had died during our absence.

The friendly way in which the Oromaj had hastened to welcome us, and the hearty pleasure all the natives showed in our safe return, led us to hope that we should carry through our plans for the further journey without any more difficulty. But we were disappointed; for though, when the matter was mooted, the Oromaj did not get into a temper about it, he was just as firm in his refusal to entertain the idea of our going north, telling us that if we insisted on doing so, the Kerre and Murdu would alike oppose our passage. The advice he had to give us as a true friend was that we should buy the food we needed, and return by the way we had come.

It really seemed for some time as if things were coming to a crisis. The Oromaj and the natives alike avoided us almost entirely for two days, and a few Burkeneji women who visited us secretly warned us to be careful, as a shauri had been going on day and night about us. And as a matter of fact for two nights there was just such a diabolical noise in the village as there had been after our first arrival; and during the day the cattle were not driven past our camp as usual. All these significant signs and warnings did not alarm us; for we had long been fully prepared, and knew that the natives had no chance against our 200 guns; but our love of peace and our gratitude for the very friendly way in which we had been received here, would have made us immensely regret being obliged to shed blood. It would have indeed been a bad return for all the sympathy shown to us by the natives.

On the morning of May 1 we were at last relieved from our anxiety as to whether we were to be allowed to go in peace



CEREMONY OF FRIENDSHIP-MAKING AMONG THE RESHIAT.



or not. Not a sign had so far been seen of a native in camp ; but at ten o'clock we saw a little crowd slowly approaching, led by the Oromaj, his ten-foot rod in his hand, accompanied by the Leibon, a white-haired old man, whom we now saw for the first time, and some twenty elders, all carrying green branches, who had come to make a new league of friendship with us. Two pretty young girls preceded the party, each leading a sheep along by its horns. All halted at the entrance to our camp, and as usual the Oromaj entered first to turn out any of his people who might be there. Reassured on that point, all entered the enclosure, and squatted down in front of the Count's tent. The ceremony of anointing the sheep with milk, &c., already described, was gone through again, after which many friendly speeches were made, all turning on our wish to go further north. The Oromaj and the Leibon said very much the same thing. They had grown fond of us, for we had kept true faith with them. Our men had neither stolen nor sinned in any other way, and the days of our sojourn had passed over quietly. But they could not allow us to go round the lake, if it were possible to do so at this time of the year, for the western Reshiat as well as the tribes dwelling on the north were all against it. It was no use thinking of crossing the flooded plains on the north, as they were themselves about to move their settlements on to the higher ground ; and if we should venture to go we should never be able to cross the swollen Nianamm and Bas rivers. The only advice they could give us was to get a stock of provisions and return along the eastern shore of the lake. Whether the way was good or bad, whether we should suffer from hunger or thirst, they could not say, but anyhow they knew no other road for us. The old Leibon, however, added an assurance that he had already made a *dazim* (medicine) to protect us from every danger on our way home. 'No mangati, no elephant, no lion,

no buffalo, no rhinoceros,' he said, 'shall meet you by the way, clear and open shall be your path.' To wind up, they said we must find out for ourselves whether there was or was not a way round the lake; they were not going to provide us with a guide. All they knew was that if we did try they would see us all back in our old camp in two or three days.

Under these circumstances it really was very difficult to know what to do; but we had not the least intention of acting on the advice given to return by the eastern shore of the lake. We therefore left the matter open for the present, bestirring ourselves only to collect plenty of food, so as to be free to act at once directly the die was cast. We put the natives off for the time by simply telling the Oromaj that we should want a great quantity of dhurra for the return journey, and begging him to get it for us. He declared himself pleased at our decision, and promised to meet our wishes about the supplies of food.

The next day was passed by us in a state of the greatest indecision, and never before did we so much regret our want of some trustworthy map of this part of Africa. All we really knew was that we were somewhere about 5° N. lat. We presumed that dry, barren Somaliland, where we could not travel without camels, lay on the east. On the west were perfectly insurmountable obstacles to progress, and what there was on the north we were quite at a loss to tell. Was there a risk of falling into the hands of the Mahdists, or should we come to the still unconquered Kaffa? All our projects for further exploration northward fell through when we remembered that we were quite without the necessary articles of barter for making our way in that direction. Moreover, eleven of our men and half our loads were waiting for us on Lake Baringo; and last, not least, we had but twenty charges of ammunition left for each gun, so that we really should be wise not to contemplate going

much further. We never for a moment entertained the idea of being compelled to return by the eastern shore of Lake Rudolf; for we had not forgotten all we had gone through on our way here. The thought of retracing our steps was utterly abhorrent to us and to our men; and they were so eager to prevent anything of the sort that the more enterprising of them volunteered to go and explore northward for themselves. They could easily do so under pretence of wanting to fish in the rivers, especially as angling was not possible in the lake itself. Some of the men had already gone fishing in the rivers on the north without our knowledge; and the Reshiat were quite accustomed to seeing small parties wandering about the country.

The immediate result of our apparent amenity to advice was that great quantities of dhurra were brought into market, not so much from the Reshiat themselves as from their neighbours the Buma and Dónyiro. Five sheep were also offered for sale one day, but they were not for us, as all our Ukuta beads were gone, and the beautiful Muscat stuffs we offered were declined.

The supplies of dhurra, too, came to an end long before we had got nearly as much as we wanted. The reason of this was the persistent rising of the floods, cutting off intercourse even amongst the natives, except in a very restricted area. Further difficulties arose from the continuous downpour of rain lasting from May 4 to 9, and making it quite impossible to think of travelling. We could easily picture to ourselves now the state of things in the lowlands north of Lake Rudolf, where the land was flooded by the rising of the lake as well as by the rain. The accounts brought by our people varied very much, some saying it was still possible to get round by the north, others that it simply could not be done. Day by day the terrible fact became more clear that we should have, after all, to return by the east coast, and we gradually turned our attention to the

practicability of the old route. But how would it be if, after all our discussions and inquiries about short cuts, we had to start without enough dhurra and without having been able to buy any cattle or donkeys? Could such a thing really be possible when thousands of live stock were passing our camp from early morning till sunset? None of them, alas! found their way into our camp, and our men could not imagine why, instead of seizing some for ourselves, we only shook our heads.

Of course the possibility of a forcible solution of our difficulties underlay all our discussions, but we did not mean to resort to it till all other means had failed. The Reshiat had received us kindly and dealt honourably with us; we did not want them to repent having done so, or to turn their first coming into contact with civilisation into a curse.

On the other hand we had to remember that the lives of two hundred faithful and devoted men depended on our decision, and that our first duty was to them.

The following plan was finally worked out.

Qualla was to examine the northern end of the lake carefully, and ascertain whether we could cross the Nianamm with the means at our disposal. If his report was favourable we would go that way in spite of the opposition of the natives, but if the reverse, we would return by the east coast. In the latter case we would get dhurra for thirty days and the necessary cattle and donkeys by peaceable means if we could, but by force, with fair compensation of course, if the natives persisted in declining to let us have them.

Now at last the stumbling-block of indecision was removed from our path, and we set quietly to work to carry out our plans. On May 7 Qualla and fifty men went off to examine the river, whilst others, under the leadership of some of the Somal, went to the neighbouring settlements to buy dhurra. The natives were too busy moving from the lowlands to pay

much attention to us, and had broken up the old market. They were not in danger of actual submersion, as their village lay too high for that, but they would soon be cut off from the grazing grounds for their cattle by the rising floods.

Qualla came back late in the evening with very bad news. Nothing could be worse than the condition of the roads, and the river was quite impassable. The supplies of dhurra were also beginning to fail.

During the next two days we were kept prisoners in camp by a continuous downpour of rain. The plain beneath our sandy hill was converted into a lake, and we could see for ourselves that it would be hopeless to attempt the northerly route. We had now, therefore, to make one more effort to get what we wanted for retracing our steps, and, if we failed, why then it must be a case of *saue qui peut*.

Count Teleki wished me to go to the Buma and Marle, or wherever I could, to make the necessary purchases; so, early on the morning of May 10, I started with Qualla and fifty men, the Oromaj having fallen in with our plans so far as to provide me with a guide.

We tramped for an hour through a sandy district with plenty of fresh green bush and umbrella acacias, beyond which we came to a dreary lowland thickly overgrown with weeds, evidently doomed very soon to be flooded, for it was already intersected in every direction with channels filled with water, and we were in danger at every hundred paces of tumbling unawares into one of them. In another half hour we came to plantations of dhurra, between the stalks of which, most of them taller than a man, were rough scaffoldings from which women and boys were trying to drive away the countless birds by shouting and throwing stones. Our way led us right through these dhurra fields, past the isolated watchmen's huts, but our appearance excited neither surprise nor

opposition. We were kindly greeted, and the information we asked for was readily given. Though we had a guide we had to ask a great many questions, for the rising floods altered the conditions of the route daily, until they finally put a stop to all intercourse. Further on we had to cross numerous creeks, and at last we found ourselves at the edge of a far-reaching stretch of water one thousand paces wide at least, at the narrowest part, on the further side of which rose beautiful and lofty trees, the beginning of the forest on the shore of the Nianamm. The water between us and them was evidently an arm of the lake, as it was not stationary, but rushing northward at the rate of more than half a mile an hour. In we went, the water here and there more than three feet deep, and, as the bottom was anything but even, some of the shorter-legged men got nearly out of their depth, and waved their arms about in great distress till some one went to their rescue. Where we were now wading up to the waist, Qualla had passed over dryshod three days before. At last we reached, without accident, the higher banks of the Nianamm, which was here from 80 to 90 yards wide, and was flowing towards the lake at the rate of about a mile and a quarter an hour. The shore on either side was overgrown with a luxuriant vegetation, including mighty forest trees and masses of low bush and creepers. Here and there by the river were small Reshiat settlements, each consisting of no more than two or three hayrick-shaped straw huts, at which we called to buy dhurra. After a house-to-house visitation, which lasted several hours, we had got together eight loads. The path then led away from the river and took us to a dreary weed-grown plain, the forbidding aspect of which was increased by the charred remains of numerous trees rising up from a tangle of parasitical growths. Another couple of hours' march brought us to more plantations of ripening dhurra belonging to the Buma, whose village on

the river we reached before sunset. The natives had been warned of our approach by the keepers of the plantations, so that our arrival did not surprise them.

The village, situated on rising ground close to the left bank of the Nianamm, within a palisade the height of a man, consisted of from thirty to forty hayrick-shaped huts, carefully thatched with dhurra straw, and so close together that in case of fire they must all have been burnt at once. We were directed to camp in a neglected field of tobacco (with pink flowers) near the entrance to the village, and a few minutes later a shauri began, of course on the subject of the reasons for our visit, the natives discussing the matter in a very sober and sensible fashion. Some thirty Buma squatted near the entrance inside the palisade, whilst we sat down a few paces outside it. Then arose a man in the prime of life and of herculean frame, adorned with many a deep scar, and asked what we had come for. Was it only to make inquiries as to the way? From which we could see how widely our plans had been discussed. Reassured on this point and enlightened as to our wishes, our interlocutor answered with winning simplicity: 'All right; but it's too late to begin trading to-day, and you are tired. So rest now. To-morrow we and the Marle will fetch as much dhurra as you want; but then you will have to make haste, for you are in danger of being cut off from your camp. We ourselves have to set our huts on piles.' And so ended the shauri.

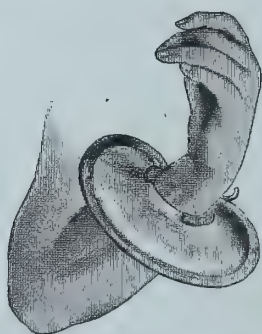
The natives soon left us alone, and we stretched ourselves out to rest; but, in spite of the big fire we kept up, the mosquitoes bothered us so, that we got very little sleep.

The Buma and Marle seem to form one small people scattered in numerous villages on the left side of the river. Their language is the same as that of the Dónyiro and Turkana, which belongs to the Nilotic stock. The Buma cultivate

dhurra, and, in smaller quantities, beans, gourds, and tobacco; but they have no cattle. Tobacco, as a rule, is chewed only; but there were a few men here who smoked it in primitive clay pipes. Till now we had not met with natives using pipes for smoking since we left the coast. The Buma, Marle, and Dónyiro, none of them practise circumcision; and they resemble each other in general appearance. Their weapons consist of inferior spears, clubs of various, often very original forms, shields made of buffalo or hippopotamus hide, and round knives, often from eight to ten inches in diameter, worn on one or both hands as



CLUBS OF BUMA
AND MARLE.



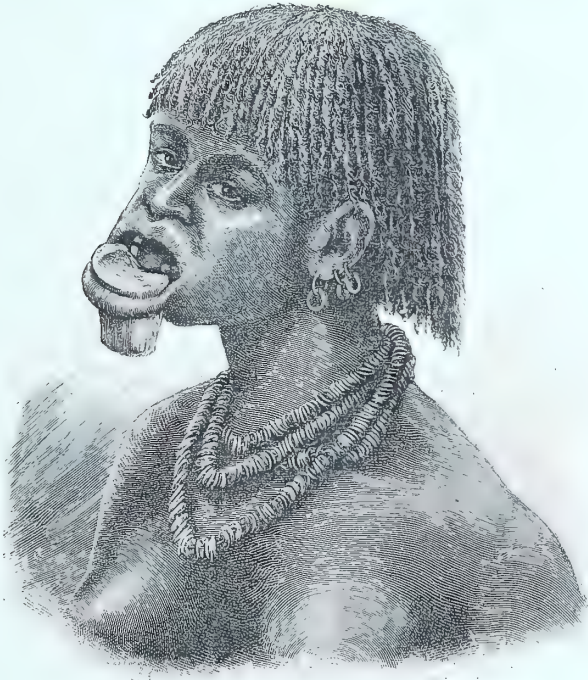
FIGHTING KNIFE AS WORN
BY MARLE, BUMA, AND
DÓNYIRO.

in illustration. The only beads they use are the pierced eggs of ostriches. The men adorn themselves with raised tattooing, the scars being as big as beans. The women amongst the Buma and Marle disfigure the lower lip in a very remarkable manner, boring it first,

and then gradually widening the opening till a piece of ox-horn can be inserted, from about three to three and a half inches thick, by three inches long, the two openings of the piece of horn being bunged up with wood. The mouth is by this means kept open, the lower incisors are broken off, the tongue being left exposed to view, producing altogether a most revolting appearance. The speech, too, is necessarily stammering.

The next morning Qualla had his hands full, buying all the dhurra we wanted. The bartering, however, went on much

more quickly than usual, for Qualla had hit on the expedient of using a metal measure which held twice as much as the one hitherto employed. The natives shook their heads when they found that for the same sized sack full (they used bags and sacks made of goat skins) they received only half as much as they used to; but they made no further efforts to solve the



BUMA-MARLE WOMAN.

riddle. We bought about four pints of the best quality of dhurra for one string of ordinary beads. The red same-same beads, of which we had but a few left, were in great demand, and for them we got triple measure of grain. The blue (*madschi bahari*) beads were also much liked, but the white ones no one cared for particularly. The Reshiat would have nothing whatever to do with them, and we only got rid of them here by paying for

every fourth portion with a string of blue beads; so that to get the blue the natives had to put up with the white; to such manœuvres were we reduced through having exhausted our stock of Masai beads!

Whilst the women were pressing round Qualla with their cereals, and he was filling sack after sack, which our men had rapidly stitched up out of the merikani they had brought with them, I was surrounded, I may say mobbed, from morning to night, by the male portion of the community. I sat rather high up in my hammock, and on the ground opposite to me squatted a densely packed crowd of natives, who were never weary of gazing at me, and kept assuring me of their delight at having me in their midst, and being able to examine me so closely. With the help of a Burkeneji woman who had married into this village, I told them about our journey through Africa, and about the distant land from which we came, showed them my white skin, and let them touch my clothes and weapons, thereby giving them an immense amount of gratification. Meanwhile I chewed dhurra-cane, of which a fresh supply was eagerly offered unsolicited whenever the séance appeared likely to come to an end. This dhurra-cane is soft, and the slightly sweet taste reminds one a little of that of sugar-cane. I enjoyed sucking it the more as the water of the river was thick and as brown as coffee-grounds. The confiding, modest, and attentive manner in which these natives listened to all I said gave me a capital opportunity of observing them in my turn, so that the time really passed very pleasantly.

We bought about a ton and a quarter of dhurra and beans, and as there seemed a chance of getting yet more, I decided to remain where I was till the following mid-day. Towards evening I entertained the natives by shooting a *Colobus guereza* monkey and some crocodiles, of which there were an extraordinary number of very big ones in the river; but presently the

elders of the village came to me and explained by pantomimic signs that the firing upset the nerves of the fair sex, many of whom were already suffering from palpitation of the heart.

The next morning we got nearly a ton more dhurra, which made altogether as much as we could carry, so I ordered a start at noon. When the moment of departure came, the natives of the village gathered about us, all seeming very sorry to lose us. I said a few kind words to them, and bade them adieu in the usual manner, which I had learnt from the Burke-neji woman. As I wound up by shouting in a loud voice, '*O Buma boogi*' ('Oh, all ye Buma'), '*na na*,' a chorus of a hundred voices replied with a reiterated '*Faya, faya*,' and with that we left the most charming, sociable negro tribe I had ever seen.

Meanwhile the flooding of the lowlands had made further progress, and much of the district we had traversed before was already impassable; so that, in spite of as rapid a march as possible, we did not get to the camp at Reshiat till the evening.

The Count was very pleased with the result of our mission. During his three days of loneliness he had been earnestly studying the chances of success if we went back by our old route; and now that we had brought the requisite amount of dhurra, he at once decided for starting by it, without disturbing the good opinion the natives had of us by laying forcible hands on anything. The record in our journals of what we had already achieved convinced Count Teleki that if every man were laden to the very utmost possible extent we might reach Marsabit or Turkana; which of the two would be decided by the way, according to circumstances. It was a desperate plan at the best, but the only one open to us. We were to start the day after next, and we were the more anxious to get off, as small-pox was rapidly spreading amongst the Reshiat.

The next day was devoted from early morning to the

division of the loads and food, and the making of pack-saddles in the Somal fashion. Every man, whether porter, Askar, or guide, received, in addition to his load, sixteen days' rations of dhurra. No load weighed less than 110 lb., and the heaviest weighed $148\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Then there were the weapons, ammunition, cooking utensils, sleeping-mats, &c. ; in a word, our men were expected to make such efforts as nothing but a case so desperate as ours would have justified.

On the last day the natives came into camp in greater numbers than ever to watch our feverish eagerness at work. The Oromaj and Leibon also visited us, and now that we were really going seemed sorry to lose us. The Oromaj promised us all manner of fine things next time we came to see him, and his last words were, 'Don't forget the Tcharra beads.'

CHAPTER V

THROUGH TURKANA AND SUK

From May 14 to July 30, 1888

The return journey—*Takufa yote, Bwana!*—A poison-spitting snake—One of our men has small-pox—With the Elmolo once more—In a volcanic district—We cross the frontier of Turkana—No grass, no water—On the Kerio river—Tumbáo—Turkana and its people—To Gatérr—A trip to the Ragemat—Lemagori—Another rain shauri—Return to Gatérr—Across the Doenye Erok to Ngamatak—We buy a camel—Some of our oxen are stolen—With the Leibon Laminatjan—To the Trrawell—A little about the Karamoyo—No Poscho!—Along the Trrawell to Suk—Cheap ivory—The upper course of the Kerio—No way out—We are forced to plunder—Lake Baringo in sight—Arrival at Nyemps.

ON the morning of May 14 we were off again, going to meet a very uncertain fate. We were to make our way southward along the shore of the lake, but where we were to turn when the food we had with us was exhausted remained an open question, to which time and accident alone could give the answer. Many of our poor fellows, tottering beneath their heavy loads, thought that we should all perish. ‘*Takufa yote, Bwana!*’ (‘We are all doomed, master’), they said, adding quite openly, ‘The Bwana cannot love us when he can lead us to almost certain death, instead of taking the cattle needed from the pig-headed Washenzi by force.’ ‘Leave it to us, master,’ was their cry just as we were starting, ‘and we will soon drag hundreds of the finest oxen here by their tails.’

The Count had felt the approach of fever several days before we left, but in spite of that he set out on foot, only,

however, to be obliged to order a halt when we got to our old camping-place of April 2. Here the fever increased, accompanied by pains in the limbs and neck, and even by delirium, but the rise in temperature was not so great as to cause anxiety, and after a day's rest the fever fortunately abated, so that, though very weak, the patient was able to resume the march.

This halt was a very fortunate one for our people, many of whom had found it so difficult to get along with such heavy loads that they had hidden the dhurra by the way, meaning to go back and fetch it, which they were now able to do. Some poor fellows had to do the day's march three times to get all their loads into camp, and as we were often making double marches they were sometimes on their legs for twenty hours at a stretch. And not only did they do this without grumbling, but secretly, so that we should know nothing about it.

One of Jumbe Kimemeta's men preferred voluntary slavery amongst the Reshiat to a hungry march with us, and disappeared during the first night, but he was brought back again whilst we were halting. To set against this, a Burkeneji woman, no longer in her first youth, left her husband in Reshiat, and linked her fortunes to ours. The women of this tribe seem very fond of wandering about the country, and the readiness with which they leave their homes is really astonishing.

The following day we marched, with a short rest at noon, from early morning till near sunset, reaching thus in four marches only our old camp of March 27. Three rhinoceroses, brought down by Count Teleki, made a welcome supplement to the dhurra, which we already saw would never last the sixteen days it was intended to. The very first day out the men wasted their stores in the most reckless fashion, although we repeatedly warned them to be careful, telling them that if they were not they would simply have nothing to eat at all soon.

The character of the lake districts had changed greatly

since we were here last. Fresh green had sprung up everywhere after the rain, the land birds were building their nests in the branches and filling the once lonely solitudes with the sound of their merry twittering love-making. On the other hand, the beach was quieter and more deserted than ever; the cormorants, ducks, geese, flamingoes, and other water birds had long since taken their flight to more favoured latitudes, whilst the elephants had withdrawn further inland, where there was now plenty of water and of fresh green foliage. Not one of these animals was to be seen anywhere. We now realised that it had only been the quantity of elephant-meat obtainable at the time of the greatest drought which had enabled us to make our way to the northern end of the lake. Had we attempted the journey at the present time of year we should probably have lost nearly all our men.

We made acquaintance here with a very remarkable snake, which we found in the morning coiled up in a corner of one of our cases. It was some 26 or 27 inches long, rather thin, and of a uniformly pinkish-grey colour. Our Somal, Mahommed Seiff, who was just going to put away our coffee cups, discovered it and tried to kill it with a long hanger, but as he bent over it he suddenly sprang back with a scream of pain, covering his eyes with his hands. The snake had spat in his eyes, causing a burning smart. We had never heard of poison-spitting snakes, and imagined the Somal was making much ado about nothing, so I thought I would examine closely into the matter. I took care, however, to station myself in such a position that the strong wind then blowing should carry off the spittle. The snake remained coiled up in its corner and allowed me to approach to within a couple of yards of it, when I noticed its little black eyes gleaming, saw it raise its crest, and felt something strike me on the neck. Only a few drops of some black liquid, which caused no pain at all on the skin.

As in all critical cases, up hurried the fearless half-caste Arab, Mahommed Mote, who delighted to do what no one else dared. He wound his turban round his right arm, and was about to pick up the snake, when he too received a charge of spittle in his eyes, started back, and began to yell as the other Mahommed had done. After these experiences, the chest was turned upside down, and the snake despatched with long sticks, a mode of death which unfortunately rendered its body useless to science. Count Teleki bathed the eyes of the men with very diluted sal-ammoniac lotion, which seemed to relieve them. The burning pain gradually subsided in about twenty-four hours; and there were no unpleasant after-results in either case.

On the morning of May 20 we reached our old camping-place at Alia. Just before we got there, we came upon the skeleton of the elephant which had smashed up our canvas boat, recognising him by his tusks. The men all showed signs of the hard work telling on them, so we stopped here for a day's rest. A few only of the Elmolo, whose sand-banks were now scarcely above water, visited us, and offered dried fish for sale. They told us that most of the men were, as usual, gone to Reshiat, to help in the harvest. Probably they get their canoes repaired there too.

The next march brought us to our camping-place of March 19, and by the way we noticed the remarkable occurrence of numerous big fishes belonging to the catfish group in rain pools, at a considerable distance from the lake. One of our men accidentally noticed one, and after this there was a regular hunt for them, every pool being prodded with bayonets, knives, poles, &c., till quite a number of fishes were taken, and as Count Teleki shot two rhinoceroses just as we got to the camp, we remained there for the rest of the day. Another reason for waiting was that two of our men were missing. One

of them, a sturdy young fellow, named Matchako, had shown signs of fever the night before, and was to have had some quinine in the morning, but could not be found. The other was a slave of Maktubu (himself a slave), and we had really nothing to do with him, only he had carried off a 10-bore rifle belonging to Count Teleki. Maktubu had flogged the man the day before, which perhaps accounted for his disappearance. In spite of every effort we never found him again.

During the next night one of Jumbe Kimemeta's men dis-



HUNTING CATFISH IN RAIN POOLS.

appeared, the same who had already deserted to the Reshiat and been fetched back, taking with him the stuffs, beads, silver money, and other small things belonging to his master. Kimemeta had not punished the man when he captured him the first time, but merely gave him a good lecture. We had warned the leaders of the caravan the very day before these fugitives got off that we were approaching a turning point in the journey, when the march across the dreaded waterless

inland district was about to begin, and that they must keep a sharp look-out on the men, some of whom would be sure to try and get off on this their last opportunity. To which Jumbe Kimemeta had replied that he had too many slaves to be able to keep them all together.

Jumbe Kimemeta really was a thoroughly good fellow, and we were specially struck with his behaviour just now, for though he was generally rather a careless Mahomedan he kept his fast for this sacred month, in spite of marching daily from ten to twelve hours and of the very inferior nature of the food we had with us. We pointed out to him the unreasonableness of his conduct, and that even Qualla, generally a fanatical follower of the prophet, did not think it necessary to fall in with the requirements of Ramadan. Our own private opinion was that Jumbe Kimemeta had taken a vow relating in some way to the desperate prospects of our return journey.

During the next two days we marched along the eastern base of the Longendoti mountain to our camping-place of March 16, the Count shooting two rhinoceroses and a zebra by the way. We were not this time obliged to halt by the water-holes already mentioned, as we could easily get water by digging in the dry bed of the streams.

Just as we reached the camping-place two of our guides brought the news that they had seen Matchako. These guides had stopped behind at the place where we had rested at mid-day to search amongst the bushes for stragglers and fugitives, and had seen a dark form approaching from a northerly direction. They watched it carefully, suspecting it to be that of one of the men who had run away, but alas! poor Matchako had no thought of flight. He had been attacked with small-pox, and, knowing that when it was discovered he would be driven out of the caravan, he had of his own free will kept at a distance from his fellows. He carried a catfish on his head,

which he had found in a rain pool, and this was all he had in the way of food. The guides told him where we were going to camp, and at midnight he arrived. He was ordered to follow the caravan at a distance, and we promised to leave food and fire for him wherever we halted. More we could not do under the circumstances, but I spoke to the unlucky young fellow the next morning and tried to cheer him up. We never saw him again.

On the evening of May 27 we reached the camping-place of March 12. The little rocky islet near the shore had been uninhabited then, but now there were a number of natives on it who had evidently only just arrived, as they had not yet built their huts.

From a Burkeneji woman living with them who visited our camp we learnt some news of great interest to us. Three months ago she had passed through Turkana, when the natives were suffering from scarcity, as the rain still held back. We should, however, be able to get cattle there. She also told us that the Turkana had recently passed by from a second raid in Samburuland in which they had secured considerable booty, and that all the people of the plundered districts, Burkeneji and Randile alike, had combined to make an incursion on Turkana, their rendezvous being situated between Mounts Kulall and Nyiro, which accounted for our having found no inhabitants on the mountains near Lake Stefanie.

As the landscape south of the lake presented a most dreary and dried-up appearance, we questioned our visitor about the rainfall, and heard that so far only a few showers had fallen on three days.

We now consulted Lembasso as to what route we should take, and he advised us to go through Turkana, promising to lead us, but adding that after that he would wish to return to Mount Nyiro.

Before we went to rest that night we had to do summary justice on nineteen of our men who had stolen some 220 lb. of the common stock of dhurra. Although we had only marched for fourteen days since leaving Reshiat, and eight rhinoceroses with one zebra had been unexpectedly added to our stores of food, not one of our men had a scrap of their rations left. Remembering the terrible physical strain upon the men, we might have overlooked their exceeding their rations as they had, but we could not condone a deliberate theft, and the nineteen culprits each received thirty strokes, which most of them took as a just punishment, without a word of complaint.

When we got under way the next morning, we found that two Burkeneji women, the elder of whom had two charming little daughters, aged seven and nine, meant to accompany us on our journey.

We pressed on along the shore of the lake, reaching on the evening of May 31 our old camping-place by the water, having done the 235 miles with our overladen caravan in sixteen days of ninety marching hours, whereas the same distance had taken twenty-eight days going up. The fears with which we had started southward had not, most fortunately, been realised; only three of our men had succumbed to the difficulties of the way, and not one of the donkeys, which were under the special care of the Somal, had fallen. So far fate had been kind to us, and, full of fresh hope, we halted at the spot whence, eighty-five days before, we had begun the march northward oppressed with considerable anxiety. We really were rather better off than we had been then, as we had food with us for several days, and, according to Lembasso, we could reach the inhabited district of Turkana without any special difficulty. Thus reassured about the immediate future, the dreary nature of our surroundings did not much trouble us. On the contrary we



CAMP AT THE SOUTHEEN END OF LAKE RUDOLF.



were rather glad to see smoke still ascending from the volcano on the west, and looked forward eagerly to the next march, which would bring us close to it.

Our route led us at first in a south-south-westerly direction, the loose, shifting sand of the coast being succeeded by a flat tract covered with a layer of mussel shells about an inch thick, looking like asphalt mixed with gravel. Later the direction was more decidedly south-westerly, and the ground was strewn with chaotic masses of sharp-edged rock from a man's head to a cubic yard in size, which made walking most arduous, especially to the bare-footed men, who were soon complaining of their wounds. Here and there grew a few knotty acacias, the only vegetation we passed for some time.

After four hours' marching we camped beside a fissure-like creek of the lake running up far inland, by the side of which rose a little group of unfurcated *Hyphaena thebaica* palms, their fresh beauty contrasting vividly with the lifeless scenery around them. We came upon them so unexpectedly that we at first thought we were the victims of some Fata Morgana. The shallow waters of the creek were haunted by numerous ducks and geese.

In the afternoon we went off to examine the neighbourhood more closely, chiefly, however, to pay a visit to the extinct crater by the lake, the beautiful circular form of which we had admired on our journey northward. We climbed up the wall of rock some ninety feet high, forming the western bank of the creek, and arriving at the top, looked down upon a very characteristic landscape. Close to our left rose the deep black conical mountain, as smooth and straight as a chimney, from which issued clouds of smoke. On the right was the low circular crater for which we were bound, with its steep sides clothed with yellow, green, and red soil. A few paces before us was the edge, some fifteen to thirty feet high, of a stream of

quite recently ejected scoriæ and lava, upon which we came so suddenly that we involuntarily arrested our steps. So very recent was this mass of ejected volcanic matter that we could only approach it in trembling, but it was already quite cold. It extended from the smoking volcano to the shore of the lake, and must therefore be traversed to get to the crater. But, as we soon found, this was a very hazardous matter. The pitch-black stream of lava, which resembled in its windings a turbid and sluggish flood, concealed a perfect labyrinth of pitfalls with brittle walls of from some thirteen to sixteen feet in circumference. The upper covering of many of these holes was in many places torn asunder, revealing the inside, bristling with stalagmite-like spikes and edges as sharp as knives. To fall into one of these holes would be fatal, and we were very soon compelled to retrace our steps. The lava did, in fact, give way beneath Kharscho, who had come with us, just as he jumped from the edge of the stream to the sand below, a distance of some ten feet. It was evident that we could not get to the crater, so we had to content ourselves with a general survey of this volcanic district. Presently we came upon an isolated acacia, which had stood just at the edge of the stream of lava, and had been scorched by it to a height of some six feet. The still perfect crown of branches, leaves, and thorns lay hard by, looking as if it had but just fallen. In very dry districts such as these decay does not set in for several years. There were several little paths, which had once led down to the lake and were now partly buried beneath the lava, which looked as if they had been used but the day before. The glare from the sun reflected from the black lava was terrible.

Our circumstances would not admit of our remaining here long, and we started again the next morning, pushing on by a terrible route over sharp-edged débris and amongst a chaos of rugged rocks, coming once more upon the remains of

numerous camels, and keeping alongside of the edge of the masses of lava and rubbish till we rounded the southern base of the active volcano, we turned in a north-westerly direction towards the lake, reaching the bay on the south-west late in the afternoon. We made many very interesting observations on this march. The ground was intersected by numerous narrow fissures running in a north-easterly direction. Near the volcano there was an overwhelming smell of sulphur and chlorine, which soon made our men cough, their respiratory organs appearing to be more sensitive than ours. Black clouds of smoke were driven away from us by the prevailing south-east wind, whilst the slopes of the volcano, the relative height of which we estimated at about 600 feet, the ground at its base, and the leaves of a few isolated knotty shrubs with thorns an inch long and a gleaming bluish-green rind, were alike covered with very fine black dust. The crater at the time of its most recent eruption must have been fissured in a meridional direction, and the masses of ejected matter had taken on the one side a northerly and on the other a southerly course. The edges next the mouth of the crater were covered with a bright orange-tinted efflorescence. As far as we could determine, the clouds of vapour seemed not to issue from a common mouth, but from several situated in various parts of the interior wall of the crater. A few shrubs in full leaf formed a remarkable feature, growing at the top of the eastern and western sides of the crater brim.

While I was inspecting this sombre scene through the glass from a favourable point of view, in order to discover the easiest way of approaching the brim of the crater, Kharscho informed me that the day before he had wandered out with a few other Somal towards the shore of the lake, and had there discovered what was clearly a volcano, in which the incandescent lava was still bubbling and seething. I very naturally loaded

him with reproaches that he had not immediately reported this to me, but his negligence could not now be made up for as we had no time to lose and were forced to proceed. I made him carefully point out to me the exact locality of the place in question, but though I looked through my glass I could see neither vapour nor any other sign that might have denoted the existence of a second active volcano. I ultimately decided to make a last effort to reach the neighbourhood of the crater. The base of the cone was enclosed on all sides by solidified streams of lava, so that it was necessary to cross these to reach the mountain. Bearing in mind our trying experiences of the previous day, when the unsafe ground had deterred us from going on, I decided to attempt the narrowest part, about 150 yards in width. To achieve this I had first of all to climb quite a low hill of ancient volcanic origin. This I was compelled to do alone, for I could not take any of my barefooted companions with me, as the ground in places was thickly strewn with sharp vitreous scoriæ. The nearer I approached the cone the more dangerous the ground became, as crevices began to occur more frequently, most of them being covered with a treacherous crust of earth. Finally a fissure, twenty to twenty-five yards wide and three or four deep, put an end to further progress. To have gone round it would have entailed too much time, and I had none to spare, as the caravan had meanwhile moved on without halting.

The march assumed a north-westerly course hard by two older craters, the walls of which were broken down on the northern side; on the right the path ran along by the edge of ancient streams of lava and scoriæ. Though these had not yet begun to show traces of weathering, still isolated gnarled bushes had managed to take root in many of their hollows. A couple of low black hills, resembling gigantic mounds of soot, appeared to the west of the active volcano, and to the north-west near the

lake a highly singular chaotic wilderness of ochre-coloured débris, which apparently had been belched forth in more recent times.

There is, curiously enough, no native name for the whole of the volcanic district lying to the south of Lake Rudolf, and it would seem as if the natives avoided this forbidding region out of timid awe of the sullen powers who hold sway over it. I have, therefore, ventured to give the volcano the name of 'Teleki,' in honour of the leader of our Expedition, as for him it was reserved to bring home the news of this still existing centre of volcanic activity in the Dark Continent.

In the further course of our march we passed between a low chain of conical hills till we reached the level shore of the lake, by which we camped. As soon as I began the plotting of our route I found that the bearings taken along the line of march were altogether worthless. The masses of magnetic iron had so affected the compass that the needle had been pointing in every direction but the right one.

This was our last camping-place on Lake Rudolf, and at a little distance from it on the west rose the steep mountain range which alone separated us from the land of the Turkana. We were very anxious to make acquaintance with this people, proofs of whose influence in the Lake Rudolf districts had been given again and again in native accounts of their robber raids. Our previous experiences convinced us that our sudden appearance at a frontier spot, defended by nature from the intrusion of outsiders, would cause no little excitement. But this troubled us not at all; we had neither time nor desire for diplomacy, absolutely no device was open to us; go through Turkana we must and would!

The fact that we had been peaceably received by the Reshiat and allowed to leave them quietly had made a deep impression on Lembasso, who asked us what 'medicine' we

had used, never dreaming that it could all have come about by natural means. He was, however, so confident in us now that he did not think it necessary to warn us against the Turkana.

So much the more calmly did we climb the pathless and almost barren slopes the next morning, passing here and there gneiss rocks, rising up in the deep water-channels, the main material of the mountain being still, however, of volcanic origin. Great blocks of rock encumbered the path, and we had either to shove them aside or to roll them down into the depths below. The ascent was terribly arduous, especially for the donkeys, and one of them, unfortunately the one on which we had fastened our ape, fell and slipped backwards. We felt sure that both were lost, and a cry of dismay ran along the ranks at the sight of the danger of our beloved Hamis, but, wonderful to relate, steed and rider both escaped.

After three hours' climb we reached the broad plateau-like summit of the range, at a height of about 3,077 feet above the sea-level and 1,740 feet above the lake, which, now that we were leaving it, reassumed its former beauty, looking like a dark, slightly-rippled mirror, set in a picturesque framework of mountain scenery.

The ridge which we were now crossing was tolerably level and ran in a westerly direction, sending out on the south a number of little ravine-like valleys, whilst on the north it rose again into a rugged mountain mass. Apparently the district was entirely uninhabited, so that we were the more surprised when after about an hour's tramp a dark form suddenly rose up before us and approached us in a hesitating and doubtful manner. It turned out to be a young fellow from Mount Nyiro, with whom Lembasso happened to be acquainted, who had left his native district when a mere boy to join the Turkana, becoming quite one of them. He was now on his way back to pay a short visit to his own people on Mount

Nyiro. He had evidently had a very good time amongst the Turkana, and the only words to describe his general appearance are graceful and elegant.

At our request the young man willingly put off his return home and came with us as guide and interpreter. We had expected to have to do without water on this march, and the men had therefore cooked their rations the day before, but our new friend led us to a big well-filled pool of rainwater, where he advised us to make our mid-day halt and supply ourselves with water, as we should only get a little, and that bad, at the frontier village of Turkana. He informed us that the Turkana had plenty of oxen, sheep, goats, camels, and donkeys, but that we should get no more dhurra till we came to the Laremett,¹ at the mouth of the Kerio river.

In the afternoon we crossed a low ridge and entered a broad, flat, gradually ascending valley, across which we had to march. But for a row of trees with deceptively luxuriant foliage, marking the dried-up bed of a stream, the valley was almost without vegetation. The first sign that we were approaching inhabited districts was the appearance of a herd of camels, probably on their way home from pasture. We pushed on unnoticed for some distance further, and were just crossing yet another low ridge when the first natives spied us. They were so completely taken by surprise that, in spite of our guides shouting to them to stop, they rushed away in terror. To reassure them and to come to an understanding, lest the whole country should be alarmed, we halted, and presently a native who limped a little in his gait came to speak to us. We assured him of our peaceable intentions, and were just about to resume our march when three warriors came dashing towards us down the hill. They stopped at a distance of some fifty paces, and with ear-splitting shrieks and menacing gestures, flung

¹ Laremett means the district at the mouth of a river.

themselves and their weapons about, evidently expecting to overawe us, but their ape-like proceedings only provoked shouts of laughter from our side, though we could not help admiring the pluck with which they faced a party of strangers so far outnumbering themselves.



THREE TURKANA WARRIORS DASH DOWN TOWARDS US.

Our further march led us over a flat plateau strewn with sharp-edged débris, and without a scrap of vegetation, ending towards sunset near a Turkana kraal, by which we camped. During the last stage we had seen the cattle being driven hastily away from every direction, so that we were not surprised at finding the village almost forsaken. But the panic

did not last ; our guide succeeded in calming the people, and the same evening the inhabitants of the village returned.

To give time for the news of our arrival to spread, and to afford the rest needed to our men, who were suffering much from sore feet, the Count decided to remain here a day, though nothing could have been much drearier or more forbidding than the site of our camp.

We were now in the frontier district of Katiaman, which resembled nothing so much as a deserted Karst¹ district. Here as there the ground was thickly strewn with pointed, sharp-edged débris, but here this débris consists of coarse, porous, volcanic rock of a brownish-grey colour. Katiaman was the most sterile inhabited district we came across. Soon after the rainy season the grass was all gone, and the only water was a little evil-smelling muddy fluid, at the bottom of a few depressions of the soil, from which even our men turned with nausea. The cattle, sheep, and goats were like walking skeletons, but the camels and donkeys were in better condition. The village was small, and the habitations—there was nothing either here or elsewhere in Turkana which could be called huts—consisted merely of circles of dried branches stuck in the ground. We saw very few natives, and those few did not venture into the camp, but this could scarcely have been from dread of us, for they soon allowed their herds to graze near us again. Imagining that we were in an exceptionally poverty-stricken part of Turkana, we did not bother about getting cattle, but contented ourselves with buying two donkeys and six goats, declining the oxen offered as far too lean.

From our camp, situated at an altitude of some 3,077 feet, we had an extended view of Turkana, which appeared to be divided pretty equally into a flat plain and a series of mountain

¹ Karst, or Carso, is a mining district east of Trieste with a curious subterranean water system.—TRANS.

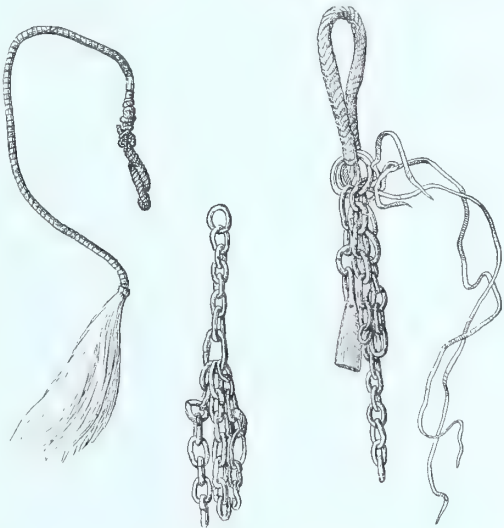
ranges running north by south. Very charming was the appearance of a broad valley of the nearest mountain range, the Doenye Erok, running parallel with our camp, from which issued the Kerio river, the fresh green foliage of the acacias fringing its banks contrasting with the gleaming white sand of the soil. On the south the ridge on which we were camped assumed more of the plateau form, whilst on the north it was deeply fissured, the metamorphic foundations being exposed without any volcanic covering. Far away in the distance rose mountains running in a south-south-westerly to a westerly direction, and of much greater height than any in our immediate neighbourhood. Unfortunately we were unable here as elsewhere to turn our favourable position for cartographical observations to account, the magnetic needle being too much affected by the iron in the soil for its readings to be depended on. If we held the compass near the ground the needle turned right round.

The next day's march brought us to the Kerio river. We first gently descended the débris-strewn plateau, and then climbed over its ridge to go abruptly down its further slope. It was a most arduous march for us all. We ourselves had to jump from one stone to another for hours, whilst our barefooted men crept carefully between the rocks. We were all very glad when we could walk straight on in the loose sand below, but we had soon enough of this too, as we had to tramp for three hours in the heat of the sun through a monotonous acacia wood affording very little shade. At last, however, we came to the more thickly wooded banks of the Kerio. Not a blade of grass had we seen all the way, nor was there any large game. We could have counted the birds on our fingers.

The 'river,' in spite of the surprising density of the wood on its banks, turned out to be nothing more than the all but dried-up bed of a stream encumbered with white sand. There

was a little water in a trench on one side, evidently left by a recent heavy shower, but some 1,000 paces further on the channel was quite dry again.

We camped beneath the shade of a group of acacias on the left bank at a height of about 1,450 feet above sea-level. There were probably villages in the neighbourhood, but we could not see them. Soon after we had pitched our tents, however, the camp was filled with Turkana of every age, and these people being the very noisiest we ever met with, the wood soon echoed with their shouts, whilst the way in which a dozen warriors advanced to greet us resembled the charge of an enemy rather than the peaceful welcome we knew it to be meant for. With up-lifted spears and shields



TURKANA ARM ORNAMENTS.

and ape-like gestures they sprang towards us, hiding behind every bit of cover they came to, to dash out again the next minute. If a baboon had been carried off by a leopard or other wild beast, his comrades might have come to his rescue something in this style. After these preliminary contortions, however, the warriors squatted quietly down and waited for a present.

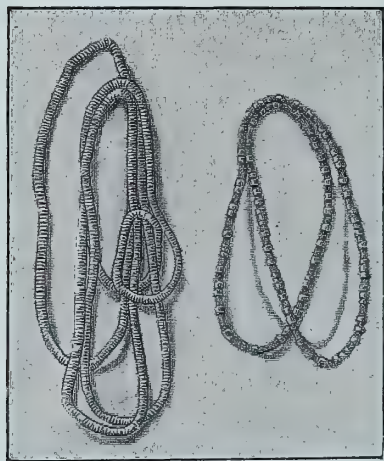
Soon afterwards an old man came into camp who told us he was the Lygonani. A Burkeneji woman, who had joined us here, told us that the Turkana have an upper and under Leibon and three Lygonani. The highest of the three last has charge of the camels, the second of the cattle, and the third, the one

now with us, of the sheep and goats. The shauri with him was a short one. He said we should be wise to remain where we were for the news of our arrival to spread, and the next day plenty of cattle would be brought for sale. So we decided to stop, but we were disappointed about the cattle, though we saw plenty of people, and were able to observe them pretty closely.

The Turkana or Elgume differed very much from any of the tribes we had hitherto met with. They are of a more pronounced negro type. Though of middle height only, they are very broad and sinewy, in fact, of quite a herculean build, and their arms are of unusual length. The complexions of the men are darker than chocolate; the women are almost as black as negroes. As amongst the Reshiat, a good many Burkeneji women live amongst the Turkana, and their offspring differ from the pure-bred Turkana. The half-castes belong mostly to the rising generation, and some of them speak a jargon in which

a good many Burkeneji or Masai words occur, so that we could pull through here too with the Masai dialect.

Circumcision is not practised amongst the Turkana. Most of the men wear nothing but an ornament round their waists, consisting of home-made iron and brass beads. The young men, or, to speak more correctly, the warriors, for some of the married men here take their share of fighting, also wear



TURKANA NECK AND WAIST ORNAMENTS.

a loin-cloth of kid-skin some three inches broad in front and six behind, the edges being very prettily decorated with metal beads.

Nearly all the Turkana ornaments are made of iron. The bracelets consist of a number of loose rings of wire, and the neck ornaments of six strong iron clasps resembling armour, the wearer being compelled to hold his head up very stiffly. From the upper arm droops a plaited leather ornament generally



TURKANA WARRIOR.

ending in a cow's tail, and the legs are often adorned with rings of plaited leather from which hang iron chains, or with simple leather bands. In the pierced under lip of both sexes is worn a little brass rod or plaque, and from the nostrils is suspended an oval brass plaque. In the lobes of the ears are inserted a number of little rings, and the young people wear their hair in

chignons resembling those of the Reshiat already described, whilst from the centre of some of these chignons rises a fine elastic bar or rod, either erect or bent backwards, this decoration being also often supplemented with a few white ostrich



MIDDLE-AGED TURKANA MAN.

feathers painted red. Middle-aged men dress their hair in a very original manner, forming it by persistent fluffing out and entangling, with the aid of a long wooden needle, into a kind of bag from one-half to three-quarters of a yard long, but not more than from two to four inches broad. This hair-bag is adorned with several ostrich feathers and a long piece of wire

bent upwards, which stands out from behind. Old and well-to-do Turkana men often wear on their natural frizzy hair or artificially developed hair-bag a stiff felt hat, of various forms, made of matted human hair, and further adorned with cowry shells. Yet another head-dress occasionally affected by young



A YOUNG TURKANA WITH OSTRICH-FEATHER HEAD-DRESS.

men consists of numbers of curly black, chiefly ostrich, feathers fastened all over the hair.

The weapons of the Turkana consist of inferior spears and shields made of buffalo or hippopotamus hide of the Nyiro shape already described, and occasionally one sees a plaited shield resembling that used by the Reshiat. Bows and arrows are of very rare occurrence. A fully equipped Turkana will

also wear on his right wrist a round knife such as has already been described and figured, and he will be provided with a tobacco pouch of Beisa antelope hide, a little two-legged stool, and a small wooden club with the upper end protected by a leather case.

Turkana girls wear a little leather apron which is prettily decorated with a broad band of ostrich eggs pierced and strung together. Down the back from the waist hangs a second longer apron made of brown dressed kid-skin, tastily finished off at the edge with iron or brass beads. Older women wear long aprons in front as well as behind. The ornaments of the women consist of several rows of beads worn round the neck, girdles made of iron and brass rings or goats' teeth, and ear, nostril, lip, arm and foot rings or plaques of various kinds. The hair of the women is always twisted into a number of thin strands which hang straight down, short in front and long at the back.

Tattooing is often practised, and consists of raised scars in parallel curves, in the men on one or both shoulders, and in the women on the abdomen.

The Turkana are breeders of cattle, and in a restricted sense they lead a nomad life. They own cattle, goats, sheep, donkeys and camels, but they only acquired the last some forty years ago in a raid in Samburuland, and do not know how to employ them as draught animals, breeding them merely for the sake of their milk and their flesh. So far their cattle have escaped



TURKANA SPEARS
AND CLUBS.

distemper, and according to them their herds are steadily and rapidly increasing.

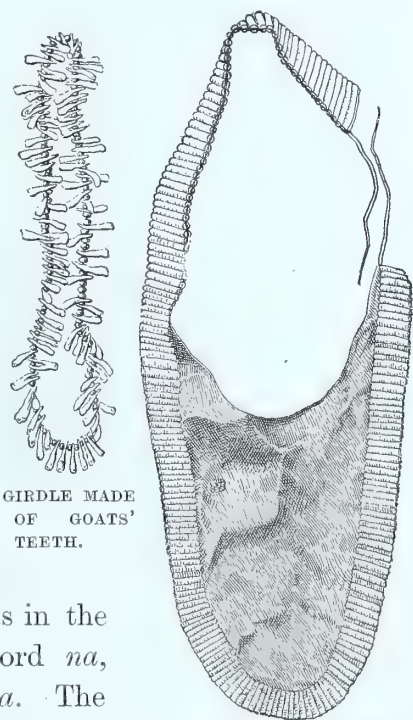


TURKANA TOBACCO POUCH.

Dhurra is only cultivated at the mouth of the Kerio and Ttrawell, but the Turkana get a good deal of fish from Lake Rudolf, and in certain districts they make meal of the rind of the doum-palms, which are there very plentiful.

The Turkana are by no means dainty about diet; they eat everything, even their dogs, of which they have a good many. Both sexes are extremely fond of tobacco, which they chew and take as snuff.

The people here live almost entirely in the open air, and in this respect are poorer than any tribe we came across, a few branches stuck in the ground in circles being the only protection they have from the weather, even in their villages.

GIRDLE MADE
OF GOATS'
TEETH.APRON WORN BY TURKANA
GIRLS.

The Turkana greeting consists in the triple repetition of the one word *na*, which is answered by a triple *faya*. The language of the country belongs to the Nilotic stock, and the manner of speaking is rough, harsh, and repellent. A short, eager, reiterated *he* occurs at every turn, and appears to express alike joy, surprise, anger, and scorn. Turkana songs are noisy and unmelodious, and the dances are grotesque, consisting of wild ungainly

jumping about, accompanied by obscene gestures and a long drawn out howl of *hu—hu—hu!* In many respects the Turkana resemble the Nile tribes of Lango, Djur, Shilluk, and Nuer, with which they are pretty closely related.

The Turkana at present occupy the whole of the district in the immediate west of Lake Rudolf, the southern boundary



TURKANA WOMAN.

being formed by the middle course of the Ttrawell river. Their neighbours on the west are the Karamoyo, a tribe very nearly connected with them. Some fifty years ago the Turkana owned part of the land on the west now occupied by the Karamoyo, whilst the southern portion of their land belonged to the Burkeneji. The Karamoyo drove the Turkana further east, and the

Turkana, in their turn, pushed the Burkeneji towards Samburuland. The Turkana have triumphed over all their neighbours, and stand in awe of none but the Karamoyo.

Timid people would be anything but comfortable in Turkana. Fortunately we were not troubled with nerves, and therefore the wild goings on in camp did not affect us much. Now some warriors would dash down upon us as if to make a hostile charge, and then there would be no end of noise and confusion over the purchase of some goats, the loud '*he he*' of the natives resounding through the camp as if a fight were

imminent. We did not get anything like as much cattle as we wanted, and had to draw upon our stores of dhurra. No oxen or camels were brought for sale, and for the numerous sheep and goats offered nothing but tobacco was accepted. Whereas in Reshiat the cry had ever been for Tcharra or Mborro beads, here *tumbao* or tobacco was perpetually dinned in our ears, and for tobacco, of which, alas, we had none, we might have bought any amount of cattle.

Our trading difficulties were further increased by the fact that some of our men had a little tobacco with them, and were able to buy plenty of sheep and goats on their own account, whilst we, with all our wares, could only get some thirty small animals. So enamoured of tobacco were the natives that they would sell sheep and goats for a mere pinch of it. Count Teleki let things take their course, as he knew that some fine day, when all the rest of the food was gone, the men would have to give up or to eat the animals they had bought, and we also hoped that when all the tobacco was exhausted the natives would be more willing to accept our beads and wire. Qualla, who conducted our purchases for us, had a very difficult task, and finally quite lost all patience, never, so to speak, recovering his good temper whilst we remained in Turkana. He paid for sheep and goats, according to their size, three to five coils of iron wire some eight inches in diameter, with as many strings of white Masai beads, all the coloured ones being exhausted. But hundreds of transactions were broken off or bargains backed out of because the natives could not be brought to believe that none of the bales contained tobacco, or thought that they would try once more to get tobacco from some of our people. Finally Qualla was compelled to realise that he was in very bad odour with the natives, partly because of his refusal to give them tobacco, and partly because of the rough and ready manner in which he treated them when he was out of humour. Meanwhile

our guide Lembasso, who knew how much tobacco was sought after in Turkana, really had quite a good supply of it, which he had got in Reshiat in exchange for our various presents to him of

beads. He was all the time laughing in his sleeve at us, and amused himself with bargaining for thirty goats at a time.

In addition to sheep and goats the natives often brought us dried fish for sale, and on one occasion two quite freshly caught, some sixteen inches long, resembling herrings in form and colour.

On the afternoon of our second day here we received a visit from fifteen old men from Gatérr, a district lying further west at the base of the Doenye Erok. They begged us to go, not as the Count had intended, to the Laremett of the Kerio, but to Gatérr, as most of the native settlements were there, and we could buy much more cattle. Moreover there was neither hay nor dhurra to be had in Laremett, for the rain still



NATIVE OF TURKANA.

held back. We had been told much the same thing before, some of the Turkana assuring us that this year not one grain of dhurra was to be had throughout the country, whilst others asserted just the contrary. When the people of the Kerio valley found that we were thinking of going to Gatérr, they tried to turn us from our purpose, telling us that we might certainly find plenty of Elgume there, but no cattle, grass, or water, which

assertion was far from convincing, for where men and cattle managed to live, there must certainly be water and grass. The Count, therefore, finally decided to give up the Kerio Laremett, and pitch his camp in Gatérr, as the latter district was on the way to Ngamatak, the south-western frontier land of Turkana, whence he could start on the return journey to Lake Baringo. A few years ago Jumbe Kimemeta had been the first to reach Ngamatak from Lake Baringo, so that when we got there our wanderings through unknown districts would be at an end.

The Kerio river, which had contained a little water the day before, was now quite dry, but we got water easily by digging quite shallow holes. The cattle of Turkana seemed used to these water conditions, for when driven to the river they would at once begin to scrape in the sand for themselves.

Before we left our camp here we dismissed our guide Lembasso, with whose behaviour we had been perfectly satisfied, and whom we now rewarded with such big presents that he found himself in the very rare position, for a native, of having nothing left to wish for. His sudden wealth had another delightful result for him, for the Burkeneji woman with the two little daughters was so dazzled by it, that she at once decided to go to Mount Nyiro with him as his wife. Lembasso would probably now be the richest man in his village, and his face beamed with delight when he took leave of us.

Three hours' march over a flat district and through deep sand brought us to the dried-up bed of another brook, where we were advised to camp. We had not yet reached Gatérr, but there were plenty of oxen and camels here, so we readily agreed to do as our guide suggested. A market much brisker than the last in Turkana was soon in full swing, and we bought some sixty sheep and goats, as well as a few donkeys. We even bargained for two camels, but could not get them without tobacco to pay for them.

The next morning, after a short march, we camped in Gaterr at the base of the Doenye Erok, yet again by the dried-up bed of a stream. So far we had not seen a blade of grass in Turkana, and we were at a loss to understand on what all the animals lived, but here was a little sprinkling of green herbs, and as a result there were considerably more cattle than at our last halting-place. On the other hand, fewer natives came into camp, and the district seemed to be but sparsely inhabited. Here, too, we had to get water by digging. Soon after our arrival a dozen quite distinguished-looking old men came to visit us, all of them wearing the stiff felt hats of different forms alluded to above, from which we gathered that such hats are everywhere the fashion in these parts. Several of these old gentlemen, all true-bred Turkana, were of abnormally stunted growth, not one of them being more than four feet eight inches high. Their manner and conversation were alike most friendly, and they asked why we wandered to and fro as we did, without stopping long anywhere, making it impossible for them to bring us cattle for sale. They then assured us that we should find peace throughout Turkana. They wanted our wares; we wanted their cattle, and they would gladly bring us all they could spare. Finally 'medicine' once more came on the *tapis*, and there was a long talk about war and rain medicines.

This year very little rain had fallen in Turkana, and in consequence there was no dhurra in the Laremett of the Kerio or Trrawell rivers. Of course, what they had feared had come about—there had been a famine in the land—and want of food had driven the Turkana to make the raid they had on the people of Samburuland.

Of course we endeavoured to turn the position to account, and assured our visitors that we were the fortunate possessors of various most efficient medicines, but we could not part with

them except in exchange for all the cattle we needed. They begged us then just to give them a specimen of the working of our rain medicine, and they would give us a few goats as a reward. Unfortunately we were unable to meet their wishes, and the shauri ended without any definite result.

So far we had bought 16 donkeys and 150 goats and sheep, but of the latter one-half had been already eaten, and the natives were becoming much less ready to sell, so that it was pretty evident to us that we should not get anything like the supply of food we had expected here. We must manage somehow to get at least eight days' provisions before leaving Turkana, for it would take us that time to cross the uninhabited wilderness between Ngamatak and Suk.

To leave no stone unturned the Count decided to send a few men to the Laremett of the Trrawell, although the natives assured him that there was no dhurra to be had there. However that might be, we should at least get the food we needed on the trip. I offered to accompany the expedition, and the next morning started with Qualla and Sokoni, the latter acting as interpreter, and seventy men. Late the evening before an old man had come into camp bringing four sheep, and, his kraal being near the Trrawell, we were glad to secure him as a guide. The old fellow, whose name was Lemagori, wore his hair in the Turkana fashion, but for all that he came from Nyemps, and had been driven away from it by misfortune some twenty-five years before. It was lucky for us that his wanderings had brought him here, for he was ever so much brighter and more useful than any Turkana would have been. As we came from and were going back to Nyemps, we could take greetings from him to his own people, and from the first he looked upon us as friends, so that we were soon on the very best of terms.

We pushed on northward as rapidly as possible along the

base of the Doenye Erok, here fairly well covered with grass, bushes, and trees, reaching in two hours and a half another portion of the same stream we had left in the morning. There was a little muddy water in a hole some nine feet deep here, and we halted for a short rest.

Hidden in the bush a little distance off was a kraal, but only the smoke and the murmur of voices betrayed its presence to us, for the natives did not come near us. Herds of cattle and donkeys grazing beneath the trees were a fresh proof that the district was inhabited. The donkeys were finer than any we had seen elsewhere, and though they were really quite tame they behaved just like wild animals, dashing to and fro and pausing every now and then to gaze back at us and snort out their surprise at our appearance. They were well grown and strongly built, their smooth grey fur gleamed like silver, and they held themselves as proudly as thorough-bred horses.

A couple of hours' forced march across a dreary, almost barren steppe brought us to a little wood fringing the channel of a second dried-up stream. The heat was intense, and as various signs proved this to be a native halting-place we rested here for the hottest mid-day hours. We found a little water in a shallow hole. The fact that the fairly dense vegetation on the banks consisted entirely of fan-palms (*Hyphæna thebaica*) gave the bed of the stream a very unusual appearance. The trees grew closely together, some of them rising from islets and sandbanks in the channel itself, whilst here and there lay others which had fallen in their old age or been uprooted by the force of the stream, which twice in the year rushes violently along. The ground was strewn with withered leaves, relieving but little the monotony of the dreary, naked landscape. Few of these trees had any fruit, the result, the natives told us, of the long drought, and as this fruit is generally a staple

of food here, its absence, taken with the failure of the dhurra crop, must have added greatly to the sufferings of the Turkana.

We went on in the afternoon through deep shifting sand along the river bed, arriving an hour before sunset at a rock reservoir several feet deep, containing a little thick offensive-smelling water belonging to Lemagori's kraal. Though the general character of this district differed from the rest of Turkana visited by us, it remained as dreary and uninteresting as ever, a fringe of palms along the stream being the only vegetation.

We were once more near Lake Rudolf, and the Doenye Erok range being lower at its northern end, we obtained a fairly extensive view, looking down on the east on to the flat acacia-covered district at the mouth of the Kerio, whilst on the north we could see the other side of Lake Rudolf, even recognising the two cones near our camping-place of March 13 as well as Mount Longendoti. Before us, on the route we were about to traverse, rose the low height of Losagam, the peculiar roof-like formation of which we had noticed during our march along Lake Rudolf, and which had served as a regular landmark in estimating the breadth of the lake from our various camping-places. Beyond stretched a flat district, bounded far away in the distance by a low mountain chain. On the south-west we could distinctly make out the two characteristic conical peaks of the Doenye Erok rising up from amongst a number of others. With the help of many an observation, taken during our march to Reshiat, these various features of the country had been entered on our map, when we had little dreamt that we should ever be actually amongst them!

The people of the village near brought us some cattle for sale, of which we were very glad, as we had no food with us, and Lemagori introduced us to his children, including a very

handsome daughter, and to some of his other relations. The evening was passed in friendly chat. It was evident that the



LEMAGORI'S DAUGHTER.

people here were put to great straits for food from the way in which the children fought for the bones our men threw to them.

Accompanied by Lemagori and half a dozen Turkana we started again before daybreak the next morning, wading painfully for the first hour through the deep sand of the bed of the stream, and then pushing on along the flat beach of the lake to Mount Losagam, which, on the side near the lake, presented a black, rugged, precipitous appearance. In spite of the intense heat we hurried forward as rapidly as possible, hoping to reach the next halting-place before noon. The scenery was dreary and barren, but we saw a good many kaama antelopes, gazelle Grantii, and hares. It was interesting to note how

eager for the chase the little yellow curs of the natives became directly they caught sight of any game. They flew like arrows from a bow at the quarry, outstripped it, and tried by leaping at the throat to drive it back towards us. As a matter of fact they often succeeded in bringing antelopes to a stand.

By nine o'clock we had Mount Losagam on our left. We were now approaching well-populated districts, and Lemagori advised us to be careful to keep well together, as our sudden and altogether unexpected appearance might awake the hostility of the natives, who would take us for mangati,¹ or enemies. We now understood why our guide had let so many of his friends come with him. We were marching quietly along the flat beach when we saw two girls with bowls on their heads advancing towards us in the distance. When they caught sight of us they started, remained staring at us for a minute or two, and then, setting down their bowls, ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. At Lemagori's suggestion one of the Turkana warriors with us ran off at once to try and reassure them. Again and again the same kind of thing happened, as we constantly came upon cattle minded by a single herd, who was ready to take to his heels at our approach. Our escort had enough to do to stop them all in time to prevent a general scare; but, thanks to our caution, we reached the broad bed of the now dried up Ragemat with its fringe of palms about eleven o'clock, without having disturbed the people of the country too much.

We had scarcely settled down in the pleasant shady wood for our noonday rest when Lemagori, pointing to the north, suddenly cried, '*Bugeden*,² look over there! That row of trees marks the Trrawell, and in two hours we might be there, but

¹ Mangati means literally wild animals, and is used also for enemies.

² A Masai word, meaning Lord of the Oxen, or Mighty Master. Ba-ngischu has the same meaning; both are, however, rarely used.

if you take my advice you will bide quietly where you are. In the Trrawell Laremett there is no dhurra this year, and my cows give me no milk. Here we have shade and water, and are in the midst of camels, oxen, sheep, goats, and donkeys. Even if there be, after all, a little dhurra yonder, you may be pretty sure the owners will bring it to us here. Let the moran (the young fellow from Mount Nyiro) go and make inquiries, and if his report is favourable you can, if you like, go on to the Laremett to-morrow.' Our Nyiro friend was ready enough to fall in with this suggestion, and went off at once, whilst we made a clearing at the edge of the bed of the stream for the camp. The channel itself soon presented a very lively scene. Cattle came down to drink, scraping holes in the sand for themselves, and crowds of men and women gathered round, to stare curiously at our proceedings. Lemagori and his comrades explained our wishes, and Qualla unpacked our barter wares. An hour later goats, sheep, and donkeys were brought for sale. We already had as many of the last as we wanted for carrying purposes, but as so far it had been impossible to get cattle, I thought it best to tell Qualla not to reject any of the animals offered.

'But why, master?' asked Qualla.

'We shall eat them,' I replied.

'But no one will eat donkey's flesh in our caravan, master!'

'Never mind, when there is nothing else left, Count Teleki and I at least will eat it; the rest of you can satisfy your hunger with beads, wire, and merikani.'

We knew well enough that Zanzibaris, as a rule, have a horror of donkey's flesh, but as we thought then and found from experience later, it really was not so bad, and we therefore bought as many donkeys as we could get.

Peaceful bartering had not been going on long before a few men came, and driving the women away demanded

a shauri with us. We had expected this, and took the breaking off of business calmly enough, expecting it to be resumed directly the interview was over. We always delegated the weary shauri business to Jumbe Kimemeta or others of lesser rank, according to the importance of the occasion, and in this case Lemagori, Qualla, and Sokoni represented us, whilst I, lazily swinging in my hammock slung beneath two shady palms, peeped happily through the stems at what was going on. But presently Qualla came towards me looking very much put out, and muttering something that sounded very like a curse on the stupid Washenzi, who ought to be only too glad to have a caravan in their land at all. I now discovered that the natives had been very aggravating, asking amongst other things whether we were not downright fools, not to know that good manners required us to exchange assurances of friendship with them before we began trading? And how dared we take water from their river without permission? In a word, who had asked us to come at all? I soothed Qualla by telling him we must conform to the usages of the country, and we left things to take their course. Another hour passed, however, in spite of all Lemagori's efforts on our behalf, before he could obtain an amicable settlement. Our people began to get uneasy about the length of the shauri, especially as fresh parties of natives kept arriving, but at last things took a turn for the better, and just as I strolled down to see what was going on, Sokoni was taking the leather sheath off his spear ready to use that weapon to give force to his harangue. He had said but a few words when a Turkana squatting in the front row suddenly jumped up and interrupted him, his rough and excited language contrasting forcibly with Sokoni's dulcet insinuating tones. Whatever might be the cause of his angry looks and tones, I thought I had better see what I could do, so I cried in good

German in a loud voice, 'Be quiet and sit down.' The man actually obeyed me, and a deep silence fell upon the group. But Sokoni ran to me and whispered eagerly, 'Taratibu, taratibu, bwana!' ('Gently, gently, master!'). I had at first meant to address them all in quiet reassuring tones, but the failure of Sokoni's mode of proceedings had made me change my own tactics and assume a sharp commanding tone. At Sokoni's remonstrance I called the interpreter to me and threatened him with terrible pains and penalties if he did not render all I said accurately. I then told the Turkana in as insinuating a voice as I could assume that we had come to buy food. If they had any they could spare they might bring it to us, but if not, they had only to tell us so, and we would go further on. But we had no time for long shauris. We had come in peace, but if they wanted war they could have it. And as for the water in the river, it was as much ours as theirs. And here the shauri ended as far as we were concerned. As I spoke I kept my eyes fixed on my bellicose antagonist, shaking my finger threateningly at him several times when I alluded to war, and finally, bidding all our people follow me, I marched back to camp. Five minutes later women and children came with goats and sheep, men driving donkeys, and girls carrying bowls of milk. In a word, peace was restored, and the market soon in full swing again.

The same evening our Nyiro friend came to tell us there was no dhurra near the Trrawell, but he brought us greeting from Logorion, the head Leibon of Turkana, a very old, half-blind patriarch living by the river.

Acting on Lemagori's advice, who kept on telling us that we were in the richest part of Turkana for cattle, I decided to remain where we were two days longer. But for a few petty squabbles, we managed, by dint of the greatest patience on our part, and the constant efforts of Lemagori and a dozen old

Turkana men, to keep the peace. These old fellows were bent on getting rain medicine from us, and harped unceasingly upon it. As there was not the slightest sign of rain, I at first evaded this difficulty by making out that the Turkana were far too poor to purchase the medicine. But after much persuasion I relented so far as to say the lowest price would be four camels and four oxen. The negotiation fell through after all, however, as again the sly proposal was made that I should give them a little taste of my power to begin with in exchange for two sheep. Our good Lemagori was very indignant at this suggestion, and scarcely liked to translate it for me. I too heard it with very mixed feelings.

Trading here, as elsewhere in Turkana, was weary work, and there was a dispute about every animal we bought. The price was often referred to a big shauri after the matter seemed settled, and, though never actually in danger, as we only admitted women and children to the camp, we had to be perpetually on our guard. On the morning of the second day of our stay, for instance, there was such a hot dispute between Qualla and an especially insolent warrior that I thought it desirable to make a demonstration with our guns. I bought a shield and let my men fire a volley at it, riddling it with holes; then I shot one of our own sheep at a distance of some 200 paces, and, turning to the natives, challenged them to fight us if they felt so disposed. Peace was the result, and the Turkana men begged us to stop another day as they wanted to talk about the rain medicine again. I knew, however, that there could be no better result of a shauri on that subject than before, so I was off again on the morning of June 13, taking with me one ox, fourteen donkeys, and some ninety sheep and goats, and, following the route by which we had come, we got back to the camp in Gatérr in the afternoon of the 14th.

Count Teleki was but little pleased either with the results of

my efforts at trading or of his own. He, too, had been worn out with shauris, the main object of which was to get him to supply rain or war medicine, or medicines to make the cattle fertile. A dance given by some Turkana maidens had been remarkable for the obscenity of the attitudes and gestures indulged in, and yet, strange to say, he had had the greatest difficulty in buying one of the richly decorated aprons worn by the maidens, not apparently because they were indispensable to their owners, many of them having two on, but because the girls were too modest to part with them.

As it was no use stopping here any longer we resumed our march the next morning. Lemagori and a few natives of Ngamatak, who had brought us some goats, sheep, and donkeys, now acted as guides instead of our Nyiro friend, whose services were no longer needed. At first our route led us along the gradually narrowing bed of the stream, by which we spent a whole week, and then between the spurs and ridges of the Doenye Erok. We passed three well-filled water-holes and here and there flat stretches overgrown with really good grass, but the mountain district seemed to be quite uninhabited, and, what surprised us still more, there were no wild animals and very few birds in the quiet secluded valleys.

The mountain range appeared to us to be of volcanic origin, though none of the peaks, which varied in height from some 600 to 1,200 feet, assumed the characteristic conical form. Ashes, too, strewed the ground here and there, but we saw no crater, and in some of the deep gullies occurred crystalline rock.

After a rather long midday rest we pushed on again, and about an hour before sunset found ourselves already on the eastern side of the Doenye Erok, without having come across any inhabitants. We camped on the outskirts of a flat sandy tract of country, with numerous acacia woods, reminding us in

every respect of the Kerio plain we had just left, a number of isolated heights, resembling those of the Doenye Erok, here as there shutting out the horizon. This was the Turkana district of Dsyrr intersected by the Ragemat, the easternmost of the three sources of which we reached early the next morning. Its banks were fringed with fine, well-grown, shady trees, chiefly acacias, but fan-palms, which are the only vegetation of the middle course of the Ragemat, were entirely wanting.

A good many natives visited us, but they only brought six goats and one donkey for sale. Tobacco was even more anxiously asked for here than elsewhere in Turkana, and when Qualla suddenly produced a little bundle of Kikuyu tobacco, which he said he had just accidentally found amongst his things, there was a perfect inundation of would-be purchasers. In less than no time a number of camels appeared, of which we were allowed to take our pick. Qualla chose the fattest and paid for it with some tobacco, for which he had given one string of beads in Kikuyuland. The Turkana went off delighted with his acquisition, and Kharscho, no less happy, lost no time in killing the camel and securing a steak from it. For once, after all our unsatisfactory bartering, everyone was satisfied.

The next day we cut across the plain in five hours' march, and camped, as so often before in this arid country, by the dried-up bed of a stream at the foot of the western range of hills. We found a little water in several deep holes in the channel. We were now on the frontier of the Turkana districts of Dsyrr and Ngamatak, the natives of which, as we could at once tell by their behaviour, had already been worked by caravans.¹ They soon found out, however, that they had a different

¹ Jumbe Kimemeta, who was here twice in 1884, was the first ivory trader to penetrate to the western frontier of Ngamatak along the Trawell, and later it was reached by the caravan which was at Taveta when we were.

set of people to deal with now. For some time they could not be brought to realise that only one person had power to buy and sell, for they went round and round offering their goats and sheep to each man before they turned to Qualla, who, to their disappointment, answered simply yea or nay and would have nothing whatever to do with long shauris. We bought all the small animals, twenty-four, which they brought, and they promised us a big cattle-market the next day, when we should also receive a visit from the Leibon of Ngamatak, with whom Jumbe Kimemeta was already acquainted. The Count therefore decided to stop here, though, owing to the want of shade, the place was anything but comfortable. But we got neither our market nor the promised visit. The natives, it is true, assembled near the camp the next day, but only after a long discussion to inform us, through our interpreter, in an ostentatious manner, that 'we might go, nobody would sell us anything, for we were not the right sort of Logomba; we did not pay well, and we did not let them talk with us.' Eagerly they awaited the return of the interpreter from the white Leibon, but the message he brought was a very simple and cool one: 'If they did not wish to trade with us they could let it alone.' They did not like this at all, and after waiting a little they all came back to our camp and wandered round about it as before. We now turned the tables on them, telling them that they could leave our camp and go home if they had nothing with them for sale. This had the desired effect; they fetched a dozen goats, trading was begun again, and all went on as before.

In addition to our disappointment about the big market and the visit from the head Leibon, we had to put up with the loss of three oxen belonging to us, the only ones we had been able to obtain, in spite of all our efforts. The theft took place in the hottest time of the day, when the boys and Askari in charge of them had fallen asleep—a few enterprising natives

had noticed that they were off guard ; and although we stormed and raved and had every nook and corner searched, it was long before we recovered the animals. Lemagori was beside himself with rage, and went on about the theft, to one native after another, in such a manner that we were afraid he would run away in his mortification if the thief were not discovered. We told the Turkana that we had a powerful medicine which would destroy them all if our oxen did not come back, and Lemagori at last found out where they were hidden. We were assured we should get them the next day, and so we contented ourselves with sending up two rockets in the evening, just to keep the natives in a proper frame of mind.

The result of our fireworks was that not a native was to be seen in camp the next day, but we received a visit from Laminatjan, the Leibon of Ngamatak, and a few of his people. He was a very good-natured looking old man, whom Jumbe Kimemeta had already described to us as a modest, upright, reliable fellow. We fully endorsed this opinion. The little present we gave Laminatjan seemed to please him, and when I asked him to stand still to be photographed he complied at once. He had the very longest hair-bag we saw, for it came right down to his knees, and I very much regret that my photograph of him was a failure. He begged us to go to his village, as it was on our way, and we could get all we wanted there before going further.

The Leibon then took his leave, and we prepared to make reprisals if our oxen did not come back. When noon came and there was still no sign of them, Qualla had instructions to go with a hundred men to the village to which we had been told the thief belonged, and drive off a herd of cattle from it. Lemagori had watched our preparations without saying anything, but when he realised what Qualla was going to do, he came to Count Teleki and most earnestly entreated him to

countermand his orders. 'Don't send your men out,' he urged. 'I know, and the Turkana know, that you have a perfect right to take oxen wherever you may find them. No one will help the people of Dsyrr if you attack them. But consider, you are in a waterless land, and if you make war I can guide you no further, for I shall certainly be killed at the outset. Let me first take you to the Trrawell, you will be there in two days, and then you will only have to follow the river to get to the land of the Suk. Before I leave you on the Trrawell I will show you oxen and camels, and myself advise you to take them.' When we said we would only punish the thief and not the innocent natives, he replied that it need not come to that, for he was quite sure our oxen would be brought back. Out of consideration for Lemagori, who had served us so well, Count Teleki recalled his orders, and at two o'clock the same afternoon we started for Laminatjan's village, which we reached after a couple of hours' march along the base of a steep hill on the eastern frontier of the Turkana district of Ngamatak.

Soon after our arrival the Leibon appeared, bringing fresh milk, and offering to help us by every means in his power. As it was too late to begin trading, he tried to persuade us to remain over the next day, but the Count decided to push on with the main caravan, only leaving behind Qualla, Jumbe Kimemeta, and sixty men. Qualla was to buy what cattle he could, and follow us with it. Our route led us in a westerly direction, across a less level district, dotted with numerous scattered hills and ridges. The soil was sandy, and, like the mountains, almost barren. We passed the dried-up beds of several streams fringed with fine trees. The neighbourhood seemed to be pretty thickly populated, but the people took next to no notice of us. After four hours' march, we came to a group of villages near to which we thought of camping, but

there was so little water that we pushed on again after a short mid-day rest.

We had a very good view from this halting-place, in a west and north-westerly direction, of the mountains of Karamoyo, which appeared to consist of several rows of plateau-like heights, rising in terraces on the west. In view of our near approach to Karamoyo, and the very unsatisfactory water supply in the districts on the south, we almost decided to march westwards now. We were informed that we could reach the frontier of Karamoyo in three or four days, and that its physical conformation resembled that of Turkana. It was arid, sandy, and without grass. The natives were very like the Turkana in every respect, breeding cattle and cultivating dhurra in a few very limited areas only. We were not exactly warned against the natives, but no Turkana dared offer to act as guide, for, nearly related as they were, the people of the two districts were deadly enemies. Jumbé Kimemeta's assurance, however, that when once we were at the Trrawell our difficulties would be over, as there were as many buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and elephants there as grains of sand in Turkana, finally turned the scale in favour of the southern route, and we gave up the idea of Karamoyo.

We pushed on then through an open, undulating district with a very decided westerly trend, but in every other respect exactly like that we were leaving behind, for the bluish-green fringe of vegetation marking the course of the Trrawell, but we did not reach its dried-up bed until just before sunset, after an extremely arduous march. It was no use hoping to pitch a regular camp at this late hour, for the men were all too tired and too busy digging for water. So we spent the night lying here, there, and everywhere on the dry, sandy ground, beginning to put things straight the next morning, when we also, for the first time, noticed what a wildly romantic spot we had reached. Gigantic primæval trees, with a dense undergrowth of bush,

the whole matted into one impenetrable thicket by countless parasitical growths, lined both banks of the broad channel, which was moreover encumbered with the uprooted trunks of many a fallen monarch, telling of the mighty force of the current which now and then dashes downwards here.

We had passed the spoors of many giraffes by the way, but had not come upon any game, though we searched for it most carefully. Doubtless there were elephants in the forest on the Ttrawell, but, as the Count very soon found, the vegetation was far too dense for hunting to be possible. Kharscho, who, young as he was, was more at home in the wilderness than any other member of the caravan, always had a good look round in any new place, to take his bearings, so to speak. He went off as usual here, soon coming upon two elephants, and the Count at once started to hunt them, but though Kharscho was acting as guide, he could not find their tracks again. We therefore had to give up hope of much game here, for our long experience in African travel had taught us not to hope to find any wild animals but elephants in dense thickets.

Forest and surrounding districts here were alike uninhabited, but a few natives from a distance, attracted by the smoke from our fires, came to see what it might mean. They promised to bring us some cattle the next day, but as Qualla got back in the evening, bringing two of our oxen and ten sheep to make up for the third stolen animal, the Count decided to push on. The thief, Qualla reported, had given up the two oxen and paid the ten sheep as soon as his people told him to do so. Taking into account the goodwill shown by the natives in the matter, Count Teleki accepted the sheep as sufficient payment, and Lemagori was released from his promise to show us the herds we might take away. We dismissed him with many presents, and on the morning of June 22 resumed our march southwards along the Ttrawell.

For four hours we marched outside the fringe of wood on the right bank, and then pushed on for the most northerly camping-place in Ngamatak reached by the two caravans mentioned above.

We were now able to understand how it was that neither Jumbe Kimemeta nor Sokoni, who claimed to have been here three times, could determine their bearings in this district, for, as usual with trading caravans, the final halt had been made in the very densest bit of the thicket. The dry, sandy river-bed was here some 250 paces wide, and only in one rather deeper trench was there a little pool of water. The natives knew the place, and came to visit us here, though their settlement was an hour's distance off, on a ridge running alongside of the Trrawell. Some ivory and two donkeys were offered for sale, and we were told we could have sheep the next day if we wanted them.

As, meanwhile, our stock had been reduced to two small lean oxen and a few sheep, we tried our fortune at hunting, though with little hope of any good results. The Count remained on the left bank, whilst I searched the right, but we both returned empty-handed, a few giraffe spoors having been all either of us had seen.

All the natives brought for sale the next day were two donkeys, two sheep, and some ivory. They, of course, were bent on selling their ivory, and had therefore held out to us delusive hopes of cattle. And we were glad to get rid of some of our still large stock of goods for barter, so we bought a little ivory, making a first-rate bargain, which was not, however, of much use towards filling the empty stomachs of our unfortunate men, for whom there was now nothing to eat. So once more we dutifully shouldered our rifles and went down the river, only to be disappointed again, and to return with the bitter conviction that no big game was likely to be found within many miles

of our camp. Again and again the fatal necessity of sacrificing the animals with us had been averted at the last moment, but this time there was nothing else for it, and the Count gave orders for four of the donkeys to be killed. Qualla, who knew our people well and the loathing they had for asses' flesh, was cautious enough first to shout out again, 'Who will have some donkey meat?' Who? Not one man came forward. The very men we had seen eagerly tear and eat the flesh of panthers and hyenas, shrank from touching that of our beautiful grey donkeys, saying they would rather live on berries and weeds, or even starve than swallow a morsel of it.

The men now talked together of a caravan driven to extremities, the members of which had killed and eaten their donkeys. Every one of them had died after the meal. The probability is that this fiction was started by some cunning trader to avert the danger of his donkeys being killed and eaten in an emergency. Trading caravans often suffer dreadfully from famine, and but for some such superstition as this, the invaluable grey donkeys would doubtless often find their way into the flesh-pots of the men, whilst many costly loads would be left in the lurch.

We pushed on southward in the direction of the river, through a pretty light-green acacia wood, the soil of which was unfortunately overgrown with a kind of grass, the sharp hairs of which inflicted most painful wounds on the bare feet of our men, some of whom nearly went mad with the irritation. Now and then we came to quite impassable woods of young fan-palms, which we had to go round. Sokoni, who was leading us, got quite confused and lost his way, but some natives, who had joined us with the intention of disposing of their hidden stores of ivory, took his place, and guided us by tortuous paths back to the river, the bed of which, but for a few little pools, was still dry, whilst its banks were fringed here

and there with luxuriant grass as tall as a man. We camped beneath a gigantic *Ficus sycamorus*, familiarly known as the sycamore of Egypt, of which the Swahili name is *mikuyu*, the stem and wide-spreading crown of foliage of which were alike hung with bunches of fruit. Here was *poseho* for at least three or five days. In less than no time dozens of our men had climbed the tree, and a thick shower of figs was falling at our feet. The ripe figs, of a pink colour and about the size of a walnut, were eaten raw, whilst those still green were boiled to a kind of pulp. The natives told us there were lots of these trees all along the river, which enabled us to look forward to the next few days with rather less anxiety.

Our third day's march began by Sokoni leading us in a circle along wretched paths through the wood and back to where we started from. Of course we were all very wroth at being put through such a martyrdom for nothing, and Count Teleki now acted as guide himself. First we waded for some time through the deep sand of the river, and then crossed over to the left side, the banks being less encumbered there. Here we found numbers of shrubs, rather like the white thorn, bearing little red berries with a thin skin, about the size of peas, and with a hard inside kernel which the natives eat in times of scarcity. The taste of these berries reminded us of that of medlars. It was impossible to satisfy one's hunger with them, but the men were soon thinking of nothing but berry-picking and were scattered in every direction. No one got lost, however, as everyone had sense enough to make for the river again, and the caravan kept to its bed for the sake of the water. There were plenty of sycamore trees here too.

We pushed on on the fourth day in the same channel, only cutting across country when it wound very much. For the sake of buying ivory of the natives we halted for two hours in the middle of the day, where there were plenty of berries to be had.

The men had already shouldered their loads and were only waiting to resume our march for the pack-animals, which were being laden in the thicket near, when we suddenly heard a terrible, ear-splitting cry from one of the donkeys. Some natives had killed it quite close to us and slipped away before any of the men noticed them. The poor creature had two deep gaping spear-wounds and was quite dead when we found it, but in spite of a vigorous search we could not catch its murderers, and had to go on, leaving the corpse behind. We halted again towards sunset beneath another poscho-tree.

The first part of our fifth march was partly along the bed of the stream and partly through the grass, of the height of a man, on its banks. We then left the actual channel and wandered to and fro, following its zig-zag southerly course till we at last reached its junction with the equally dried-up bed of another stream. During the march the Count shot a wild boar and Kharscho two small crocodiles, so that the *menu* was a little varied to-day. The pangs of hunger had cured the men of their daintiness, and wild boar and crocodiles, together with the undigested fish in the stomachs of the latter, were all eagerly devoured. Donkey's flesh, however, still remained *haram*, or forbidden.

When we woke the next morning we found, to our great astonishment, that the bed of the river had become filled with water during the night, rain having fallen in the region of its source, as if on purpose to supply our needs.

The next day's march brought us near Ngaboto, a little agricultural Turkana settlement, but we did not actually reach the most northerly village, Kisimay, until the next morning; that is to say, after seven days' march along the Trrawell. The wildest excitement prevailed as soon as the starving men caught sight of the waving, half-ripe corn. Without a murmur they had marched for nine days with scarcely any food but



CAMP BENEATH THE POSCHO-TREES.



berries and figs, and their joy can be imagined as they hastened down to the dasturi camping-place. Their sense of humour, long crushed by privation, awoke once more, and one of the porters, Jibu wadi Kombo by name, was very amusing. 'Allah akbar!' he exclaimed, 'I never thought we should ever see dhurra again, and really lately the perpetual grass diet we've had to put up with has made me think it really would have been better to have been born an ass!'

We camped opposite to a little village close to the river beneath the shade of some big trees. We soon received a visit from the natives, who belong to the Turkana tribe, and cultivate dhurra, with gourds and tobacco, in fields alongside of the river. Tobacco, however, seemed to be scarce just now, as we were perpetually asked for tumbao.

Ngaboto, like Ndorobbo and Elmolo, means poor fellows without any cattle, and originally the name was appropriate enough, but the natives here now own a few animals, chiefly goats and sheep, which they have bought from their neighbours in exchange for their own productions. There are five little scattered villages in Ngaboto, all on the right bank of the Trrawell. The huts are very primitive, being made of nothing but dhurra stalks, and they present a very poverty-stricken, dirty appearance, set down as they are in the thick bush without any surrounding clearing. The inhabitants of the whole district number but few, and it is wonderful how they manage to resist the incursions of their stronger neighbours, the Suk.

It was easy to see that the natives had had previous dealings with caravans, and also that those caravans had been in distress, for, in spite of their own weakness and poverty, they behaved from the first in an overbearing manner.

We bought five sacks of corn the day we arrived, just enough for one day's rations. The dhurra was still unripe, but

we knew that the further south we went the riper it would be, and as the rest of the journey to Lake Baringo would be through inhabited districts, we hoped to have done with starving now.

We were told that there was a little trading caravan in the southern portion of Ngaboto, and the next morning some members of it came to see us. It turned out that they knew several of our people, and the excitement over the meeting can be imagined. Both sides had endless adventures and experiences to relate. This caravan, consisting of 120 men, was part of a very large expedition under the Mombasa trader Abd-er-rahman, the main body of which was waiting at Nyemps. Our visitors told us that they left Lake Baringo three months before, and had had a very bad time, as famine prevailed everywhere. Nine men had died of hunger, and they were all in danger of starvation, when fortunately they reached Siawei, a district on the borders of Kavirondo, where there was plenty of food to be had. Thinking the dhurra would be ripe in Ngaboto by this time, they had made their way here, and were going on to Ngamatak to buy donkeys, as they already had more ivory than they could carry. Lastly, they cheered us with the news that Abd-er-rahman had letters for us at Nyemps.

In spite of the pleasure this meeting gave us all, we soon had reason to regret the presence of this rival caravan, as the natives neglected us more and more for it. The very next day our market was almost deserted, and our men were nearly reduced once more to what they could find in the woods. Fortunately there were a great many weaver birds here, and some of the trees were literally covered with their nests, full of half-fledged young ones, so that our men were able to supplement their meals with them. But we were still quite without any food for the further journey, and as the natives did not seem the least alarmed by our threat that we would take the

dhurra from the fields if they did not bring it to market, the Count thought we had better go on at once, so on July 3 we started again.

The Trrawell was now full of water, heavy rain having evidently fallen higher up country, and crossing it would be difficult for our laden animals. We pushed on southward through woods and bush a little distance from the river, till we came to a village, near to which we camped. On our way we had caught several glimpses of the mountains which shut in the valley of the Trrawell. The mountain slopes, which vary in height from about 3,000 to 4,500 feet, here approach more nearly to the stream, and as a result the country, especially on the left side of the river, is better watered and far more densely wooded. We were told that a copious brook issues from this mountain range, and Mr. W. Jackson has since proved it to be the source of the Trrawell, which rises on Mount Elgon. It is said that nomad Suk live on these mountains.

Now that we were in higher districts, the sky was always very cloudy, and there was a good deal of thunder and lightning near us, whilst in the distance lightning flashes were almost unintermittent. Rain fell, however, but seldom, and that in very small quantities only. The thermometer varied between $+16^{\circ}$ and $+28^{\circ}$ Centigrade.

Although we pitched our tents quite close to the village, very few natives came to see us, and as the traders told us we were in the very poorest part of Ngaboto, we shifted camp the next day further south, and close to two other settlements, where also the ubiquitous ivory traders had their representatives. The dhurra was still standing in the fields here, but the harvest had just begun. The natives cut off the ears of corn and then pluck them to pieces with their fingers, throwing them on to an open piece of ground made perfectly flat, where they are left to dry in the sun, after which they are lightly

thrashed with a stick. The thrashed grain is finally packed in baskets some six feet in diameter, made of plaited branches, and hung up in trees at a height of from about thirty-six to forty-six feet from the ground.

On July 6 we were off again, taking with us two days' rations of dhurra, and accompanied by thirty men belonging to the trading caravan, who, having no goods for barter, could not go on to Ngamatak. The rest of their party were nearly as poor, but they had a little tobacco with them. Of course, as we had more articles of barter than we wanted, these traders would have liked to do some business with us, but bearing in mind the mischief they had done us here, and in spite of the absurd prices they offered—300 dollars, for instance, for seventy-seven pounds of iron wire—the Count would not let them have anything. Another trick they played us was to persuade Sokoni to go with them to Ngamatak, although we should sorely need his services in Suk, he being the only one of our party who knew anything about that district.

We now left Ngaboto¹ behind us, marching in a southerly direction along the right bank of the Trrawell, or, to be more accurate, stumbling along animal tracks till we got back to the river, here a good forty paces broad. As we wanted to reach the base of the steep slopes of the Suk range of mountains, however, we decided to cross the river, and camped on the other side in a very stuffy wood on its bank.

We had been told that the natives living by the Trrawell were very skilful in catching ostriches and elephants, and had had our doubts about it, but here we came upon a convincing proof of the report in the form of an elephant trap set across a narrow path. This trap consisted of a very strong strip of raw

¹ I cannot refrain from adding that where the account of a later English traveller in these parts differs from mine, as given above, that account is not founded on truth.

buffalo-hide, one end firmly fastened to a tree trunk big and heavy enough to resist every effort of the captured animal to escape. The natives hunt elephants for the sake of their tusks and flesh. Strips of buffalo-hide spread out to dry and other tokens proved that we were near native hunters, who had probably fled at our approach.

On July 7 we camped, after an extremely arduous march along the slope of the mountain, by a beautiful mountain brook called the Sekere, in a now uninhabited district, though deserted dhurra plantations betrayed that it was only scarcity from the delay of the rains which had driven the natives to seek food elsewhere. We had had a very different experience lately, for we had been wetted through by the drippings from the bushes, and in the evening heavy showers quenched the last spark of humour left in our poor fellows, who, huddled about their fires, strove to keep up their spirits on their half rations.

An equally trying march along the picturesque mountain slopes brought us, the next day, to the settlement of Maricha. Close to our right rose an unbroken series of rugged mountains some 3,000 feet high, belonging to the Suk range, whilst on the east of the Trrawell plain the chain, running from north to south, narrowed to a breadth of some thirteen miles. The Trrawell, which here receives many brooks and rivulets, flows through a dark greyish-green, impenetrable, and uninhabited primæval forest, which, however, evidently harbours a great many elephants, as the natives have quantities of ivory for sale every year.

Maricha is situated on a little stream, which just now was much swollen. It is peopled by Suk, who devote themselves chiefly to the cultivation of dhurra, but the corn still stood unripe in the fields, making us anxious about the state of the plantations further south; the more that all the wild fruit, berries, and edible weeds would be sure to have been picked

by this time. But as yet we had no suspicion that this late harvest was the first the poor natives had had for a very long time, and that they had been wrestling with all the horrors of famine. Maricha, we were now told, meant a wretched village of starving people, but in Weiwei, the next settlement, we should find dhurra plantations stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

With this hope we led our hungry men through the dripping bush, along a lateral valley of the range, noting, as we went, signs of a denser population, the huts of the natives clustering in little groups at the edge of the steep mountain slopes, whilst the plains were entirely occupied by dhurra plantations. But the corn in this much loftier district than Ngaboto was not nearly ripe, and the men tramped on with less and less spirit through the still perfectly green fields.

We camped near the Weiwei brook at a height of 3,282 feet, with rugged mountain slopes shutting in the view on the south and west, whilst on the south-west we got a peep of the ravine through which the little stream makes its way to the plain, and beyond that plain of the highlands stretching further away westward.

In accordance with the custom of trading caravans, we notified our arrival by three shots fired in the air, which were caught up and repeated in wonderful echoes in the mountains hard by. But very few natives came to visit us, and those few wretched-looking, half-starved creatures. One of them had still three juicy stalks of dhurra in his hand, and offered them to us for sale, as if they had been some choice bunch of exotic flowers. In spite of our offering wire stuffs and beads for the three stalks, the man took them away with him again, for here too tobacco was the only current coin.

Our position was now, as the reader will have guessed from the preceding pages, pretty well desperate. Our men had

supported life with the greatest difficulty for weeks; many had succumbed to their privations, and all were terribly pulled down. Buoyed up with the hope that when we got to Suk we should find plenty of food, they had struggled bravely on, and here, at the very threshold of the promised land, we were face to face with the fact that it too contained nothing for the support of a caravan.

The day was passed in an earnest discussion as to what we should do. The idea was even mooted of simply plundering our way through to Nyemps, but that would have been to close the district altogether to the little caravan, which had, as we knew, gone to Ngamatak, and we soon gave up that wild scheme. Finally it was decided to send a contingent of men southward to make inquiries as to how things were there, whilst we ourselves should try to open relations with the cattle-breeding Suk living on the Kerio. As to how we were to live in the interval we had not the slightest idea, and the men who had gone out to seek for wild berries, &c., came back empty-handed. The next morning sixty men, under the care of two Somal, set off southward, and we remained in camp in dreary inaction, waiting for what fate should have in store for us.

The continued misfortune with which our heels had lately been dogged had, for the moment, quite crushed us, and we did not even attempt to hunt, for we remembered our previous experiences on the Trrawell, and felt sure we should find no game. What our men lived on during this time of waiting is a mystery to us, but they certainly had a good bit of dhurra in the camp, although we had strictly forbidden them to take any from the fields. The natives, however, made no complaints to us on that score.

Before I continue my narrative I must give my readers a short account of what we learnt about the Suk, in whose country we now found ourselves.

Their language belongs to the Nilotic stock. They call themselves *Eaupe* and *Gurut*, but whether these names are merely distinctive terms for two different portions of the inhabitants, or whether one means the sedentary and the other the nomad people, we were unable to ascertain.



A SUK MAIDEN.

The district occupied by the Suk lies between $0^{\circ} 50'$ and $1^{\circ} 50'$ N. latitude. It is bounded on the west by the Suk range of mountains, and on the east by two parallel chains of heights.

Half the Suk are nomad cattle-breeders, the other half

sedentary agriculturists, cultivating chiefly dhurra, gourds, and tobacco. Probably they were all originally cattle-breeders, but were driven to agriculture through loss of cattle from disease. The sedentary Suk are restricted to the eastern slopes of the mountain, and dwell in pretty little round huts made of hewn tree trunks with a conical thatch of dhurra stalks. Most of their settlements are rather hamlets than villages. The nomad live on either side of the valley watered by the Kerio, between the parallel chains of mountains on the east. They own cattle, goats, sheep, many of the latter with black heads, donkeys, and a few camels, the last-named probably stolen from the Turkana. The nomad Suk are, in fact, very bold raiders, the terror of the whole neighbourhood, even the Masai standing in some awe of them. They dwell in kraals containing numerous huts made of brushwood and plaited osiers, and enclosed within a thorn hedge.

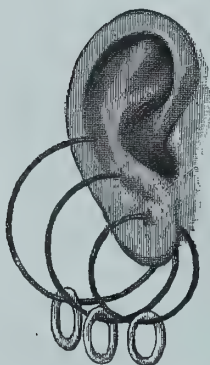
The Suk, especially the nomads, who are better developed than the sedentary agriculturists, greatly resemble the Masai in general appearance.

The sedentary Suk wear a dressed goat-skin, which they wrap round them; the nomads are content with a little apron of tanned goat-skin, resembling that worn by the Turkana. The young men wear their hair in the chignon style, whilst the older Suk either let it grow naturally or fluff it out into the bag form already described, which is, however, especially affected by the nomads. The girls have the hair shaved close to the head on both sides, leaving a ridge in the middle, like the comb of a cock, which was certainly the prettiest style of head-dress we met with amongst negro tribes.

Male Suk are circumcised in the Mahomedan manner. Both sexes have the lower lip pierced for the insertion of a little brass rod or plaque; but their only other ornaments are a few rings in the ears, a couple of strings of beads round the

neck, and some twists of copper wire worn as bracelets. Their weapons are spears of an inferior quality, bows and arrows, shields of buffalo-hide, and round knives worn in Turkana fashion round the wrist. Their wooden arrow-points are merely hardened by fire.

We found the Suk quiet, friendly people, and were told by traders that it is quite safe for small caravans of forty or fifty men to penetrate into the agricultural districts to buy ivory. When Jumbe Kimemeta visited Suk in 1884, however, the people behaved in a very much less peaceable manner, and the reform in that respect is mainly due to the firmness with which their insolent bearing was met on that occasion.



SUK EAR ORNAMENT.

Although it is supposed that the nomad Suk living by the Kerio have plenty of ivory, traders have not yet come in contact with them. They do not trust them, and for that reason eagerly watched our bold attempt to open friendly relations with them. We had asked these nomads through the intermediary of some natives to bring animals for sale to the camp, and on the third day, to our great delight, a few appeared bringing sheep with them. Of course we received them in a most friendly manner, loaded them with presents, and promised them all manner of good and beautiful things. We knew we had made a really favourable impression upon them when they replied, 'Your words are sweet in our ears; they are as comforting as the rubbing of fresh fat upon the limbs after they have been washed, or as milk when one awakes of a morning to find it ready to fill the empty stomach. We have plenty of oxen, goats, sheep, camels, and ivory. We on our part want your medicines; we want donkeys, of which we are

told you have more than you need. Lose no time, then, and come to us.'

As the contingent we had sent on to Wendo or Ndevu had not yet returned we had to resist our longing for the fleshpots on the Kerio. But when our people came back the next morning, telling us that for many weary days' journey there was nothing but *mtama mbitschi kabissa* (quite unripe dhurra), and



A SUK SHAURI.

that all they had to eat had been a few wretched wild berries and mushrooms, we hastened to be off.

Under the guidance of our newly found friends, the first march on July 14 along the base of an easterly spur of the Suk range brought us to Chemtuléll, a settlement on a little brook bordered by dhurra plantations. Here, four years ago, the natives had tried to prevent Jumbe Kimemeta from going further north ; but all was peace now.

The next day a short march brought us to Kivas. Our men already showed such evident signs of exhaustion that we decided to remain here for a time. The kraal was at present deserted, and there were no dhurra plantations, but various tokens proved that the wanderings of the nomad Suk had lately led them as far west as this.

As on the day before, we were much harassed by heavy rain, which increased during the night, and of course did little to restore the drooping spirits of our men. Their melancholy condition was forcibly brought home to us the next morning, for when we were preparing to start we found one-third of the caravan missing, and Qualla came to explain to us that the defaulters had gone off in the night to get dhurra. The rain had prevented their starting before midnight, so that they had not as usual slipped into camp again unnoticed before daybreak. Presently they trooped wearily in, drenched and miserable, but each with a good bundle of unripe dhurra under his arm. This episode rather complicated our relations with our guides, who were now a little unwilling to have anything to do with such dangerous visitors; but when they remembered that the Suk and the people of Ndevu from whom the dhurra was stolen were not on very good terms, they decided to stick to us, for their people rather rejoiced than otherwise over the misfortunes of their neighbours on the south.

We were not really off till about nine o'clock, the path leading us at first in an easterly direction away from the base of the mountain, and nearly along the water-parting between the Ttrawell and the Kerio. The district was rich in bush and isolated trees which, just then in full flower, filled the moist air with their scent. The slopes of the mountain were, however, draped with fog, and the sky was covered with heavy clouds; in a word, the dreary rainy season had begun, and it was hard work walking on the sodden, slippery ground. In three hours

we reached the dense vegetation marking the course of the Kerio, and noted several signs that we were near a village, though we met no natives or cattle. Our guides had often consulted eagerly together apart by the way, and now they all deserted us but one, who led us to a ford of the river, told us to camp on the other side, and then in his turn took himself off. We never saw any of them again.

The Kerio was here from forty to fifty paces broad, and some three feet deep, but the crossing was easily and rapidly accomplished, and we were soon encamped beneath beautiful trees on the further bank. Very soon heavy rain began to fall, converting the river into a foaming, rushing torrent which we could not possibly have crossed. This was what the Suk, who really were afraid of us, had reckoned on, and here we were cut off from their village and from all supplies; left to our fate in fact.

All doubt on this point was soon set at rest. The Burkeneji women who had joined the Elmoio in our camp, had gone to the kraal to get milk directly after our arrival in camp, and were unable to return to us on account of the rise of the river. Towards sunset, however, they came to the ford and shouted out to us that we must not expect any help from the Suk, who were thankful to get rid of us, and very glad that the river had parted us from them in so complete a manner.

A heavy downpour of rain, converting the lowlands around us into swamps, kept us where we were for the present, and we felt that the time was approaching when our caravan would be converted into a mere horde of reckless plunderers. But after all, we were to learn of what heroic stuff many of our men were made in this time of trial. Maktubu and Muhinna wadi Kidiwa especially distinguished themselves. They suggested flinging a rope across the river to keep up a connection with the dhurra plantations. A dozen times they tried to swim

across the rushing torrent, taking a thin line with them to begin with; but again and again they were swept down by the strength of the current, or sucked into some whirlpool, so that we almost gave them up for lost. At last, however, they succeeded in their bold attempt. A strong line was made taut, and after many hours of hard work a few of the bravest of our men were got across the river, and we were able to console ourselves with the thought that if everything else failed we should at least be able to get some unripe dhurra.

Some of the rest of the men went off to explore the right bank of the river, as we were quite in the dark as to whether it was or was not inhabited, and were anxious to ascertain what were our chances of food and guidance for our further journey. They soon came back with the news that they had come upon some nomad Suk, who had pointed out the smoke from a cattle kraal. It was too late to go to the kraal, but the news filled us with fresh hope; it was a last straw at which we eagerly clutched.

The thefts committed by our men in the Wendo plantations were detected, and led to a struggle with the natives in which showers of arrows were discharged, one man only being seriously wounded in the abdomen, and he recovered completely. Not a shot was fired on our side.

Meanwhile the condition of our men, half starved and continually drenched as they were, grew rapidly worse, and on the morning of July 19 the Count determined to start again, although a dozen of our people had been missing for two days. We had seen not a sign of the Suk nomads, to whom we looked for our salvation, but the Burkeneji women had come several times every day to the edge of the river to gaze longingly at us, without being able to screw up their courage to attempt the transit. But at last, when they saw they were in danger of being left behind with the Suk, they decided to trust themselves

to the foaming torrent. Maktubu, ever ready to lend a helping hand, went to meet them at the most dangerous part, but before they could reach him their strength failed them, they let go the rope, and, in spite of every effort on the part of Maktubu and others, they were swept away before our eyes.

Heavy rain prevented our starting before nine o'clock on the 19th, but it held up a little then and we set forth once more. Ten men were still missing, but we dared not risk the lives of the whole party by further delay. We pushed on in an easterly



DEATH OF THE TWO BURKENEJI WOMEN.

direction, now through fresh green bush thickets, now over flooded meadows, to the undulating base of the chain of hills running parallel with the Kerio, and camped in the afternoon by a little brook in a wood. I had been taken ill with rapidly increasing fever at the beginning of the march and suffered dreadfully all the way, so that I was scarcely sensible when I at last got into camp. Three natives whom we had met had told us that the kraal we were seeking belonged to a chief named Yarra, and was the only one in the neighbourhood.

In spite of the continuous downpour of rain natives soon began to come in, and though the Count was too tired to receive them he had an unusual number of presents given to them. The next day we remained where we were, sending Qualla with a few men to the kraal with different articles of barter to try and open a market with the natives. They soon returned, having accomplished next to nothing. The people of the village offered to let us have two oxen, one in exchange for some medicine to cure the prevailing murrain amongst the cattle, the other for a she-ass. They did not mean to trade further with us.

This was our position after living for nine and twenty days on berries, weeds, half-ripe figs, acacia resin, birds' nests, mushrooms, and unripe dhurra! Our powers of self-denial were exhausted at last, and we had to save the lives of our two hundred men at whatever cost to ourselves or others.

There could no longer be any doubt as to what we ought to do. We must take the cattle we needed from the natives by force, and the only thing to be considered was how to do so in the least offensive manner. We finally decided upon the following plan. To begin with we shifted our camp higher up the mountain and nearer the village, discovering in so doing that one-third of our men were almost too weak to move. The caravan was then divided into two parts; the strongest of the men, nineteen in all, were to be left in camp with Qualla, who was to make a raid upon the natives, whilst the rest were to go on with the Count.

To relieve the weakest of the porters, the thirty donkeys without loads were provided with Somal pack-saddles, which were stitched up as quickly as possible. The loads were transferred to them, and the suffering men were sent on well in advance to be out of the way in case of reprisals.

Early the next morning we proceeded to carry out this

well-considered plan. The Count started with the disabled men, I being carried in a hammock, and we struggled on for two days in a south-easterly direction up the gently ascending slope of the mountain to the saddle, beyond which we halted to wait for Qualla and his booty.

Count Teleki had to bear the terrible responsibility of these few days alone, for I was completely prostrated by fever. I will quote a few extracts from his journal :—

‘*July 22, 1888.*—We started late through having so many animals to load. The march, three hours long, was over the saddle of the mountain chain. At mid-day we suddenly came upon a little herd of zebras in a wood, and glad indeed was I to shoot three, which provided us with food for the day. The next day men and loads were lying here, there, and everywhere, and were only collected and got under way again by degrees. Heavy rain in the afternoon. Not till midnight were we all together again. Two loads were lost; three men died.

‘*July 23.*—Climbed the pass, the vanguard in little more than half an hour, whilst the rest of the caravan took till one o’clock to do the same distance. But for the efforts of the Somal and our own men, who were equal to every emergency, and the game secured yesterday, we should have lost half our party here. We camped at five o’clock, but it was eleven at night before every one was in.’

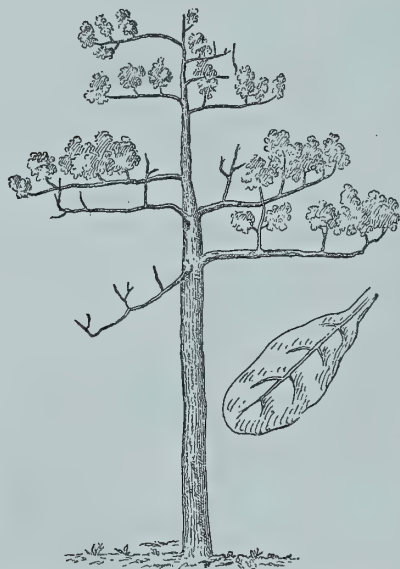
There is a complete gap in my own journal here.

After raging for five days, during which my temperature was very high, the fever suddenly left me, but I was still so weak that I could hardly stand.

We were now at the foot of a slope beside a little stream. The soil was stony, and, unlike the fertile western sides of the mountain chain, bore only thorny bushes, cacti of different kinds, aloes, euphorbias, and other plants characteristic of barren districts. We met with one tree here which we saw

nowhere else, and of which I give a sketch. The branches, standing out stiffly from the stem, struck us as especially noticeable. But for the leaf being different, this tree resembled a conifer.

The day passed over in anxious expectation, and we gazed eagerly and ceaselessly towards the pass through which Qualla



SKETCH OF A PECULIAR TREE MET WITH
IN SUK. LEAF NATURAL SIZE.

must come to bring the longed-for supplies. The three zebras had been devoured, skin, bones, and all, and hour after hour passed on without a sign of the relieving force. But at last towards evening the joyful sound of signal shots reached us from the distance, and a little later we saw cattle, goats, and sheep filing down the mountain slope towards us. Soon the valley echoed with the lowing of the cattle and the joyful shouts and friendly chatter of the men as they exchanged greetings and news.

Qualla had accomplished the raid before daybreak, when the cattle were still all together in the kraal. On the sudden onset of our men, who began by driving off the herds minding the cattle, the natives, roused from their sleep, fled away in terror, so that no fighting took place in the village. The cattle were then driven off, Qualla following with a few men at a little distance to protect the rear. Not until two hours afterwards did the natives rally and pursue our men with the stolen cattle. They rushed boldly on, some two hundred in number, till they were about fifty paces off the rear-guard, but they could not stand

against the shots with which they were greeted, and soon turned tail. Not one of the numerous arrows fired at our men told home, but a porter was severely wounded in the heat of combat by a shot from one of our own guns. The men got back to their camp unhindered, and Qualla, expecting that the natives would attack him again in greater force, remained where he was till the next day, thinking he could fight better there than on the road. But he was left unmolested, the Suk not venturing to appear again.

Our present position was very unfavourable for resisting an attack, so we shifted camp the next morning, two and a half hours further to the south-east. Here we rested for a day, and allowed our men to enjoy the superfluity we had succeeded in obtaining. But for many of them relief had come too late, and they gradually sank, although they were never again without plenty of meat.

We were now on the eastern side of the range in a wild mountain district of volcanic origin, cut across by valleys running in a south-westerly direction. Exactly to the north of our camp rose the loftiest peak of the range, the Doenye Silali of Thomson, some 6,000 feet high, the name of which we were not in a position to verify. On the east this range falls in perpendicular walls, and is flanked by rugged mountain masses separated from the main system by deep fissures running in a southerly direction, which appear to bear witness to great volcanic convulsions.

Pushing southward through a valley running parallel with the Kerio, we reached the next day a little stream, which rises in Kamasia and terminates in the salt steppe of Súkuta.

The following march led us over a mountain ridge to the northern base of the Erre mountains, and during it we got our first glimpse of the gleaming surface of Lake Baringo. Our hearts and those of our men bounded with delight, as if we

were once more in sight of home, when the familiar features of the well-known landscape gradually stood out before us. Two more hours of rapid marching only separated us from Nyemps now, and we hurried on as fast as possible alongside of the huge column-like rocks shutting in the western side of Lake Baringo, camping on its shore on July 29. The following afternoon we reached the bank of the Guaso Nyuki, at the spot whence we had started 166 days before. Our long task was accomplished at last.

CHAPTER VI

RETURN FROM LAKE BARINGO TO THE COAST

From July 30 to October 28, 1888

Rest at Nyemps—Start for home—Across the hunting grounds on the Guaso Nyuki—Along the Subugia and the Dondole Mountains to Lake Naivasha—In the Highlands of Leikipia—Amongst the Kikuyu once more—In sight of Kibo—Through Ukambani—Description of Ukambani and its people—Crater district south of the Julu range—In Taveta—To Zanzibar—Conclusion.

WE devoted nine days to rest. Worn out both physically and mentally, we employed this time in thinking over all we had gone through, or in chatting with the ivory traders and natives. The latter annoyed us a good deal by their attempts to steal our animals, but our threat of leaving them if the thefts were continued brought them to reason and restored peace.

Soon after our arrival a big caravan entered Great Nyemps under the leadership of a Mombasa Arab named Addullah. A good many visits were exchanged and there were plenty of topics of conversation. This party had been to Ngongo Bagás by way of Ukambani, and then at the request of Kijanja, the former manager of Jumbe Kimemeta's caravan, whom the reader will remember, they had followed our footsteps through Kikuyuland. They had found the natives peaceful and obliging. Our transit of that district had had good results, opening to trade a wide tract of country, which had previously been shunned as if plague-stricken.

Caravans from Mombasa generally combine trading in slaves with collecting ivory. Pangani caravans also sometimes

take a few slaves with them, but they are generally domestic servants, not articles of barter. We were told that on the way from the coast to Lake Baringo, Addullah had bought some 200 slaves. They were most likely natives of Ukambani and Kikuyuland, but it was impossible to get to the rights of the matter as all our questions on the subject were evaded.

As a matter of course, caravans trading in slaves as well as ivory attract a great many more doubtful characters than those buying ivory only, and we were therefore not at all surprised to find several notorious persons amongst Addullah's people. Here, for instance, was the well-known Sadi of Baron von der Decken, New, and Thomson. Jumbe Kimemeta had pointed out the man to us, so that we knew with whom we had to deal when the grey-bearded old rascal humbly came to kiss our hands. If Sadi had met with the recompense he so richly deserved, he would not have been quite so ready to pay his respects to another European.

The dhurra was still unripe round Nyemps, and famine was prevalent in Kamasia, so that we were entirely dependent on our live stock for food. We were also compelled to kill the oxen as soon as possible, as they were all suffering from disease. Every day one or another succumbed, and only portions of those we slaughtered were fit to eat, the whole of the lungs and organs connected with them being converted into a loathsome yellow pulp. So Nyemps had nothing to offer us but rest and quiet, and our animals melted away like snow beneath the mid-day sun.

The dreary months now left behind us had all but exhausted our powers of endurance. Our bodies, too, bore witness to all we had undergone, and Count Teleki, who had weighed 238 lb., was now but little over 141 lb. We had no desire for further adventures, and decided to go home. Consideration for our brave little body of men necessitated the choosing of the easiest

possible route, and we elected to go by way of Lake Naivasha and across Kikuyuland and Ukambani to Taveta.

On the morning of August 9 we wished the Wanyemps farewell. Wending our way by familiar paths, we pushed on southward through the valley of the hot springs and brooks, visited Lake Hannington once more, cut across the ridges, now clothed with fresh green blossoming bushes, and by easy marches reached the upper course of the Guaso Nyuki on the third day, not far from the spot where, half a year ago, we had lingered for several weeks to hunt. During the last stage we passed quantities of game, and without leaving the path brought down two zebras, two buffaloes, one rhinoceros, and one gazelle. We meant to give up the next day to hunting, so after a late start and one and a half hour's march only, we halted again.

The Count and I thought we would now pay a visit to 'our oxen' on the upper course of the Guaso Nyuki; so, accompanied by a few men, we passed the site of our old camp, the bleaching bones all around bearing witness to Count Teleki's erewhile hunting feats, and scaled the group of hills near to which he brought down his first elephant. He was just graphically relating one of his hunting adventures here when a rhinoceros came dashing towards us. Not one of our men budged an inch, not one dreamt of firing, and the quarry fell at the first charge from the Count's weapon.

A few minutes later we were on the brow of the loftiest hill, and could look down upon the whole extent of the game park. As before, thousands of buffaloes were roaming to and fro, rhinoceroses were standing or lying about in the grass, elands, zebras, and gazelles were grazing in charming groups at the edge of the leleshwa jungle, whilst ostriches were marching proudly about in the open steppe, and crested cranes were standing in a rain pool or, with much shrieking, taking short flights and re-lighting. It was still early, and the buffaloes

were all out in the open steppe. It was impossible to stalk them, so we merely approached them, keeping in the right direction for them to get wind of us, trusting to their curiosity to arouse them. The first attempt was successful, for the herd soon became uneasy and took to flight. A shot fired by the Count into their midst, at a distance of no less than 300 paces, had yet force enough to break the hind leg of a powerful bull, which fell out of the herd and galloped slowly off in the direction of two rhinoceroses. There was no fear of the animal eventually escaping us, and as another herd was approaching



BUFFALO HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYUKI.

us from a different direction we gave up following our quarry for the present. This second herd advanced rapidly upon us, though the ground between us and them was as flat as a barn, and it was a fine sight to see the huge beasts moving on like a mighty black phalanx. We remained perfectly still till they were within 200 paces of us, when they gradually slackened their speed, evidently quite at a loss to make out the meaning of the unusual apparition. We waited till they were yet another fifty paces nearer, and then, thinking it time to bestir ourselves, fired shot after shot into the closely packed mass of

bodies. To our surprise the buffaloes stood the charge quietly, and not until the eighth shot did they turn to flee. At the twelfth they were all beyond range, except a cow wounded to death and four bulls badly injured, which separated from the herd and withdrew into the leleshwa jungle. We gave them time to succumb to their injuries, and now followed the first bull wounded. He awaited us in the open steppe at a distance of about 1,000 paces, with uplifted crest and defiant air, evidently quite ready for a battle, but of course presenting a first-rate target for our powerful weapons. On our way to him we had an opportunity of killing two rhinoceroses, so that our game-bag to-day included five big animals. As this was more than enough, we gave up the dangerous task of following the other wounded buffaloes into the thicket.

The next day's march brought us to Miwiruni, where we stopped three days. We then shifted our camp a little further south to the upper course of the Miwiruni brook, near the base of the Subugia mountains, where we remained until August 20. We made this long halt to enable Jumbe Kimemeta's people, who, when we left Nyemps, had gone into Kamasia to buy corn, to catch us up. Enervated by our protracted stay in the low-lying districts on Lake Rudolf, we now suffered not a little from cold. Miwiruni is 5,653 feet above sea-level, and the altitude of our present camp was 7,375 feet. Moreover it often rained, a bitterly cold wind blew from the south, and the heavy clouds reminded us of November at home. Wrapped in warm clothes, however, we were able to some extent to enjoy the fresh green vegetation of this misty highland region; but our men were freezing with the temperature at from $+ 8^{\circ}$ to 12° Centigrade, and longed to be on the move again. The cool weather, however, braced us Europeans up, and re-awoke our exploring ardour, so that we really felt not at all indisposed to carry out our original plan and visit Mau, Elmaran, Ndasekere, Seringet, and Umbugwe.

Our camp was on the northern frontier of the Masai district of Kinangop, and crowds of moran and their dittos very soon appeared and entertained us with singing and dancing. Very cordial relations were soon established with them, partly because of our extraordinary lavishness in gifts, and partly because we had done their most dangerous enemies, the Suk, a bad turn. From early morning till late evening the camp swarmed with friendly warriors and confiding women, who seemed to have a kind of awe and reverence for us leaders. We were, therefore, all the more disappointed when, as we were about to start on the morning of August 20, we missed one of our best Masai spears.

We pushed on along the base of the Subugia mountains by a path overgrown with fresh, now dew-besprinkled steppe grass, through charming scenery, having on our left the dark, luxuriantly wooded slopes, whilst on the right not a bush or shrub intercepted our view, the landscape stretching away to the equally lofty but less rugged Mau escarpment, the southerly continuation of the Kamasia range. Between the Subugia mountains and this escarpment lay a valley, apparently the result of subsidence, some thirteen miles broad, in which we noted several interesting minor features. Here, amongst luxuriant masses of reeds and rushes which rose up distinctly from their less highly coloured surroundings, we lost sight of the four little streams which at this time of year trickle down the mountain slopes, whilst now and then we got a glimpse of the gleaming Nakuro Sekelai, a little bitter-water lake fed by a tributary from the south. On our previous march we had noticed at the northern end of this lake a low, broad hill, the central portion of which appeared to have subsided.

The district was well peopled, and tenanted by numerous herds of cattle. We also saw a good many buffaloes and zebras. We camped by a brook near a big moran kraal, from which

a stream of men and women issued directly we arrived. We would not, however, let them into the camp, as we did not want to have any more things stolen. The natives, knowing nothing of the previous theft, of course thought us very unfriendly; but they soon had an opportunity of changing this opinion, for three hours later some fifteen moran appeared from the other kraal, one carrying our lost spear, another the handle of a second spear, a third a string of beads, a fourth an empty brandy flask, a fifth a broken shovel, a sixth an empty jam-pot—all things stolen from us, but none of which, except the spear, had been missed. The Lygonani of the party made endless apologies, and entreated us to believe that he was guiltless of the theft. Of course we were mollified by this proof of respect, and the party were sent back loaded with presents.

We were told here that the whole district surrounding the bitter lake is called Nakuro, and that Sekelai is the name of the Masai who formerly dwelt in this district. A few years previously a bitter struggle had taken place between the Sekelai and the rest of the Masai, in which the former were worsted and driven off, taking refuge in Mundi, a forest district in the highlands on the west.

The next morning we pushed on again. Heavy banks of cloud brooded over the valley and lay on the dark wooded mountain slopes, giving the landscape anything but a tropical appearance. The path led us close by the moran kraal, near to which we had camped, to a ford over the now swollen Guaso Nagut. The cattle of the natives had not yet been driven to pasture, and in spite of our peaceable behaviour we were evidently not quite trusted, as the kraal was in a state of defence. In every nook and corner bristled spears, whilst sulky faces gazed out upon us. The warriors were, in fact, so anxious to put the river between us and them that they even helped over the goats and sheep, which were timid about entering the water.

On this march leleshwa jungle, which we had not seen since we left our Miwiruni camp, occurred here and there.

We camped on the Guaso Laraschat, a tributary of the Guaso Nagut, at a place called Malago Mbaruk, after a trader, who, in 1875 or 1876, was for no apparent reason slain, with some 400 of his men, by the Leukops or Wakwafi of Leikipia. On our way there we were met by Lelgos, the Masai Leibon of Kinangop, who, like Lekibes, however, is not a true-bred Masai, but a Mkwafi from the Guaso Ngishu. Lelgos may pride himself on having been the most corpulent black man we ever saw. He behaved in a friendly, modest manner, and appeared to be highly esteemed by his people. He had made acquaintance with Dr. G. Fischer when the latter was on his way back to the coast from Kavirondo, and he brought us a little bottle full of some colourless liquid given to him by the doctor, to ask us what the medicine was good for. Dr. Fischer had told him, but he had forgotten.

Our next march led us past the salt Lake Angata Nairogwa to the little Kekupe stream. This second lake is rather smaller than its neighbour on the west, its coast-line is more indented with bays and creeks, and the surrounding districts are more picturesque. It is fed by the Guaso Nagut and the Guaso Kekupe, bounded on the east by the Dondole mountains, and on the south by a number of rugged spurs of the Doenye Buru or steam mountain. The neighbourhood is inhabited by Masai and Wandorobbo, who left us unmolested, as they had but just returned from the pastures of Angata Bus, and were busy with their own affairs.

The next march led us over a steep spur of the Doenye Buru connecting it with the Dondole mountains, to the Naitolea stream. On our way we were stopped by a number of Masai with heifers, he-goats, milk, ox-hides, and tobacco, which they wished to sell to us or exchange for she-goats and ewes.

From the top of the spur we were crossing we, for the first time, saw Mounts Kinangop and Goyito, the two loftiest heights of the Aberdare range, which rise apart from the main chain on the west, and appear to be isolated mountains, the former with rounded summits, the latter with a picturesque chaos of rocky peaks.

Our ridge sloped gently southward, and the path led through beautiful pastures, with grass as short and smooth as if it had just been mown, succeeded presently by a light leleshwa jungle. The district is called Angata Elgek, or the firewood plain, because nearly all the trees in it are dead, their bleached branches sticking stiffly out, whilst the ground is strewn with stems and twigs. Leleshwa shrub, which grew here and there to the height of a tree, was the only vegetation. Some specimens, not unlike the European olive tree, were as much as thirty feet high, with stems about twelve inches in diameter, but these tree-forms have less foliage than the shrubs, and the leaves are smaller. The whole Angata Elgek district bore unmistakable traces of a great conflagration, and we were quite at a loss to understand why Thomson assigned quite a different reason for the peculiar appearance of the trees.¹ The swampy lower course of the Naitolea brook is called the Gilgil, and flows into Lake Naivasha, the whole of the gleaming surface of which was spread out before us on this march. When we reached it, the brook was but a few feet wide, but too deep for us to wade through it. We therefore remained on the right bank, in the hope that the water might sink before the next morning, or that we should find a ford. Some Masai on the further bank knew of no ford, and this little brook would have delayed us a long time, but, to our

¹ Thomson says, in *Through Masailand*, p. 200, last edition: 'The marvellous numbers of dead trees . . . seemed to have died from natural causes. What these causes can have been I cannot say . . . probably the strange effect is due to either a change of temperature or alteration of the rainfall.'—TRANS.

delight, the water actually did sink during the night to a depth of about two feet only. The steep, slippery banks, however, made the transit difficult and tedious, and we were no sooner over than progress was stopped again by a number of Masai, who brought oxen and cows for sale. We got eight healthy oxen in exchange for twenty-four sheep and goats, and then pushed on over an undulating grass steppe to the Murenta stream, which, like the Naitolea, generally contains little water, but was now swollen in consequence of the almost daily rain. It was some thirteen yards wide and about six feet deep, with a very strong current, so that it brought us to a standstill. We had to camp on the right bank, and again trust to the sinking of the water or the discovery of a ford. This time after a long hunt we found the ford somewhat higher up stream, where the width was about twenty-one yards, but the depth not more than three feet. The crossing was accomplished the next morning without difficulty, in rather less than an hour, an incredibly short time when it is remembered that we had with us 200 heavily laden porters, fifty-five laden donkeys, twenty-five oxen, and 300 sheep and goats. Under ordinary circumstances half or a whole day would have been consumed over the transit, but now that we were on our way home after our arduous and protracted journey, the people, longing to be back with their wives and children, worked with quite eager enthusiasm. With a 'Hip hip hurrah!' the loads were flung from one shoulder to the other, and in double quick time everything was on the other side of the river.

Our further march was across a dusty plain opposite Lake Naivasha, dotted with a few isolated stunted trees, their cone-shaped crowns of leaves reminding us of the morio. We camped near two deserted Masai kraals swarming with fleas.

Lake Naivasha, which, in Masai dialect, means simply the lake, is more than 6,000 feet above the sea-level, and is the



CROSSING THE MURENTA.



loftiest of the series of sheets of water running in a southerly direction across the districts explored by us. It has no outlet, and the water is sweet and pleasant to the taste. On the east its shores are flat and sandy, on the north-east and north, where it receives the Murenta and Gilgil, they are overgrown with rushes, and on the south and west they are proportionately high and rocky. The districts on the west are called Ndabibi by the Masai, after a kind of clover which grows in them. From the south-eastern portion of the lake rise one large and two smaller reef-like islands, which give the impression of being the remains of a sunk and broken-up crater, of which the eastern portion has disappeared altogether. The northern end of the water appears to be swampy and overgrown with rushes. Lake Naivasha is far more picturesquely situated than Lake Baringo, flanked as it is on the north by the Doenye Buru, and on the south by Mount Lonongot or Lombatata, an extinct volcano nearly 2,000 feet high, with a perfectly preserved main crater and a secondary crater on the northern slope, belonging to the Mau escarpment.

As far as we could remember, Lake Naivasha was not placed in exactly the right position on the map of Africa, so I turned this opportunity to account, as well as I could in a rapid march past, by making sure of the bearings of thirty-six points in the immediate neighbourhood, and the place assigned to the lake in the map accompanying these volumes is the result of my observations.

We had a long march before us the next day, so we started before sunrise, first following the base of a low steep spur running alongside of the eastern shore of the lake, and then ascending a gentle grassy slope, reaching, after several hours' tramp, the saddle connecting the Doenye Lonongot with the eastern side of the plateau. Throughout this march we had constantly in sight the isolated Mount Suswa, an extinct volcano

equal in bulk to Mount Lonongot, the crater of which is, however, fractured, as well as the unmistakeable peaks of the Doenye Lamuyo and the more distant Doenye Erok la Kapotéi. The country was deserted now, but a number of empty villages and the well-trodden cattle-paths proved it to be the headquarters of the Masai at certain times of the year. We now turned towards the steep and rugged slopes of the Leikipia plateau, just then draped with heavy masses of rain-clouds, and halted for the night by the Guaso Kedong, at the base of the mountain. On our way we had met a party of Masai women from Seringeti, a district ten days' march from the Natron lake, who were going to Kikuyuland to exchange their tobacco for makate or natron.

Near our camp were what were probably the very oldest traces of human habitation in any district visited by us, viz., paths worn in the hard lava to a depth of from about eight to twenty inches by the feet of cattle and their drivers. Five or eight of these paths often run parallel with each other, as if the distance between them had been carefully measured.

Our next march led us in and out amongst the outlying spurs of the plateau to the Gitiligin stream, where the ascent begins. The Gitiligin rises in the highlands, and near our camp dashes down in a series of falls to join the Guaso Kedong, which, after a short further south-easterly course, disappears on Mount Suswa. The water of the Gitiligin is clear and lukewarm, the temperature being $+25^{\circ}$, whilst that of the atmosphere was 18° Centigrade. Like most of the rugged ravines of the Leikipia highlands, its banks were thickly wooded with luxuriant bush and trees, amongst the latter being one bearing a fruit resembling the medlar, with a delightful taste. The Swahili called it miwiru, and the name Miwiruni, so often given to camping-places, comes from it. Another edible fruit

of the size of a cherry which we found here reminded us of that of the Judas-tree.

We were now at a height of about 5,775 feet above the sea-level. Heavy clouds obscured the sky; the grass and bushes reeked with wet, and the position was anything but pleasant for the donkeys, goats, and sheep; the Turkana asses especially, used as they were to the hot dry climate of the desert, suffered greatly from the damp cold.

The next morning we climbed by a steep path to the plateau, which is dotted with low, densely-wooded heights running parallel with the edge, the ravines between being overgrown with tall grass. We took our altitude, and found it to be 6,885 feet. The whole landscape was draped in mist, which assumed fantastic forms; the coniferous and juniper-like trees, festooned with creepers, bent beneath the gusts of the strong north-east wind, which seemed to bear on its wings songs from our northern home, whilst the air was laden with the scent of all manner of flowers. We were in what appeared to us the most beautiful district we had seen on our long expedition, and if ever the dreams of European colonists are realised in Central Africa it will, without doubt, be on those portions of the Leikipia and Kenia plateau which are between 5,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea-level.

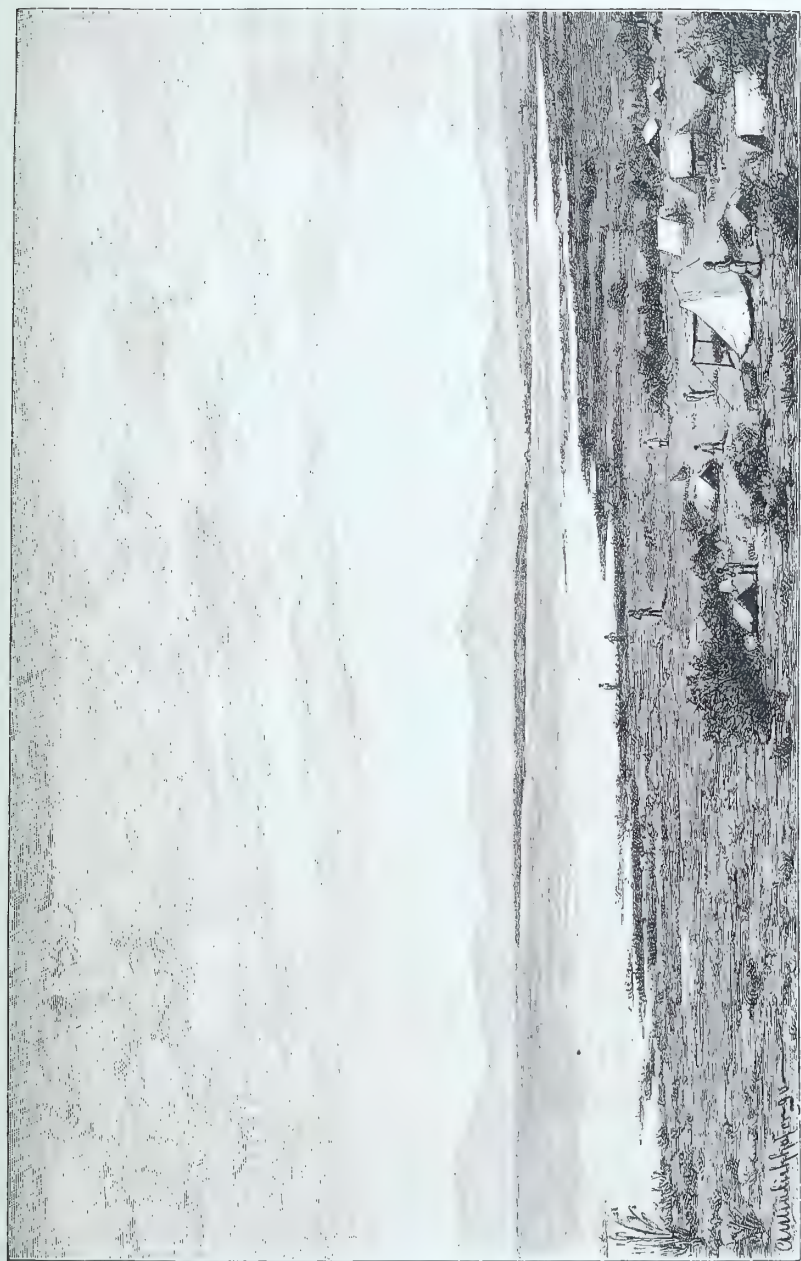
The march from the Gitiligin to the frontier of Kikuyuland is generally done by caravans in one day, but we halted half-way, in the open wilderness, on account of the rain, and did not get to the swamp on the borders, alluded to by Thomson, till the next morning, after tramping partly through tall steppe grass and partly through woods, winding up, however, by crossing a flat depression shut in by low treeless heights, which was apparently the bed of a dried-up lake. Here we met the first Wakikuyu, and heard once more, after a year's absence, the familiar shouts of *Kutire kimandaja!* and *Moratta!* which

now, instead of rousing anxiety and dismay, only suggested bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, maize, millet, and other good things.

These warriors had come to guard their frontier, and from the respect with which they received us it appeared that they remembered us. But we had hardly begun to move again when our attention was called to another party of about forty natives approaching us from the depression referred to above. Whether they were Masai or Kikuyu neither we nor our guide could tell, so the Count went off with one or two of our Kikuyu friends to ascertain. They turned out to be Masai moran on their way from Ngongo Bagás to Lake Naivasha. No wonder, when the route leads so near the frontier of Kikuyuland, that there are such constant collisions between its people and the Masai, and on this occasion a number of Wakikuyu at once started to watch the movements of their hereditary foes.

The swamp, which is at a height of 6,810 feet, is situated in the middle of a wood and is the source of many streams. As soon as we arrived a few natives appeared, but sweet potatoes were all they had to offer us, famine prevailing here as elsewhere. Our men still retained a good many goat and sheep skins saved from their rations, and these were now most useful, for the natives preferred them as payment to beads, wire, or stuffs. To men who had tasted nothing for months but meat, dhurra, and berries, sweet potatoes were of course a great treat, and the camp resounded on every side with cries of *Recha guatsche!* or 'Bring us potatoes!'

The news of our arrival soon spread, and one of the first to come to give us greeting was the manly young Terrere, whose able co-operation had done so much to aid our entrance into Kikuyuland the year before. His affection was not, however, really for us white men, but for Qualla, on whom he lavished the most tender expressions.



ON THE SHORES OF LAKE NAIVASHA.



Terrere told us that not a day had passed since we left without our being spoken of, for after the first fight with us the rain had stopped, the crops had died, the fruit had dropped off, expeditions against the Masai had miscarried ; in short, everything had gone wrong. All this the Wakikuyu said was the result of our curse, because they had received us hostilely, and their one desire was that we should return and remove that curse from their land. Daily they had gone to the frontier to see if there were any signs of us, and already things were a little better, there was promise of a good harvest, but everything except potatoes was still unripe. We should therefore not find very much to eat just now, but still it would be better for us to cut right across Kikuyuland on our way to Ukambani, than to go to Ngongo Bagás. Terrere wound up by assuring us that Kikuyuland was ours ; we could go to and fro in it as we liked ; there would be no more ‘ kimandaja ’ for us.

We stopped on the frontier for two days, and a good many of the moran with whom we had been on friendly terms before came to visit us, but neither Utahaj Uajaki nor any of the other moruu or samaki put in an appearance. During these two days plenty of potatoes, with a little sugar, tobacco, and natron were brought for sale.

On September 1, a very foggy morning, we crossed the little frontier wood and once more stood on the threshold of fertile Kikuyuland. As before, the natives came to meet us in crowds, but instead of spears they had green boughs in their hands, and the air resounded with the cry from many hundred voices of ‘ Kutire kimandaja ! ’

We chose a site for our camp near a village. Young and old at once set eagerly to work to collect brushwood, whilst others made holes in the ground with their swords, and in next to no time our fence was up. What a change had come over

these people! And how unfounded and false were now proved to be all the assertions made by wiseacres as to the harm our transit of the country had done! No matter what is said to the contrary, the fact remains that we ourselves did not shrink from paying two visits to Kikuyuland after the first, from which it is impossible to help concluding that our passage must have had anything but unfavourable results for later travellers!

There was a good deal of drunkenness now as before, and the natives had many a tussle amongst themselves. As with other hot-blooded swashbucklers, the sword would fly readily from the scabbard, and a more or less exciting duel would now and then take place. A few beads were also stolen once, but this did not trouble us in the very least. An hour later the thief was dragged in bound, and laid at our feet with the words, 'Do with him what you will!' Of course our will was to set him free.

The next afternoon Utahaj Uajaki appeared, bringing with him a sheep and a little honey and millet. He told us that there had been a rumour in Kikuyuland to the effect that we had every one of us been destroyed, but here we were again, he added, and very glad was he to see us.

We passed three delightful days amongst our Kikuyu friends, who came from far and near bringing plenty of poultry, honey, sugar-cane, fresh beans, &c., for sale. They also offered us slaves, including a pretty young woman with a baby at her breast, leading a little three-year-old boy by the hand. The owner was willing to sell the mother and baby, but wished to keep the boy for himself. Silently, and apparently indifferent to everything, the young woman awaited her fate, but the tears rolled down the little boy's fat cheeks on to his yet plumper body. Jumbe Kimemeta, to whom these beautiful wares were offered, had not the heart to separate the child from his

mother, and he had not goods enough to spare to bid for the boy too. Now as we had noticed that our Jumbe was always very good to his slaves, Count Teleki presented him with the balance necessary to buy the whole party, making it a condition that the family should be kept together. The total price was twenty rings of iron wire and twenty strings of Masai beads, of the value altogether of only about one dollar.

Kikuyuland is very narrow just here, and a march of three hours on September 3 brought us to the inner side of the wood on the eastern frontier, where we camped. The natives were just beginning to make a clearing with axe and fire, and all around us were the gleam and glow of burning wood, whilst the ground was encumbered with charred trunks and branches and strewn with still smouldering ashes.

There was no doubt as to the sentiments of the Wakikuyu when they watched us start the next morning. Up to the very last moment they kept pouring in, bringing more food than we could possibly use; they escorted us in numbers to the very edge of the outer boundary wood and eagerly removed every obstacle from our path, but for all that our progress was very slow till the frontier was crossed.

Of his own free will our little three-year-old slave-boy made a first-rate goatherd. With a zeal and skill which quite threw those of our grown men into the shade, he would follow the animals through thick and thin and keep them in capital order. He was such a jolly little chap that he quite cheered us all up, and we all grew fond of him. As a reward for the amusement he afforded us, the Count gave him a string of beads, telling him to go and buy anything he liked with it. Natives were standing about with long stalks of sugar-cane, beans, yams, green bananas, colocasia, &c. But what do you suppose the child chose to get? Without a moment's hesitation he trotted off to one of his former playfellows, who owned

a miniature shield made of bark, and a wooden spear, took them out of his hands, flung the beads round his neck in payment, and ran proudly off with his purchase to the goats, which had meanwhile strayed into the wood. Though it is generally said that all negroes are but grown-up children, there is no real childhood in Africa.

Leaving the wood, we entered a park-like district overgrown



OUR LITTLE GOATHERD.

with tall steppe grass. On the east we had an extended view of a vast steppe sloping gently towards the low chain of the Ulu mountains, which were our next goal. Heavy clouds, which our gaze strove in vain to pierce, obscured the landscape in the direction of Kenia, but far away in the south rose up a massive form of gleaming whiteness, which we recognised as the familiar Kibo. More than 120 miles still separated us

from it, and we could scarcely believe that we could really see the snow-clad summit of Kilimanjaro. But the solemn mass remained motionless and unchanged, rising up against the background of pale blue sky, and soon all doubt was removed. It was Kibo and none other, bidding us welcome once more, and hurriedly, lest the vision should fade, the compass was consulted, and the reading $9\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south by east was entered in our journals as eagerly as if we had discovered a new treasure. Of the thousands of bearings observed in the course of our Expedition this was the most important, as it enabled us to connect with an approximate amount of accuracy the map of the northern districts with that of the coast region.

A long, hot march over an undulating treeless steppe brought us the next day to the banks of the Kaya. This was without exception the most picturesque and extensive pastureland we had seen in the course of our travels, and it is characterised by Mr. F. J. Jackson as a 'Masai grazing ground'; but we rather doubt his being right, as we saw not a sign of the remains of a kraal anywhere. There were none but wild animals here now, and these included four lions, which were walking about so quietly and openly amongst the antelopes and gazelles, that we did not recognise them for what they really were till with uplifted tails they moved a little apart.

The Kaya rises as two small brooks, both called the Morio, in the Doenye Lamuyo, and receives several tributaries from Kikuyuland. After a short north-easterly course it makes a sudden bend southward in about 1° S. lat., and, rounding the Kyanjabi mountains, crosses Wakamba as the Azi, and flows into the Indian Ocean as the Sabaki, near Malindi.

The Kaya was from about thirty to thirty-six feet broad at the ford, and the water, which had here absolutely no current, was from about twelve to sixteen inches deep. Here and there

were deeper pools in which some hippopotami were wallowing, and Count Teleki shot one, which, however, he lost. The course of the Kaya is marked by a fringe of acacias, with fresh green luxuriant foliage, contrasting vividly with the monotonous yellow steppe. Thomson and Bishop Hannington both camped very near where we did, and Dr. J. Fischer crossed the river a little further north. As already stated, one of our men had been with Dr. Fischer, and it was from him that we obtained the information given above about the Kaya.

Leaving the banks of the Kaya, our route was now a continuous ascent in an easterly direction, and we noted the gradual transition from volcanic to metamorphic formations, great slabs and blocks of gneiss occurring here and there. Numerous herds of gnus were grazing on the grass-clad but treeless slopes of the Ulu mountains as we passed, and we also came upon three rhinoceroses, one of which the Count brought down.

We camped by the shallow, rock-encumbered channel of a stream, with water, some of which tasted quite brackish, in a few pools only.

The Wakamba, whose settlements we were now approaching, carefully watch their frontier to guard against surprise by marauding parties of Wakikuyu or Masai, and five warriors, armed with bows, arrows, and swords only, soon appeared in camp to inquire whence we came and whither we were going. Satisfied on these points, they went off again.

The next morning we scaled the ridge, on the slope of which we had camped, and then descended into a horseshoe-shaped valley open to the south but completely shut in on the north, where numerous plantations and herds of cattle, the rising smoke from kraals, and the trodden paths bore witness to our having reached a well-populated district; and soon numbers of natives came out to meet us. Expecting, as usual, to find a caravan of half-starved people, they had brought with them

ready cooked food, such as sweet potatoes, beans mixed with colocasia leaves, yams, &c. Probably for the same reason these Wakamba were much more free and easy than we should have expected; but the natives who are accustomed to deal with trading caravans are always more or less independent.

We were now in the north-western corner of Ukambani, in the district of Iveti, also still sometimes called Machako, after the recently deceased chief of that name.

A rugged, and once well-wooded, but now almost treeless, highland, Iveti varies in height from about 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea-level. Badly watered by a few little brooks only, which disappear after a very short course, the soil is yet fruitful, yielding plentiful crops of dhurra, maize, sugar-cane, colocasia, beans, bananas, sweet potatoes, yams, manioc, and gourds. The natives also own still healthy herds of fine cattle, fat sheep and goats, and plenty of poultry, but no donkeys. Quantities of butter and mutton fat were daily offered for sale. The Wakamba belong to the Bantu stock, and are a well-grown handsome race. The men are circumcised in the Mahomedan manner, and both sexes have the upper incisors sharpened to a point, the result of which is that their other teeth often decay or fall out. Their villages are small, and are all either on the mountain slopes or in ravines near the base—never in the open valleys.

These Wakamba are a very lively, noisy set of people, as we very soon had occasion to find out. First they made a fuss about the site we had chosen for our camp, which they said was too near their plantations, and then the hongo difficulty came up, the matter having, for want of a chief, to be settled with some sixty or seventy old men, who, in a very determined manner, demanded ivory and nothing but ivory. The fact is, these Wakamba often made trips to the coast themselves, going chiefly to Mombasa, to sell the ivory which they either get by

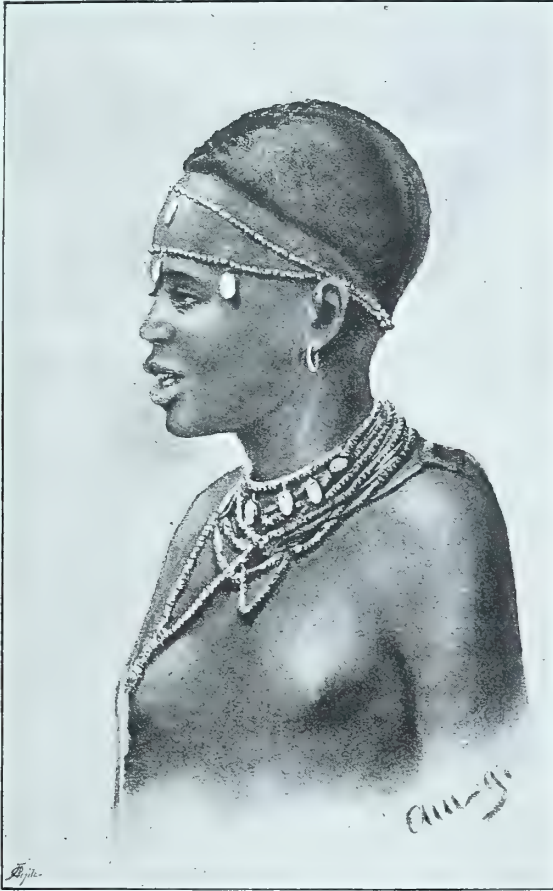
hunting or from half-starved home-returning caravans. Of course they are dreadfully fleeced in their transactions in towns, all manner of rubbish being palmed off on them; but they remain perfectly unconscious of that, and being imbued, like all peasants, with a full belief in their own cunning, they do not shrink from long journeys.

Of course we were not going to give them ivory, and, thinking that they could intimidate us, they began the usual *u-u-i* screaming, and drove the men and women with things for sale away. But Count Teleki ordered our interpreter to make the real state of things clear to them, and to warn them against any hasty action. This had the desired effect; there was no more shouting, no more crying out for ivory, and the camp soon resounded with the chatter of eager crowds of men, women, and children.

Intercourse with the coast has not at all destroyed the individuality of the Wakamba, and the inhabitants of Iveti, the district furthest removed from the seaboard, especially retain all their original tribal characteristics. But for their ornaments, which are numerous and pretty, the men go almost naked, wearing round their loins only a number of rows of mikufu or thin brass chains, or a girdle about a quarter of an inch thick made of fine twisted brass wire. On the legs, beginning at the ankles, are wound rows of white Masai beads from four to six inches deep, looking like socks. Bracelets and necklaces are also worn. Suspended from necklaces or fastened on the forehead we also noticed a few finely-chiselled round metal plaques of different sizes, resembling medallions, and betraying an artistic skill and taste far exceeding anything we had noticed elsewhere in Africa.

Wakamba weapons consist of bows, arrows, and swords only, the last differing from those used on Kilimanjaro in having shorter blades. To atone for the absence of spears,

shields, or guns, the arrows are of very superior make, and the Wakamba are first-rate archers. Arrows tipped with a very effective vegetable poison are used in hunting. The plain wooden cylinder-shaped quivers are decorated with ostrich



UKAMBANI MAIDEN.

feathers, and the sword or simé is not worn in a belt, as elsewhere, but suspended from a strap hung across the shoulders.

Very effective and tasty is the dress of the women and girls

of Ukambani. They cut away the hair except from the top of the head, what is left looking like a close-fitting skull cap. Every superfluous hair is removed with the aid of some little pincers worn round the neck. But for the various necklaces, the upper part of the body is left uncovered; round the waist is worn a girdle made of some fifty or sixty rows of blue beads of the size of a pea, and below this girdle hangs a little apron of gleaming home-made brass and iron beads, the whole forming a striking contrast to the velvet-like chocolate-brown skin, and giving the young girls a most picturesque appearance.

Older women wear a roughly-dressed kid-skin flung loosely over the left shoulder and fastened at the right side, whilst down their backs hangs a little piece of leather, sticking out like a swallow's tail.

Small thefts were frequent here, and in the night an attempt was actually made to carry off a big elephant tusk belonging to Jumbe Kimemeta. There were a good many disputes, too, between our men and the natives, and to avoid actual hostilities we thought it best to push on after one day's rest. We had now plenty of food, having bought, amongst other things, seven fat oxen and a good many sheep, goats, and hens. The usual price here for an ox is ten sheep or goats, or twenty rings of brass wire, five schuka of gamti, forty-nine strings of mikufu, and several strings of murtinarok beads, but really almost anything passed current amongst the Wakamba. The following was pretty well the order of value set upon ordinary articles of barter: Ivory, including the horns of rhinoceroses and hippopotami, thick brass wire, stuffs (gamti), natron (makate), axes (shoka), thin copper wire (mikufu), murtinarok and common Masai beads of all colours. Iron is very little sought after, brass being the metal generally used. In the absence of spears, iron is, of course, less needed, and the

axes in use are obtained in exchange for various articles of barter. Mikufu is made in the country itself.

Our march was now along a very rugged path in an easterly direction, through a broad and less shut-in valley than that we had left. There were fewer natives here, and these few were much more peaceably inclined, not a single dispute of any kind occurring. Our question, 'Where is Kenia?' was, to our surprise, answered by pointing in a southerly direction, but we discovered that the Wakamba call every mountain Kenia, and Kilimanjaro was the one indicated now. They distinguished it from other heights by merely adding *Kitschua tscheu*, or the white head, on account of its snow-clad peak. Unfortunately Kenia was completely hidden by clouds, but we could make out a low line of hills at its southern base, which the natives called the Eumumone mountains.

The next day we pushed on southward between two rugged, picturesque mountain slopes. The natives were all very friendly, and the boys were almost as full of fun as little Europeans, for they were playing at raiding, using sand balls in default of snow to fling at their enemies. We camped near a village, the chief of which, though he did not visit us, sent us two plump oxen.

Our next halting-place in the same valley was on the frontier of Ukambani, by a shallow, half dried-up stream. The natives here were at first timid and shy, but were soon reassured when they found what peaceable folk we were. They performed some dances for our amusement, using a stick with bells to beat time, the first musical instrument we had seen on our travels. It consisted of a hollowed-out piece of stem some three inches in diameter and three feet long, at the upper edge of which were fastened two rows of iron bells. This instrument was held vertically, and when the ground was struck with it, it gave out a dull sound, forming a kind of accompaniment to

the ringing of the bells. The dancers, who were all young men, stood in two rows opposite each other, and with legs outstraddled, swayed their bodies against each other, keeping time with the music and singing. At the end of each strophe they nodded their heads quickly up and down, their cheeks nearly touching those of their neighbours, looking very much as if they were going to eat each other.

Following the course of the same valley the next day, we arrived, after an exhausting march, at the frontier of the district of Kilungo, separated from Iveti by an uninhabited tract, the people of the two provinces being at deadly enmity with each other.

Kilungo, like Iveti, is mountainous, but, being nearer the coast, its general altitude is lower than that of the more northerly district. At Machako's village we were 5,469, and here only 3,937 feet above the sea-level.

Iveti consists chiefly of tilted-up gneiss strata, whilst in Kilungo the formations are nearly horizontal; the former district is characterised by a bright, often dazzling, red laterite soil, whilst in Kilungo the ground is covered with white, light yellow, or brown sand. There are fewer clearings in Kilungo than in Iveti.

The natives seemed very noisy and quarrelsome. During our march they tried first to scatter our flocks and herds by loud yells, and then to take possession of some of the stragglers. Qualla, who was fortunately at hand when this manœuvre was attempted, fired two shots from his Henry-Winchester rifle, which had the desired effect of cooling the ardour of the robbers and driving them away.

Here, for the first time, the natives showed uneasiness as to the use of our instruments. I was alone some 1,000 paces from the camp, taking some observations with the compass, when the natives began to gather about me, first a few, then a large

number, forming a wide crescent, and gazing in wondering awe at my suspicious proceedings. No one dared come quite close to me, but threatening remarks were shouted out which I did not understand, and of which I took no notice at first. This went on for about an hour, when the cries and shouts becoming louder and more urgent, I began to get worried by them. So I left my instrument where it was and went to fetch an interpreter, whilst the natives remained squatted on the ground staring at the uncanny-looking three-legged object. When I came back with my man, and inquired through him what all the noise was about, a white-haired old fellow informed me that his people wanted to know what I was doing there. Was I bewitching their country? I answered, laughing, that I was not bewitching their country, only eating their mountains; did they not see that they were smaller already? The answer seemed to pacify them, for soon afterwards they all went away.

I must also describe another interesting scene which took place later in camp, as it illustrates well the naïve cunning of the natives. The Count and I were sitting smoking our pipes outside our tents as the sun was setting, when four natives appeared and squatted down opposite to us. At first they only whispered softly to each other and cast longing glances at us. We guessed they were thinking of our beads, and pretended not to notice them. Then they tried to call our attention to them, and began making remarks about our ape Hamis, who was playing tricks near the tent. ‘Ah, ah, ah!’ said one, ‘mundo huyo?’ (‘Is that a man?’) ‘No,’ answered another, ‘he eats and drinks and smokes like a man (Hamis had just run off with the Count’s pipe and was puffing at it on the top of the tent), but he is no real man.’ So they went on repeating this question and answer till they thought the time had come for appealing to us, and one of them said :

‘Leibon, mundo huyo?’

‘Yes, yes, mundo huyo,’ we replied with assumed gravity. Then the siege on our beads was opened with cries of ‘Madschunbe manene sana sana, haua!’ (‘Ah! what great, what very great, men they are!’) repeated again and again in chorus. Then one began a solo. ‘Ah!’ he said in a loud voice, ‘they are no madschunbe, they are gods! Look at their white hands, at their beautiful clothes; their feet, too, are quite different from ours,’ and so on, the clouds of incense becoming thicker and thicker, till at last our flatterers got the presents they had been hankering after and went off in great delight.

A further march past many villages brought us to the district known as Zaovi, or the land of fine oxen. Caravans often come up here to buy cattle, so that the influence of the coast is very distinctly marked. The natives are better provided with stuffs and beads, the aprons made of metal beads are of rarer occurrence, and many of the women cover their breasts, as do the bibi of Zanzibar, with lessos. Both sexes are very fond of the blue murtinarok beads, and grand dandies often wear six or eight rows of them round their waists. Stuff mantles, smeared with reddish-brown grease and frayed out at the edges into a fringe some eight or twelve inches long, are worn fastened on the right shoulder.

There is an uninhabited tract some thirty-seven miles broad between Zaovi and Kikumbuliu which is rather flatter than the more northerly districts, - and is shut in on the west by the low southerly spurs of the Ulu range. On the east the land first sinks rapidly and then rises again to assume once more, beyond the Azi river, something of the plateau character. The country is fairly well wooded, the vegetation consisting chiefly of knotty trees, now leafless and as rigid as if cast in metal, with a few acacias and fan-palms marking the beds of the streams, which were either dried up or contained

only a little brackish water. We saw a good deal of game, including zebras, small kudu antelopes, and rhinoceroses. The Count shot one of the last-named in full flight, the great creature falling down dead like a hare. This was the ninety-ninth and last rhinoceros killed during our Expedition. Two others charged our cattle, scattering them in all directions, but only securing one cow, whilst another dashed back to her home in Zaovi.

The transit of the uninhabited tract took us two days, during which we were in sight not only of the symmetrical Julu and picturesque Theuka mountains, but also of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro, which appeared to increase in height as we advanced further southward.

On September 19 we reached the first settlements of Kikumbuli, situated at the edge of a group of well-wooded hills, breaking the monotony of the otherwise flat neighbourhood. A little before we got here we had passed an unfelled baobab-tree, the first we had seen since we left Kilimanjaro, and had noted with yet more surprise the sudden transition from the white metamorphic sand, gneiss débris, and slabs of rock which had hitherto strewn the ground, to rough, blistered lava, with sharp, jagged and unweathered surface, yet here and there dotted with already venerable trees. Long did we puzzle over the source of this volcanic débris ; it seemed quite impossible that the neighbouring Julu mountains could contain the crater from which it had been flung forth, and not until we reached the southern termination of the range was the mystery solved.

Kikumbuli extends to the Kambu stream, which is generally dried up, and the villages and plantations are mostly hidden in the bush and difficult of access, so that we saw but little of them. This is the most poverty-stricken district of Ukambani, for the soil is poor, harvests are often very scanty through want of rain, and the inhabitants continually suffer from famine.

Beans and maize alone are cultivated, and they are eked out with baobab fruit. The domestic animals are a few sheep and oxen, with plenty of poultry. The Wakamba of this province go on hunting expeditions to Teita, Taveta, and Kilimanjaro, exchanging their game for cereals.

On September 24 we reached the Mdidio Andei stream, also generally dried up, where the knotty crippled-looking trees began to be exchanged for a luxuriant and picturesque vegetation, consisting chiefly of acacias and fan-palms.

Arrived at the southern base of the Julu chain, our astonishment was great at finding ourselves in the midst of numerous extinct but perfectly preserved craters, the slopes covered with streams of porous lava, apparently as fresh as those we had met with near the Teleki volcano. Some of the lower heights were of conical form and strewn with many-coloured ashes.

We camped by a fissure at the junction of two streams of lava, at the bottom of which there was a little water, scarcely enough for the needs of the men, so that the animals got none.

Our march the next morning brought us to the pretty little Tzavo stream, fringed with a narrow belt of wood. Where we reached it, it was but a couple of paces broad and very shallow, but for all that it represents nearly all the water flowing from the eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro, which it bears to the Azisabaki. Whilst here we heard shots in the direction of Useri, and concluded that some European was hunting there.

We were now but three marches from Taveta, and the talk of our men was all of Zanzibar and the treasures they had left behind there. We listened to several most interesting *tête-à-têtes*, from which we gathered that some of the men did not feel very sure of the faithfulness of their wives during their absence; many of them evidently expected to find changes in

the family circle, perhaps indeed, in a land so prolific as Zanzibar, additions to it.

Our course was now in the direction of the copious Useri brook, a northern tributary of the Rombo. We skirted along the swamp breaking its course, and ascertained that the Rombo, which flows northwards to the Tzavo, and the Lumi, which follows a southerly course, to empty itself in Lake Jipe, both rise in this marsh.

To the sound of a volley of shots we once more entered the shady woods of Taveta, and with every demonstration of joy we were escorted by the natives to our old camping-place, now so overgrown with weeds as to be scarcely recognisable. On the same morning another caravan arrived from the opposite direction, belonging to a German named Otto Ehlers from Mombasa, on his way to take over from our old acquaintance, Herr Braun, of Korogwe, the charge of a station of the German East African Company, founded during our absence, on Kilimanjaro. Herr Ehlers was the first link to connect us with Europe after our two years' exile, and his kind readiness to meet our wishes was strained to the uttermost by our insatiable appetite for news. From him we learnt of the serious rising on the coast, which convinced us that we had better hasten to Zanzibar whilst the road there was still open. So we abandoned our plan of going to examine the unexplored salt lake of Manyara, contenting ourselves with a short visit to Miriali and to Herr Braun. Back again at Taveta after these trips, we were fortunate enough to meet Dr. Abbott, an enthusiastic young American naturalist, who had come out to study the flora and fauna of Kilimanjaro. He had already been here two years, and the publication of the results of his work may well be eagerly awaited by the scientific world, for they are pretty sure to be exhaustive of the subjects to which he has devoted his attention.

On October 13 we left Taveta. Of the rest of our return journey to the coast there is little to relate, for it was by well-known paths, past Teita and Kadiaro, to Rabai near Mombasa, the oldest mission station in East Africa, which we reached on the morning of October 24, 1888.

It was with almost painful emotion that we once more saw the blue surface of the ocean stretching away before us, for it meant separation from the wilderness which all who really know it love so well. A circle of friends, General Matthews, Mr. George Mackenzie, and Mr. Buchanan, whom we unexpectedly met in Mombasa, helped us over the parting moment, and forty-



HARAR.

eight hours later the whole caravan was taken across to Zanzibar on one of the steamships of the British India Steam Navigation Company.

We spent two months in the island free from all the arduous effort of travelling life, and enjoying all the comforts of civilisation. This was, in fact, the most dangerous time of our whole enterprise, for we were soon overtaken by fever, that plague which we had so far escaped so well, and which now consumed the very marrow of our bones, paled our bronzed and healthy complexions, and reduced us in a marvellously short time to mere skeletons.

Scarcely recovered, we reached Aden in the first week of the following year. Even now our zeal for travelling was not quenched, and we resolved before going home, though we were still anything but well, to take a trip to the celebrated old Ethiopian town of Harar, on the frontier of Shoa. Of this expedition I will perhaps give an account later to the kind readers to whom I must now bid farewell.

APPENDIX

I

FROM THE GAME-BOOK OF COUNT TELEKI

1887

February 18.—Korogwe. Game apparently scarce in district. Shot one small red gazelle. Herr Braun, who accompanied me, sighted antelopes and a panther as well.

March 7.—Mkomasi. Plenty of game, zebras, ostriches, and antelopes. Shot one small gazelle, 1 ostrich, and 1 puff-adder.

9.—Mikocheni. Struck elephant spoors. Shot a water-buck (*Kobus ellipsiprymnus*) and a wild boar.

11.—Bagged two Mpala antelopes (*Æpyceros Metampus*, Roybuck), some guinea-fowl, and an unknown species of antelope, red in colour with a white belly. It had a thin neck, extremely long legs, and a short, remarkably narrow body. Its horns were round.

13.—Shot a roymbuck, sighted our first rhinoceros.

14.—Shot a roymbuck.

17.—Killed a python 10 feet long.

22.—Upuni. Bagged 1 zebra, 1 water-buck, and 3 roymbucks.

25.—Same. Shot 1 eland-antelope (*Oreos canna*).

26.—Kisingo. Shot 1 roymbuck.

27.—During the march shot a small leopard.

28.—Lake Jipe. Bagged 2 red hartebeests (*Alcelaphus Cokei*).

April 19.—1 puff-adder.

21.—Kikafo. Shot 2 water-bucks, sighted rhinoceroses, giraffes, and a lion.

23.—Pouring rain. Saw altogether 11 rhinoceroses, and a herd of 22 giraffes. Hit 2 rhinoceroses and 1 water-buck, but lost them all.

April 24.—On the Lederick. Bagged 1 rhinoceros.

25.—Sigirari. 3 gnu-antelopes, 1 zebra, and 1 gazelle Thomsonii.

26.—Mount Meru. 1 buffalo (bull).

May 9.—On the Dariama. 1 gnu-antelope.

14.—Kahe. 4 colobi monkeys (*Colobus Guereza Caudatus*).

15.—5 colobi monkeys.

17.—Near Taveta. 1 ostrich

27.—Lake Jipe. 2 roylucks.

28.—6 guinea-fowl, 1 partridge.

29.—1 rhinoceros, 5 guinea-fowl.

30.—1 water-buck, several guinea-fowl.

31.—1 dwarf gazelle, several guinea-fowl.

June 9.—Sagana stream. 2 hartebeests.

July 16.—Rombo. 1 hartebeest.

19.—Useri. 1 hartebeest.

21.—1 hartebeest.

24.—Leitokitók. 1 buffalo, 1 rhinoceros. The latter was hit first on the head. The bullet certainly glanced off, but for all that the animal fell; as he got up and turned round I gave him the second ball in the shoulder.

25.—Magungani.—1 gnu-antelope, 2 zebras, 1 hartebeest.

26.—Malago Kanga. 2 rhinoceroses (one of them fell at once, killed outright), 3 zebras (*Eq. Chapmanii*), and 1 gazelle *Grantii*.

28.—Plenty of game. 2 rhinoceroses, 1 giraffe, lost 3 wounded giraffes.

29.—1 rhinoceros, several antelopes.

31.—5 red partridges, 8 partridges, 1 field hare.

August 1.—Lake Nyiri. 2 gnu-antelopes.

These differed from those previously shot in having manes alternately striped black and white. There were also some with entirely white manes. 1 royluck.

2.—Lake Nyiri. 1 gnu-antelope, 2 buffaloes. In hunting these buffaloes I ran great risks of being trampled down by the herd, which was aimlessly dashing hither and thither through the jungle.

3.—1 gnu-antelope, 1 cow buffalo; by which I was violently attacked.

6.—Masimani II. 3 gnu-antelopes, 1 gazelle Thomsonii.

8.—Ngare na lalla. 2 zebras, 1 antelope similar to the gazelle *Grantii*.

9.—1 rhinoceros, 1 wild boar, wounded 1 rhinoceros.

10.—4 roylucks, 1 Thomsonii.

11.—Ngare Kidongoi. 1 rhinoceros, 1 giraffe, 1 large-eared black hyena.

August 13.—1 rhinoceros, 1 zebra.

14.—Bartimaro. 3 rhinoceroses.

16.—Besil. 2 rhinoceroses.

17.—1 rhinoceros, 4 zebras, 5gnu-antelopes, 1 hartebeest. During the day the game we saw numbered many thousands, and, generally speaking, was comparatively tame.

18.—Turuka. Wounded a lion and followed him for a long time, eventually losing him at twilight, as he continued to retire, without giving me the chance of a shot.

19.—1 royluck.

21.—2 zebras.

22.—Turuka plateau. 2 rhinoceroses, 1 gazelle, more roan-coloured than, but similar to, the gazelle Grantii.

24.—Kapotei. 1 eland-antelope.

September 2.—Ngongo Bagás. 2 wild geese.

3.—1 wild duck, 2 snipe.

6.—1 hartebeest.

7.—Southern Kikuyu boundary. 1 rhinoceros, fell at the first shot, fired with the 500-bore Express rifle at a distance of 150 paces.

October 6.—Northern Kikuyu boundary. 1 rhinoceros.

23.—On Kenia, altitude 10,000 feet. 1 small antelope, species unknown to me.

25.—Foot of Mount Kenia. 1 buffalo.

28.—Ndoro. 1 small antelope, 30 snipe, 2 water snipe, 2 wild ducks.

November 2.—Ngare Nyiro.—6 colobus-Guerreza.

7.—Ngare Songoroi. 1 gazelle Thomsonii.

11.—Subugo. 1 cow buffalo.

16.—Marmanétt Range. 1 bush-buck (*Ant. sylvatica*).

17.—Leikipia slopes. 1 python.

21.—Nyemps Mdogo. 1 buffalo.

22.—1 royluck, 1 wild boar.

24.—1 royluck.

25.—Near the Hot stream. 3 water-bucks, many flamingoes, 1 partridge, 1 bird of the snipe species.

26.—1 rhinoceros, 1 buffalo, 2 large Kudu-antelopes, sighted 2 lions.

27.—2 hartebeests (*Alcel. Caama*), 1 water-buck, 4 partridges.

28.—Nyemps Mdogo. 8 partridges, 1 grouse, 1 hare.

30.—Guaso Bolio. 1 rhinoceros, 1 crocodile.

December 1.—1 Beisa antelope, 3 antelopes Grantii, 1 zebra.

December 2.—1 rhinoceros, 1 lioness.

3.—1 rhinoceros, 1 eland-antelope, 3 zebras.

I have noticed on four separate occasions that the eland, when it has been wounded and disabled from escaping, becomes a bold and active assailant. In each of these cases the antelopes had a leg shot off, and it seemed an impossibility that they should be able to rise again after they had once fallen. Nevertheless they managed to limp about very dexterously, and defended themselves with great agility and energy.

4.—Guaso Bolio. 1 Beisa antelope, 1 wild cat, 3 partridges.

5.—Mogodeni. 3 rhinoceroses.

7.—3 rhinoceroses, 1 antelope, similar to the spring-buck, species unknown to me; 2 of the rhinoceroses attacked us.

9.—Nyemps Mdogo. 2 red partridges, 1 partridge.

15.—Near the Hot stream. 1 eland-antelope, 1 water-buck.

20.—Guaso Nyuki. 1 rhinoceros.

23.—2 rhinoceroses (with both barrels).

26.—2 buffaloes (with both barrels).

28.—2 buffaloes, 1 rhinoceros (the latter attacked us).

29.—Miwiruni. 1 rhinoceros, 1 zebra.

30.—2 eland-antelopes, 1 hartebeest.

31.—On the march. 1 eland-antelope, 1 rhinoceros, which attacked the caravan several times.

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January 2.—Near the dried-up lake. 1 buffalo, 1 gazelle Thomsonii.

5.—Guaso Nyuki. 1 buffalo.

7.—1 rhinoceros, 2 buffaloes, 3 elephants.

8.—2 buffaloes (with both barrels). On the second buffalo being hit he began scenting for me like a hound, and then attacked me, when I shot him dead with a bullet in the neck.

10.—3 buffaloes.

12.—1 rhinoceros, 2 buffaloes, 2 wounded buffaloes escaped.

13.—3 elephants.

15.—2 buffaloes, 2 zebras, 2 bullets from the 500-bore Express, fired at 50 paces, went right through the body of the first buffalo, smashing both ribs.

16.—Guaso Nyuki. 4 elephants, for which the 577-bore Express, even at a distance of 90 paces, proved itself sufficiently powerful.

17.—4 buffaloes. Three of these out of one herd, killed with 3

shots, the fourth when wounded pursued Mahommed Seiff, who, however, dexterous as a Toreador, sprang aside, giving me the opportunity of freeing him from his assailant by a fortunate shot in the neck.

January 19.—Guaso Nyuki. 3 buffaloes.

21.—2 buffaloes, 1 zebra.

22.—5 buffaloes. One of the bulls hit escaped, another evinced an especially pugnacious disposition. I knocked him over by a ball in the neck.

23.—Guaso Nyuki. 1 rhinoceros, 1 buffalo, 1 water-buck. The buffalo I had previously wounded a few days before, and as soon as it saw me it charged; I killed him at 5 paces with a ball through the neck.

24.—Guaso Nyuki. 2 rhinoceroses, 4 buffaloes. Both rhinoceroses charged as soon as they had sighted me; the one I brought down with a ball through its neck; the attack of the other was so sudden and unexpected that I had barely time to fire off the other barrel at its lowered head. This was the first time that I was successful with a shot right in the face.

25.—Guaso Nyuki. 4 buffaloes.

26.—1 rhinoceros, 3 buffaloes, 1 hartebeest. One of the buffaloes pressed me closely in the Leleshwa jungle, and kept to his course, even after being hit twice (in the neck). His breath, however, failed him just in time, and he fell down dead at my feet. I lost 3 wounded buffaloes in the close jungle. I noticed this day, as often before, that buffaloes frequently remain by their wounded comrades, and guard them till they expire.

27.—Guaso Nyuki. 2 buffaloes, 1 rhinoceros. One of the two buffaloes charged my men from a distance of at least 500 paces. I intercepted him, and twice brought him on his knees, but each time he was speedily on his legs and after my people. Only after 3 more balls did I manage to kill him.

28.—Guaso Nyuki. 2 buffaloes.

29.—3 buffaloes, 2 hartebeests.

30.—2 rhinoceroses, 4 buffaloes (2 with both barrels).

31.—2 rhinoceroses, 5 buffaloes, 2 zebras, and lost 2 wounded buffaloes.

February 1.—4 rhinoceroses, 1 buffalo, 1 zebra. Killed 1 rhinoceros with a ball in the forehead.

2.—1 zebra, 1 water-buck, 1 hartebeest.

3.—On the march to Nyemps. 1 zebra.

12.—Mogodeni. 2 rhinoceroses.

February 13.—On the march. 1 buffalo (at 150 paces with a ball from the 500-bore Express).

15.—2 buffaloes.

16.—1 white rhinoceros.

19.—Loroghi Range. 3 zebras (probably Eq. Zebra).

21.—On the march. 1 rhinoceros.

22.—3 rhinoceroses.

23.—3 Beisa antelopes.

27.—At the base of Mount Nyiro. 2 elephants, the tusks of the one weighed 120 pounds, of the other, 80 pounds.

29.—1 elephant, the tusks weighed 90 pounds.

March 2.—At the western base of Mount Nyiro. 1 rhinoceros, 3 elephants.

3.—1 elephant, 1 Beisa antelope.

4.—1 elephant (with the 8-bore rifle), both balls at 90 paces smashed right through the body.

5.—On the march. 1 elephant.

7.—Lake Rudolf. 1 hippopotamus, 1 dwarf pelican.

9.—Ngare Bagas. 4 zebras (Eq. Grevyi), 1 Beisa antelope.

10.—1 rhinoceros (small variety).

12.—Lake Rudolf. 2 hippopotami, with both barrels.

16.—1 panther.

17.—On the march. 1 rhinoceros (small variety), 1 elephant.

18.—2 rhinoceroses (small variety).

19.—Below Alia on Lake Rudolf. 2 gazelles Grantii (with 1 shot), 1 buffalo (var. æquinoctialis), 1 rhinoceros (small variety), and 2 elephants (tusks weighed 53 and 111 pounds respectively).

21.—1 rhinoceros (small variety).

22.—Near Alia. 5 elephants (weight of tusks 227, 207, 56, 93 and 140 pounds).

24.—4 vulturine guinea-fowl (*Acryllium vulturinum*).

28.—Lake Rudolf. 1 rhinoceros (small variety), 1 elephant (weight of tusks 236 pounds).

30.—1 elephant (tusks 142 pounds).

April 17.—Upper course of the Ser-el-Karia. 2 rhinoceroses (small variety).

20.—South shore of Lake Stefanie. 3 elephants (weight of tusks 157, 157, and 59 pounds) and 1 badger.

24.—1 lion (with two balls from the 577-bore Express rifle), 1 crocodile.

28.—Lake Rudolf. 1 Grantii.

May 17.—2 rhinoceroses (small variety).

19.—1 rhinoceros (small variety).

24.—2 rhinoceroses (small variety), 1 zebra Grevyi.

June 22.—Suk Mountains. 3 zebras.

28.—Lake Baringo. 1 rhinoceros (large variety).

29.—Near Nyemps. 1 Beisa antelope, 1 puff-adder.

August 11.—Guaso Nyuki. 1 rhinoceros, 2 buffaloes, 1 zebra, 1 gazelle Grantii.

12.—2 rhinoceroses, 1 buffalo.

16.—Miwiruni. 1 buffalo.

28.—Leikipia. 1 zebra.

September 6.—Iveti boundary. 1 rhinoceros.

18.—Mikinduni. 1 zebra.

22.—Kambu Stream. 1 python.

27.—Mdido Andei. 1 rhinoceros.

28.—Tzavo. 3 hartebeests, 1 zebra.

II

ABSTRACT OF THE SCIENTIFIC RESULTS
OF THE EXPEDITION

THE geographical results, including the series of meteorological observations, have been published in Supplement No. 99 of Petermann's 'Mitteilungen,' 1890.

The geological and petrographical results, arranged by Professor C. Suess, Professor F. Toula, A. Roswal, and the author, are recorded in volume lviii. of the 'Bulletin of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Vienna' (mathem. naturw. Classe).

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIA¹

By DR. FRANZ STEINDACHNER

1. *Chamæleon Höhnelii*, new species.
Habitat: Leikipia, altitude of 6,000 feet.
2. *Chamæleon leikipiensis*, new species.
Habitat: Leikipia, altitude of 6,000 feet.
3. *Chamæleon tavetensis*, new species.
Habitat: Taveta Forest, on southern base of Kilimanjaro.
4. *Lygosoma Sundevalli*, Sm.
Caught between Taveta and Meru.
5. *Ablepharus Wahlbergi*, sp. Smith.
Leikipia.
6. *Crotaphopeltis hitamboeia*, sp. Laur.
Caught between Taveta and Meru.
7. *Ramphiophis rostratus*, Pet.
Caught between Taveta and Meru.
8. *Psammophis sibilans*, sp. L.
Caught between Taveta and Meru.
9. *Lycophidion Horstokii*, Schleg.
Caught between Taveta and Meru.

¹ From the Proceedings of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Vienna. Mathem. Natural Hist. Classe. Vol. C. Part 1. June, 1891.

10. *Bitis arietans*, sp. Merr.
Caught near Mount Meru.
11. *Stenostoma nigricans*, sp. Merr.
Leikipia.
12. *Megalixalus pantherinus*, new species.
Leikipia.

COLEOPTERA

Arranged by L. GÄNGBAUER, Assistant Curator to the Royal and Imperial
Natural History Museum, Vienna

Lieutenant von Höhnel has brought back with him from Count Teleki's expedition more than a thousand specimens of Coleoptera, comprising 247 species, and has presented them to the Vienna Royal and Imperial Natural History Museum. Of these, sixty species, almost a fourth of the number collected, are new to science. The especially noteworthy forms that are represented are the sand-beetles, by *Myrmecoptera nobilitata*; the ground-beetles, by a few *Polyhirma*, *Anthia*, and *Tefflus*; the *Straphylinidæ*, by the new species *Hasumius*; the *Lucanidæ*, by a new *Nigidius*; the *Lamellicornidæ*, by interesting *Coprophagæ* and *Cetonidæ*; the *Buprestidæ*, by a series of *Sternoceræ*, new *Julodæ* *Pfilipteræ*; the *Tenebrionidæ*, by new *Zophosis*, *Psammodes*, *Vieta*, very interesting *Sepidæ*, and also by *Anomalipus heraldicus* and *Dinoscelis Passerinii*; the *Cantharidæ*, by the *Cantharis Telekii*, remarkable for the formation of the antennæ; the Capricorn beetles by new species of the families *Ceroplesis*, *Dichostates*, *Sthenias*, *Belodera*, and *Nupserlia*, and by the very curiously shaped *Amphistylus Pauli*, the *Chrysomelidæ*, chiefly by new *Sagræ* and *Cassidæ*. Their determination was conducted by Leon Fairmaire, of Paris, and L. Gänglbauer, of Vienna. All the new species have been described by Fairmaire in the 'Comptes-rendus de la Société Entomologique de Belgique, séance du 6 Juin, 1891.'

In the following lists the abbreviations 'Gerst. C. v. d. Deck.' and 'Gerst. Masai-Coll.' refer to Professor Gerstaecker's arrangement of vertebrate animals in 'Baron Claus von der Decken's Reisen in Ost Afrika,' vol. iii. part 2, and to Gerstaecker's work on the determination of the Coleoptera collected by Dr. G. A. Fisher during his journey in Masailand, in the 'Jahrbuch der hamburgischen wissenschaftlichen Anstalten,' i. 1884, pp. 41-63. To each species the name of the determinator is given, the habitat, indicated by Lieut. v. Höhnel's chief

stations, and the geographical distribution, so far as it has been determined from existing materials.

CICINDELIDÆ

1. *Cicindela neglecta*, Dej. spec. i. 114, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 56. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Senegal, Nubia, Zanzibar.

2. *Cicindela rectangularis*, Klug, Symb. Phys. iii. t. 21, f. 8. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Ambukohl, Khartum.

3. *Myrmecoptera nobilitata*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 9, C. v. d. Deck. 55, t. iv. f. 1. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Described by Gerstaecker from a specimen procured between Lake Jipe and the Bura mountains.

CARABIDÆ

4. *Calosoma senegalense*, Dej. spec. v. 562. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal.

5. *Calosoma imbricatum*, Klug, Symb. Phys. iii. t. 23, f. 11. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Ambukohl.

6. *Calleida angusticollis*, Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 1848, 38, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 64, Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Kaffraria, Mombasa.

7. *Tetragonoderus ochreorufus*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 76. Fairm. det. Zanzibar, Webbi.

8. *Siagona brunnipes*, Dej. Spec. i. 360, Chaud. Bull. Moscou, 1876, i. 102. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal, Sudan, Nubia.

9. *Anthia Artemis*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 43. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Described by Gerstaecker from a specimen from Kilimanjaro.

10. *Anthia hexasticta*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 10, C. v. d. Deck. 57, t. iv. f. 3. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Described by Gerstaecker from two specimens from Lake Jipe.

11. *Polyhirma prolixa*, new species, Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 2. Taveta.

12. *Polyhirma spathulata*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 11, C. v. d. Deck. 58, Masai-Col. 43. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Arusha, Kilimanjaro.

13. *Polyhirma hamifera*, Harold Monatsber. Ak. Wiss. Berlin 1880, 260. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Mombasa.

14. *Tefflus juvenilis*, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 67. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Tula Colony.

15. *Tefflus Hacquardi*, Chaud. Coleopt. Novitates, i. 29, Kolbe, Entom. Nachr. 1886, 228. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

16. *Isotarsus eustalactus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 20 (Craspedophorus), C. v. d. Decken, 68, t. v. f. 6, Masai-Col. 44. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe, Kilimanjaro.

17. *Chlænium (Epomis) Cræsus*, Fabr. Syst. El. i. 183, Chaud. Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, viii. 1876, 124. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal, Nubia.

18. *Chlænium perspicillaris*, Erichs. Wieg. Arch. 1843, 1, 217, Chaud. Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, viii. 1876, 56. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Angola, N'gami.

19. *Chlænium testaceicrus*, new species, Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 3. Taveta.

20. *Rhathymus melanarius*, Klug, Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1853, 248, Peters-Reise, 167, t. ix. f. 14. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Mozambique (Tete).

DYTISCIDÆ

21. *Cybister Binotatus*, Klug, Erm. Reise, 1835, 28, Sharp. Transact. R. Dublin Soc. vol. ii. (ser. 2), 1880–82, 721. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Southern Mediterranean region, Senegal, Nyasa, Arabia, Mauritius, Madagascar.

GYRINIDÆ

22. *Dineutes aereus*, Klug, Symb. Phys. iv. 1834, t. 34, f. 8, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 77. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely distributed over Africa.

23. *Orectochilus schistaceus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 25, C. v. d. Deck. 78, t. v. f. 8. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Mbaramu.

STAPHYLINIDÆ

24. *Hasumius* (n. g.) *validus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 4. Taveta.

25. *Ophites* (?) *africanus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 4. Taveta.

SILPHIDÆ

26. *Silpha micans*, Fabr. Syst. El. i. 337, Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 54, Gerst. Masai-Col. 44. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely distributed over South Africa.

HISTERIDÆ

27. *Hister nomas*, Erichs. Klug Jahrb. i. 1834, 137, Mars. Mon. 1854, 216, t. vii. f. 33, 1861, 520, t. vi. f. 11. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Cape.

28. *Hister validus*, Erichs. Klug Jahrb. i. 1834, 130, Mars. Mon. 1854, 171, t. vi. f. 2. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Cape, Natal, Mozambique, Senegal.

29. *Hister robustus*, Erichs. Klug Jahrb. i. 1834, 130, Mars. Mon. 1854, 172, t. vi. f. 3. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Cape, Kaffraria, Abyssinia.

NITIDULIDÆ

30. *Carpophilus humeralis*, Fabr. Syst. El. i. 354, Murray Transact. Linn. Soc. 1864, 343. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Distributed over South Africa and East India.

31. *Lasiodactylus substriatus*, Reitt. Verh. naturf. Ver. Brünn, 1874, 89. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegambia.

32. *Cryptarcha testudinea*, Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

TROGOSITIDÆ

33. *Alindria grandis*, Serville Encycl. Méthod. x. 719. Gerst. Masai-Col. 45. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Senegal, Masai.

34. *Gymnocheila varia*, Fabr. Syst. El. i. 151. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal.

CUCUJIDÆ

35. *Hectarthrum punctulicolle*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 4. Leikipia.

DERMESTIDÆ

36. *Dermestes vulpinus*, Fabr. Spec. Ins. i. 64, Erichson Naturg. Ins. Deutschl. iii. 426. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—a cosmopolitan species, lives in animal hides, by the transport of which it has been distributed all over the earth.

LUCANIDÆ

37. *Nigidius semicariosus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 5. Zanzibar.

PASSALIDÆ

38. *Eumelosomus (Leptaulax) sansibaricus*, Harold Monatsber. Ak. Berlin, 1880, 262. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

SCARABÆIDÆ

39. *Ateuchus Ægyptiorum*, Latr. var. *purpurascens*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 48. C. v. d. Deck. 121. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—The typical form is found in Upper Egypt, the variety here described is from Mombasa.

40. *Ateuchus catenatus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 48. C. v. d. Deck. 123, t. vii. f. 4. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Between Lake Jipe and Arusha, Endara.

41. *Sisypus infuscatus*, Klug, Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1855, 651, Peters Reise, 217. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Sena.

42. *Sisypus major*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 5. Taveta.

43. *Sisypus trochantericus*, n. s. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 6. Taveta.

44. *Gymnopleurus fulgidus*, Oliv. Ent. i. 3, 167, t. 22, f. 199, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 109. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar, Senegal, Abyssinia, Usagara.

45. *Gymnopleurus virens*, Erich. Wieg. Arch. 1843, i. 231, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 126. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Senegal, Mombasa.

46. *Gymnopleurus lugens*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1881, 5. Leikipia.

47. *Anachalcos procerus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 48, C. v. d. Deck. 127. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Mochi.

48. *Helicoprís Hamadryas*, Fabr. Syst. Ent. 22. Gerst. Masai. Col. 49. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—widely distributed over South Africa.

49. *Catharsius troglodytes*, Boh. Ins. Caffr. ii. 225. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Kaffraria.

50. *Onitis Castelnau*, Harold Berl. Ent. Zeitschr. 1862, 401. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Zambezi.

51. *Onitis tricornutus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 6. Taveta.

52. *Onthophagus tridens*, Fabr. Spec. Insect. 29, Harold Coleopt. Hefte ii. 1867, 46 (fem.) Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 7 (mas). Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Guinea.

53. *Onthophagus Johnstoni*, Waterh. Proceed. Zool. Soc. London, 1885, 232. Fig. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Kilimanjaro.

54. *Onthophagus catta*, Fabr. Mant. Ins. i. 12, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 130; *Gazella* Fabr. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Distributed over the whole of Africa and over a large part of Asia, as far as Bengal and Ceylon.

55. *Onthophagus Gerstaeckeri*, Harold Coleopt. Heft ii. 1867, 42. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Abyssinia.

56. *Bolboceras cycloideum*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 7. Taveta.

57. *Trox (Omorgus) baccatus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 49, C. v. d. Deck. 118, Masai-Col. 48, Harold Mon. 82, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 115. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe, Usagara, Mpwapwa.

58. *Trox squalidus*, Oliv. Ent. iii. 4, 12, pl. 2, f. 12, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 118. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Is found from Senegal and Sennaar as far as the Cape.

59. *Pegylis morio*, Blanch. Cat. Coll. Ent. 1850, 151, Burmeister. Handb. Entom. iv. 2, 282. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Sennaar.

60. *Coniopholis elephas*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 40, C. v. d. Deck. 113, t. vii. f. 9. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Endara.

61. *Selomothus* (n. g.) *diversipes*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 8. Taveta.

62. *Anomala trabeata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891. 8. Zanzibar.

63. *Popilia bipunctata*, Fabr. Mant. Ins. i. 25, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 109. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Kaffraria, Mozambique.

64. *Phaenomeris Beskei*, Mannh. Bull. Mosc. 1848, i. 35, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 109. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Natal, Mozambique, Wanga.

65. *Adoretus Pagenstecheri*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 48. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Masai.

66. *Oryctes gigas*, Lap. Hist. nat. ii. 114, Reiche Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1859, 16. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal.

67. *Oryctes monoceros*, Oliv. Ent. i. 3, 37, pl. 13, f. 123, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 107. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Extensively distributed over Africa.

68. *Syrichthus clathratus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 140, C. v. d. Deck. 105, t. vi. f. 7. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.

69. *Isandula africana*, Drury Exot. Ins. ii. pl. 30, f. 4, Gerst. Masai-Col. 46. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely spread over tropical Africa.

70. *Elaphinis adspersula*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 46. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Masai.

71. *Discopeltis lateralis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxiii. 1, 36, C. v. d. Deck. 99, t. vi. f. 4. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Wanga.

72. *Oxythyrea hæmorrhoidalis*, F. Syst. El. ii. 154, Gerst. Masai-Col. 46. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Widely distributed over South Africa.

73. *Pachnoda Petersi*, Harold Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1878, 212, f. 2, Gerst. Masai-Col. 47. Ganglb. det. Leikipia, Lake Naivasha.

74. *Pachnoda euparypha*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 46, C. v. d. Deck. 101. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique.

75. *Pachnoda mastruccata*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 47. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Lake Naivasha.

76. *Diplognatha silicea*, Mac. Leay, Ill. Zool. South. Afr. iii. 22, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 131. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar, Leikipia.—Widely spread over South Africa.

77. *Diplognatha Hebræa*, Oliv. Ent. i. 89, pl. 12, f. 115, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 103. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Widely spread over South Africa.

BUPRESTIDÆ

78. *Sternocera Hildebrandti*, Harold Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1878, 214, f. 1, Gerst. Masai-Col. 51, Kerremans Ann. Soc. Ent. Belg. xxxiii. 1888, 71. Ganglb. det. Lake Stefanie.—Abyssinia, Masai, Zanzibar.

79. *Sternocera castanea*, Oliv. Ent. ii. 32, 25, t. 2, f. 8, b., c., Kerremans Ann. Soc. Ent. Belg. xxxiii. 1888, 77. Ganglb. det. Lake Stefanie.—Senegal, Nubia, Kordofan, Abyssinia.

80. *Sternocera Boucardi*, E. Saunders, Cist. Ent. i. 1874, 219, Kerremans Ann. Soc. Ent. Belg. xxxiii. 1888, 79, Ganglb. det. Lake Stefanie.—Abyssinia, Masai, Mombasa, Zanzibar.

81. *Sternocera syriaca*, E. Saund. Cist. Ent. i. 1874, 220, Kerremans Ann. Soc. Ent. Belg. xxxiii. 1888, 81. Ganglb. det. Lake Stefanie.—Syria, Somali.

82. *Julodis Höhneli*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 9. Lake Stefanie.

83. *Julodis semiimpressa*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 9. Taveta.

84. *Steraspis fastuosa*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 52, C. v. d. Deck. 140, t. viii. f. 1. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Kiriamia.

85. *Steraspis colossa*, Harold Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1878, 214, Gerst. Masai-Col. 51. Fairm. det. Lake Stefanie.—Little Arusha.

86. *Agelia Peteli*, Gory Mon. Buprest. iv. 51, t. 10, f. 51. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Natal.
87. *Agelia tricolor*, Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1884, lxxiii. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 140. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Makdishu.
88. *Chalcophora Telekii*, Fairm. n. sp. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 10. Lake Stefanie.
89. *Psiloptera albomarginata*, Herbst. Kaef. ix. 132, t. 44, f. 2. Fairm. det. Taveta, Zanzibar.—Cape.
90. *Psiloptera oxyopia*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 10. Zanzibar.
91. *Psiloptera lateoculata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 10. Zanzibar.
92. *Psiloptera pubrifrons*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 11. Lake Stefanie.
93. *Acmæodera fraterna*, Boh. Oefv. Vet. Ak. Förh. 1860, 19. Fairm. det. Lake Stefanie.—Svacop.
94. *Acmæodera soror*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 12. Taveta.
95. *Acmæodera subprasina*, Mars. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1867, 54. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Abyssinia.
96. *Pseudagrius cyanimus*, Fähr. Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 2, 359. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Abyssinia, Kaffraria.

ELATERIDÆ

97. *Tetralobus rotundifrons*, Guér. Lefebvre Voyage Abyss. Ins. 282, pl. ii. f. 5, Candèze Monographie Elaterid. i. 375, pl. vii. f. 6; heros Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 2, 377. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Abyssinia, Kaffraria.
98. *Psephus rugulipennis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 12. Taveta, Zanzibar.
99. *Dichronychus foveifrons*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 12. Taveta.

LYCIDÆ

100. *Lycus (Acantholycus) constrictus*, Fähr. Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 2, 434. Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 154, Bourgeois Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, xviii. 1882, 627. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe, Mombasa, Natal.
101. *Lycus (Lopholycus) Raffrayi*, Bourg. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1877, 364, Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, xviii. 1882, 629. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Abyssinia, Bogos.
102. *Lycus (Chlamydolycus) trabeatus*, Guér. Ic. règn. anim. pl. 14,

f. 1, Bourg. Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, xviii. 1882, 629. Ganglb. det. Taveta, Zanzibar.—Is found from the Senegal and Abyssinia to the Cape.

103. *Lycus ampliatus*, Fahr. Boh. Ins. Caffr. i. 2, 432, Bourg. Ann. Mus. Civ. Genov. xviii. 1882, 632. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Cape, Natal, Somali.

104. *Lycus immersus*, Murray Ann. Mag. Nat. Hist. 1868, 324. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Old Calabar.

105. *Lycus aculeatus*, Bourgeois Fairm. det. Taveta.

MELYRIDÆ

106. *Attalus pulchellus*, Klug, Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1855, 648, Peters Reise, 204, t. 12, f. 4. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique.

107. *Melyris parvula*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 56, C. v. d. Deck. 157, Masai-Col. 53. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Endara, Little Arusha.

108. *Prionocerus cœruleipennis*, Perty, Obs. Col. Ind. 33, t. 1, f. 1, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 160. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Madagascar, India.

109. *Prionocerus (Idgia) dimidiatus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 56, C. v. d. Deck. 158, t. 8, f. 11. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar, Leikipia.—Mombasa, Natal.

CLERIDÆ

110. *Opilo gigas*, Lap. var. *abdominalis*, var. nov. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 13. Taveta.—The typical form is found in Senegal and Sennaar.

111. *Opilo subfasciatus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 13. Taveta.

112. *Phlæocopus vinctus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 57, C. v. d. Deck. 159, t. viii. f. 10. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.

113. *Necrobia rufipes*, Degeer, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 160, Masai-Col. 13. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—A cosmopolitan species, lives in animal hides, in which it has been distributed over the whole world.

APATIDÆ

114. *Apate cornuta*, Oliv. Ent. iv. 77, pl. 1, f. 5, Gerst. Masai-Col. 54. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Widely spread over tropical Africa.

TENEBRIONIDÆ

115. *Zophosis crispata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 13. Taveta.
116. *Zophosis assimilis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 13. Zanzibar.
117. *Diodontes semicribrosus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 14. Leikipia.
118. *Adesmia multiplicata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 14. Taveta.
119. *Rhytinota angulicollis*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 171. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Makdishu.
120. *Himatismus trivialis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 63, C. v. d. Deck. 190. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Wanga.
121. *Eurychora acuminata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 15. Leikipia.
122. *Oncopterus acantholophus*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 178, pl. 2, f. 7. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Usagara.
123. *Pimelia Hildebrandti*, Harold Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1878, 221. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Zanzibar.
124. *Psammodes plicipennis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 15. Taveta.
125. *Psammodes vagecostatus*, Fairm. det. Taveta.
126. *Psammodes quadricostatus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 15. Taveta.
127. *Psammodes zanzibaricus*, Haag-Rutenberg Coleopt. Hefte xiv. 1875, 78, Fairm. det. Zanzibar.
128. *Phrynocolus petrosus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 59, C. v. d. Deck. 172, t. ix. f. 4, Masai-Col. 54. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Lake Jipe, Masai.
129. *Phrynocolus discoideus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 16. Leikipia.
130. *Sepidium muscosum*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 60, C. v. d. Deck. 175, t. ix. f. 2. Taveta.—Lake Jipe, Endara.
131. *Sepidium furciferum*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 55. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Masai.
132. *Sepidium bulbiferum*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 55. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Masai.
133. *Vieta longepilosa*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 16. Leikipia.

134. *Vieta protensa*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 17. Taveta.
135. *Anomalipus heraldicus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 60, C. v. d. Deck. 178, t. ix. f. 3. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.
136. *Opatrinus semicribrosus*, Muls. Fairm. det. Taveta.
137. *Opatrum æquale*, Erichs. Arch. Naturg. 1643, 1, 247, Gerst. Masai-Col. 56. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Angola, Masai.
138. *Opatrum contractum*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 61, C. v. d. Deck. 179. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.
139. *Selinus trivialis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii, 1, 60, C. v. d. Deck. 177, Masai-Col. 55 (*Opatrinus*), Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 284. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Masai, Mombasa.
140. *Pycnocerus Passerinii*, Bertoloni Ill. rer. nat. Mozamb. ii. 40, f. 7 (*Odontopus*). Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1854, 533, Peters Reise, 1862, 291, t. xvii. f. 7 (*Dinoscelis*), C. v. d. Deck. 191. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar, Leikipia.—Mozambique.
141. *Micrantereus variolosus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 64, C. v. d. Deck. 193, t. ix. f. 9, Masai-Col. 56. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Endara, Masai.
142. *Micrantereus seriegranosus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 18. Zanzibar.
143. *Gonocnemis brevicollis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 64, C. v. d. Deck. 196, t. x. f. 5. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.
144. *Paramarygmus globulatus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 17. Zanzibar.
145. *Eupezus natalensis*, Lacord. Gen. Col. v. 473, note Gerst. Masai-Col. 57. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Natal, Masai.
146. *Dichotymus* (n. g.) *striatipennis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 18. Taveta.

LAGRIIDÆ

147. *Lagria villosa*, Fabr. Spec. Ins. i. 160, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 199. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Widely spread over the whole of South Africa and Madagascar.

CANTHARIDÆ

148. *Cantharis Telekii*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 19. Leikipia.
149. *Epicauta maculifrons*, Mäkl. Act. Soc. Sc. Fenn. 1885, 608. Ganglb. det. Leikipia, Taveta.—Senegal.

150. *Epicauta flavicornis*, Lac. Gen. Col. v. 676, note, Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal.

151. *Epicauta velata*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1854, 695. Peters Reise 296. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Mozambique.

152. *Epicauta albovittata*, Gestro Ann. Mus. Civ. Genova, xiii. 321. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Scioa.

153. *Epicauta cyclops*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 19. Leikipia.

154. *Mylabris lictor*, Gerst. Masai-Col. 57. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—N'guruman.

155. *Mylabris ligata*, Mars. Mon. Myl. 414. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Egypt, Nubia.

156. *Mylabris dicincta*, Bertoloni Nov. Comm. Ak. Bonon. x. 1849, 419; *bizonata* Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1854, 694, Peters Reise 298, t. 17, f. 13, C. v. d. Deck. 205. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Mozambique, Zanzibar.

157. *Mylabris plagiata*, Pall. Ic. 77, T. E. F. 31, a, Mars. Mon. Myl. 405. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Widely spread over South Africa.

158. *Mylabris præstans*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 67, C. v. d. Deck. 206, t. x. f. 8, Masai-Col. 57, Fairm. det. Leikipia, Zanzibar.—Endara, N'guruman.

159. *Mylabris tristigma*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1854, 694, Peters Reise 299, t. xvii. f. 15. Zanzibar.—Mozambique.

160. *Mylabris trifurca*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1854, 694, Peters Reise 301, Mars. Mon. Myl. 564. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique, Kaffraria.

161. *Mylabris amplexens*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 67, C. v. d. Deck. 207, t. x. f. 9. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Uru, Wanga.

162. *Mylabris (Coryna) guineensis*, Mars. Mon. Myl. 599. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Guinea.

163. *Mylabris (Coryna) dorsalis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 67, C. v. d. Deck. 210, t. x. f. 13. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Uru.

164. *Mylabris (Coryna) apicicornis*, Guér. Voyage Lefebvre, 1849, 324, t. 5, f. 6, Mars. Mon. Myl. 608. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Abysinia.

165. *Mylabris (Coryna, Kersteni)*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 67, C. v. d. Deck. 209, t. x. f. 11. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Wanga.

166. *Mylabris (Coryna) ambigua*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 68, C. v. d. Deck. 210, t. x. f. 14. Ganglb. det. Taveta, Zanzibar.—Mombasa.

167. *Mylabris (Coryna) parenthesis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1,

68, C. v. d. Deck. 211, t. x. f. 15. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe, Endara.

168. *Iletica pallidipennis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 19. Taveta.

CIRCULIONIDÆ

169. *Blosyrus sculpticollis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 20. Zanzibar.

170. *Blosyridius* (n. g.) *vestitus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 20. Leikipia.

171. *Synaptoplus cervinus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 69, C. v. d. Deck. 220, t. xi. f. 2. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Mombasa, Wanga.

172. *Systates crenatipennis*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 316. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

173. *Systates amœnulus*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 72, C. v. d. Deck. 232. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

174. *Cleonus mitis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 73, C. v. d. Deck. 236, t. xi. f. 11. Ganglb. det. Leikipia, Taveta, Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe, Masai, Sennaar.

175. *Cleonus crassiusculus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 21. Taveta.

176. *Cleonus sannio*, Herbst. Kaef. vi. 104, t. 66, f. 9. Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 236. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Is found from the Senegal and Sennaar to the Cape.

177. *Lixus coarctatus*, Klug, Ins. Madagasc. 110, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 237. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely spread over tropical Africa and Madagascar.

178. *Alcides convexus*, Oliv. Encycl. méth. v. 507, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 241. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely spread over tropical Africa and Madagascar.

CERAMBYCIDÆ

179. *Tithoes maculatus*, Fabr. Ent. Syst. i. 2, 245, Gerst. Peters Reise 318. Ganglb. det. Taveta, Leikipia.—Widely spread over tropical Africa.

180. *Macrotoma palmata*, Fabr. Ent. Syst. i. 2, 249, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 252. Ganglb. det. Leikipia, Taveta.—Guinea, Senegambia, Sennaar.

181. *Mallodon Downesi*, Hope, Ann. Nat. Hist. xi. 1834, 366, Thoms, Phys. i. 1867, 96. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar, Leikipia.—Fernando Po, Congo, Senegal.

182. *Obriaceum elegans*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 334, pl. 3, f. 9. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Makdishu.

183. *Coptops edificator*, Fabr. Ent. Syst. i. 2, 275, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 256. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Is spread over tropical Africa and India.

184. *Ceroplesis Pauli*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 339. Ganglb. det. Leikipia.—Guélidi.

185. *Ceroplesis irregularis*, Harold, Coleopt. Hefte. xvi. 194, Gerst. Masai-Col. 61, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887, 341. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Masai.

186. *Ceroplesis griseotincta*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 22. Zanzibar.

187. *Ceroplesis latevittata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 22. Taveta.

188. *Ceratites jaspideus*, Serv. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. iv. 35. Ganglb. det. Leikipia, Zanzibar.—Widely spread over tropical Africa.

189. *Phryneta spinator*, Fabr. Ent. Syst. i. 2, 276. Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 217. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Widely spread over South Africa.

190. *Dichostates brunneopictus*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 21. Leikipia.

191. *Hecyrída terrea*, Bertoloni, Nov. Comm. Ak. Bonon. x. 431, t. x. f. 5, Gerst. Masai-Col. 62. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique, Masai.

192. *Praonetha obsoleta*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1871, 67. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Mayotte Island.

193. *Sthenias puncticornis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 23. Zanzibar.

194. *Belodera apicalis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 23. Taveta.

195. *Amphistylus* (n. g.) (*Spalacopsis*) *Pauli*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. France, 1887, 345, Gahan, Transact. Ent. Soc. London, 1890, 325. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

196. *Volumnia Westermanni*, Thoms. Classif. Longic. 59. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Natal.

197. *Nupserha apicata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 23. Taveta.

CHRYSOMELIDÆ

198. *Sagra tibialis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 24. Zanzibar.

199. *Sagra nitidiventris*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 24. Zanzibar.

200. *Sagra tristis* v. *atrata* nov. var. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 25. Taveta.

201. *Lema seriefoveata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 25. Zanzibar.

202. *Pœcilomorpha apicata*, Fairm. Ann. Soc. Ent. Fr. 1887. 348. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

203. *Melitonoma confusa*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 80 (Damia?), C. v. d. Deck. 268. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

204. *Gynandrophthalma asphaltina*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 80, C. v. d. Deck. 267. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

205. *Colasposoma subcostatum*. Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 82, C. v. d. Deck. 276. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.

206. *Syagrus puncticollis*, Lefèvre, Ann. Soc. Ent. France, 1877, 320. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

207. *Corynodes Dejeani*, Bertoloni, Nov. Comm. Ak. Bonon. x. 1849, 433. Gerst. Peters Reise, 336, C. v. d. Deck. 272. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique, Mombasa.

208. *Corynodes bicolor*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 25. Taveta.

209. *Colaspidema discoidalis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 26. Zanzibar.

210. *Polysticta confluens*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. 1855, 637, Peters Reise 1862, 339, t. 20, f. 10, aspergata Vogel Nunqu. otios. i. 1871, 114. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Mozambique, Natal, Cape.

211. *Polysticta Clarki*, Baly, Transact. Ent. Soc. London 1864, 227, Vogel, Nunqu. otios. i. 1871, 110. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Zambezi.

212. *Chrysomela americana*, var. *limbolata*, Reiche Voyage Galin. Abyss. 405, t. 25, f. 8. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—The typical form is spread over the whole of the Mediterranean region; var. *limbolata* is described from an Abyssinian specimen.

213. *Plagioderma impolita*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 82, C. v. d. Deck. 278. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Lake Jipe.

214. *Cervalces natalensis* Baly, Transact. Ent. Soc. London, 1857, 88, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 277. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Natal, Endara, Lake Jipe.

215. *Entomnoseclis ochroptera*, Stål. Oefv. Vetensk. Ak. Föhr. 1857, 60, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 278. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Cape, Natal, Kaffraria, Lake Jipe, Mombasa.

216. *Adorium costatum*, Baly, Transact. Ent. Soc. London, 1881, 51. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Nyasa.

217. *Adorium Palliatum*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 83, C. v. d. Deck. 279, t. xii. f. 11, Masai-Col. 62. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Masai, Mombasa.

218. *Aulacophora foveicollis*, Kirsch. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

219. *Aulacophora semipalliata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 27. Leikipia.

220. *Aulacophora divisa*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1855, 637, Peters Reise, 343, t. 20, f. 14. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Mozambique.

221. *Ootheca mutabilis*, Sahlb. Thon Arch. ii. 1, 27. t. 2. f. 27–29. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Sierra Leone, Old Calabar.

222. *Asbecesta cyanipennis*, Harold Mitthlg. Münchn. Ent. Ver. i. 1877, 110. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Nyasa.

223. *Apophyllia costipennis*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 26. Taveta.

224. *Monolepta flaveola*, Gerst. Monatsber. Berl. Ak. Wiss. 1855, 638, Peters Reise, 344, C. v. d. Deck. 281. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Natal, Mozambique, Mombasa, Wanga, Arusha.

225. *Monolepta hæmatura*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 27. Leikipia.

226. *Platypria nigrospinosa*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 27. Zanzibar.—Taveta.

227. *Hispa quadrifida*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 85, C. v. d. Deck. 289. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Taveta.

228. *Aspidomorpha fenestrata*, Oliv. Ent. vi. 97, 947, t. iv. f. 69. Boh. Mon. Cassid. ii. 269. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Guinea.

229. *Aspidomorpha isparetta*, Boh. Mon. Cassid. ii. 252. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Senegal.

230. *Aspidomorpha cincta*, Fabr. Spec. Ins. i. 109, Boh. Mon. Cassid. ii. 251. Fairm. det. Taveta.—Senegal, Abyssinia.

231. *Aspidomorpha punctata*, Fabr. Mant. i. 64, Boh. Mon. Cassid. ii. 348. Fairm. det. Leikipia.—Cape.

232. *Aspidomorpha hybrida*, Boh. Mon. Cassid. ii. 338. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.—Cape.

233. *Laccoptera aurosa*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 29. Zanzibar.

234. *Coptocycla nigrosepta*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 28. Zanzibar.

235. *Coptocycla vernicata*, n. sp. Fairm. Compt. Rend. Soc. Ent. Belg. 1891, 28. Zanzibar.

COCCINELLIDÆ

236. *Cydonia lunata*, Fabr. Syst. Ent. 86, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 431, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 295. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Is found all over South Africa, Madagascar, and East India.

237. *Alesia striata*, Fabr. Ent. Syst. i. 1, 269, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 354, Olivieri Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 294. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Is found from the Senegal to the Cape.

238. *Alesia Aurora*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 345, C. v. d. Deck. 294, t. xiii. f. 3. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Uru.

239. *Chilocorus Wahlbergi*, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 462. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Kaffraria, Mozambique, Wanga.

240. *Chilocorus distigma*, Klug Erm. Reise 49, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 296. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Is found from Senegambia and Abyssinia to the Cape.

241. *Microrhymbus rufipennis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 348, C. v. d. Deck. 306. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

242. *Epilachna macropis*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 347, C. v. d. Deck. 301, t. xiii. f. 8. Fairm. det. Zanzibar.

243. *Epilachna hirta*, Thunbg. Nov. Ins. Spec. 1781, 23, f. 35, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 756, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 303. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Is found from Guinea to the Cape.

244. *Epilachna callipepla*, Gerst. Arch. Naturg. xxxvii. 1, 347, C. v. d. Deck. 300, t. xiii. f. 7. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.

245. *Epilachna chrysomelina*, Fabr. Syst. Ent. 82, Muls. Sécuripalp. France 195. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Spread over the Mediterranean and the largest part of Africa.

246. *Epilachna Paykulli*, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 833, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 305. Ganglb. det. Zanzibar.—Kaffraria, Mozambique.

247. *Epilachna canina*, Fabr. Spec. Ins. i. 107, Muls. Spec. Col. Sécuripalp. 754, Gerst. C. v. d. Deck. 303. Ganglb. det. Taveta.—Zanzibar.

LEPIDOPTERA

By A. F. ROGENHOFER

The Lepidoptera collected during Count S. v. Teleki's Expedition, and handed over to the Royal and Imperial Natural History Museum, Vienna, for the most part represent widely distributed species that are

met with from the southernmost point of Africa to Abyssinia in the eastern part of the Dark Continent. A not inconsiderable number are new and interesting varieties, and among them nearly all those from the districts of Meru, Marangu, and Kenia, as well as from the upper zones of Kilimanjaro, have not yet been described, and of these the *Acræidæ*, all the more interesting for the difficulty of determining their place, compose almost a third.

Altogether the collection numbers fifty-nine species, of which eleven butterflies and four Heterocera, together fifteen species in all, are new.¹

RHOPALOCERA

1. *Papilio Nireus*, L., several specimens, ♂ with narrow bands.
2. *Papilio Demoleus*, L., 1 specimen.
3. *Papilio Constantinus*, Ward., 1 ♂.
4. *Papilio Corrineus*, Bertol., 1 ♂.
5. *Papilio Merope*, Cr. var. *Brutus* Donovan. var. *A. Tibullus* Kirby.
1 ♂.
6. *Catopsilia florella*, Fab., ♂.
7. *Pieris* (*Pinacopteryx* Wallgr.) *Severina*, Cr., male and female in copula.
8. *Mylothris narcissus*, Butler, Meru 1 ♂ (♀ Pare).
9. *Eronia Cleodora*, Hb. var. *Erxia* Hew. 1 ♀ Taveta.
10. *Callosune miles*, Butler, ♂.
11. *Danaïs Petiverana*, Doubl., ♂.
12. *Danaïs Dorippus*, Klug, 2 ♂ ♀.
13. *Acræa* (*Hyalites*) *insignis*, Dist., 2 ♂ ♀ Meru, 4,800 feet.
14. *Acræa* (*Gnesia*) *natalica*, Bsd., 2 ♂.
15. *Acræa* (*Gnesia*) *Khara*, H. Gr. Smith, 3 ♂ Meru.
16. *Acræa* (*Telchinia*) *Cabira*, Hopff., ♀ Meru.
17. *Acræa* (*Telchinia*) *tenella*, m. n. sp.
18. *Planema montana*, Butl. (?) m.
19. *Planema Meruana*, m. n. sp. ♀ Meru.
20. *Planema quadricolor*, m. n. sp. ♂.
21. *Planema Telekiana*, m. n. sp. ♀ Meru.
22. *Planema confusa*, m. Meru, Taveta ♀.
23. *Planema fallax*, m. n. sp. ♂.
24. *Pyrameis abyssinica*, Feld. 1 specimen. Meru.
25. *Junonia Clelia*, Cram. Taveta.
26. *Junonia Cebrene*, Trimen.

¹ Described in the *Annalen des K. K. naturhistorischen Hofmuseums*. Vienna: vol. vi. nos. 3 and 4.

27. *Precis* (?) *Sophia*, Fab., ♂.
28. *Precis Amestris*, Dr. 1 ♀ Taveta.
29. *Precis natalica*, Felder, ♂, ♀. Taveta.
30. *Precis Elgiva*, Hew., 1 ♀. Taveta.
31. *Precis Taveta*, m. n. sp. ♀ Taveta.
32. *Precis Cloantha*, Cr., 1 ♀ Taveta.
33. *Salamis anacardii*, L., 2 ♂ Taveta.
34. *Eurytela Dryope*, Cram., ♂ Taveta.
35. *Eurytela Ophione*, Cram., ♀ Taveta.
36. *Byblia Ilithyia*, Dr. var. *Götzius*, Herbst., 1 ♂, 2 ♀. Near Taveta.
37. *Euphædra violacea*, Butler. 1 ♂, 2 ♀. Taveta.
38. *Euphædra Neophron*, Hopf. ♂. Taveta.
39. *Palla Varanes*, Cram. ♂. Taveta.
40. *Mycalesis* (?) *Kenia*, m. n. sp. 1 ♂, 2 ♀. The edge of the forest at the foot of Kenia, in Kikuyu.
41. *Mycalesis* (*Monotrichtis* Hampson). ♂. Meru.
42. *Mycalesis Danckelmanni*, m. ♂. Meru.
43. *Mycalesis* (*Samanta* Moore) *perspicua*, Trimen. ♂. Taveta.
44. *Pterygospidea* (*Tagiades*, Plötz. P.) *lugens*, m. n. sp. ♂. Marangu.
45. *Pterygospidea morosa*, m. n. sp. ♂. Marangu.
46. *Plesioneura Hoehneli*, m. n. sp. ♂. Marangu.

HETEROCERA

47. *Syntomis Alicia*, Butler. ♂. Taveta.
48. *Eusemia euphemia*, Cram. ♂. Taveta.
49. *Dianeura Goochii*, Butler. ♂.
50. *Melania*, sp. Taveta.
51. *Lithosia rubriceps*, m. n. sp. 1 ♀. Taveta.
52. *Nyctemera Antinorii*, Oberthür. 1 ♀. Taveta.
53. *Argina cribraria*, Cl. Crm. ♂ ♀. Taveta.
54. *Gorgopis*, Hb., sp. ♂. Taveta.
55. *Aroa incerta*, m. n. sp. ♀. Near Taveta.
56. *Spilosoma alticola*, m. n. sp. 1 ♀. On Kilimanjaro, at altitude of 9,000 feet.
57. *Antheræa* (*Thyella* Wllgr.) *Hoehneli*, m. n. sp. 1 ♂. On Kilimanjaro, at altitude of about 9,500 feet.
58. *Ophideres* (*Argadessa*, Moore) *materna*, L. 1 ♂. Taveta.
59. *Cyligrama Latona*, Cram. ♂, 2 ♀. Taveta.

HYMENOPTERA

By PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH BRAUER (VIENNA)¹*Psychopsis zebra*, m. n. sp. Kilimanjaro district.

ORTHOPTERA

By PROFESSOR BRUNNER V. WATTENWYL (VIENNA)

BLATTODEA

1. *Derocalymma versicolor*, Burm.
2. *Heterogamia*, sp. n.
3. *Gyna vetula*, Br.
4. *Epilampa*, sp. n.
5. *Archiblatta*, sp. n.

MANTODEA

1. *Polyspilota pustulata*, Stoll.
2. *Chiropacha*, sp. n.
3. *Spendale vineta*, Gerst.
4. *Entella*, sp. n.

PHASMODEA

1. *Gratidia*, 4 species.

ACRIDIODEA

1. *Phæoba*, sp. n.
2. *Maura apicalis*, Bol.
3. *Phymateus*, 2 sp. n.
4. *Petasia grisea*, Reiche.
5. *Cosmorhyncha fasciata*, Thunb.
6. *Catantops*, sp. n.

LOCUSTODEA

1. *Phlegmatoptera Höhneli*, Br.
2. *Eurycorypha varia*, Br.

¹ See *Annalen des K.K. Naturhistorischen Hofmuseums*. Vienna: vol. iv. part 4.

GRYLLODEA

1. *Liogryllus Capensis*, Fab.
 2. *Scapsipedus*, sp. n.
 3. *Cophogryllus*, sp. n.
-

ARACHNIDA

By DR. EUG. SIMON (PARIS) ¹

1. *Pisenoe Höhnelii*, E. Sim. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
2. *Idiops compactus*, Gerstäck.
From the coast near Mombasa.
3. *Harpactira constricta*, Gerstäck.
From the base of Kilimanjaro and Meru.
4. *Dinopis bubalus*, E. Sim. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
5. *Gasteracantha falcicornis*, Butler.
From the base of Mount Meru.
6. *Gasteracantha scapha*, Gerstäck.
Near Taveta and from the base of Mount Meru.
7. *Joxia Hildebrandti*, Karsch.
On Zanzibar and from the base of Mount Meru.
8. *Peniza testudo*, Thorell.
Kilimanjaro.
9. *Argiope nigrovittata*, Thorell.
From Kilimanjaro and in the Lake Rudolf region.
10. *Nephila madagascariensis*, Vinson.
From the base of Kilimanjaro and Mount Meru.
11. *Tylophora bicolor*, E. Sim. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.
12. *Phoneutria decora*, Gerstäck.
From the base of Mount Meru.
13. *Sparassus Walkenaerius*, And.
From the base of Mount Meru.
14. *Palystes Höhneli*, E. Sim. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.

¹ See *Annales de la Société Entomologique de France*, Juillet 1890.

15. *Hasarius Adansoni*, And.
From the base of Kilimanjaro and Mount Meru.

PEDIPALPI

16. *Phryniscus Telekii*, E. Sim. n. sp.
In the Lake Rudolf district.

SCORPIONES

17. *Buthus villosus*, Peters.
In the Lake Rudolf district.
18. *Rhoptrurus dentatus*, Karsch.
Kilimanjaro.
19. *Opistacanthus asper*, Peters.
From Kilimanjaro and the Lake Rudolf district.

SOLIFUGÆ

20. *Galeodes græcus*, C. Koch.
21. *Solpuga Merope*, E. Sim.
Zanzibar.

MYRIOPODA

By DR. F. KARSCH (BERLIN)

1. *Heterostoma trigonopodum*, Leach (*rubripes*, Brandt, Haase).
2. *Eurydesmus latus*, Gerst.
3. *Polydesmus* (*Oxydesmus*) *pectinatus*, Karsch.
4. *Polydesmus*, nov. spec. (cross between *Oxydesmus* and *Stenonia*).

PHANEROGAMS

By PROFESSOR GEORG SCHWEINFURTH (BERLIN)

FILICES

1. *Hymenophyllum capillare*, Dsv.
Primeval forest on the south slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,000 to 9,000 feet.

2. *Hymenophyllum Meyeri*, Kuhn.
In great numbers in the primeval forest of Kilimanjaro, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet.
3. *Acrostichum hybridum*, Bory.
Primeval forest of Kilimanjaro, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet.
4. *Acrostichum Deckenii*, Kuhn.
In great numbers in the primeval forest of Kilimanjaro, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet.
5. *Adiantum capillus veneris*, L.
From the Lumi near Taveta, 250 feet.
6. *Adiantum caudatum*, L.
From the Doenye Erok la Matumbato, 4,200 feet.
7. *Pteris biaurita*, L.
From the western base of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.
8. *Pteridella hastata*, Mett.
From the upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.
9. *Pteridella viridis* (Fk.), Mett.
Ukambani, 4,000–5,000 feet.
10. *Ceterach cordatum*, Klf.
Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.
11. *Asplenium lunulatum*, Sw.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.
12. *Asplenium præmorsum*, Sw.
Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.
13. *Asplenium gracillimum*, Kuhn sp. n.
Leikipia, from the western slopes of Kenia, 6,500 feet.
14. *Asplenium sertularioides*, Bak.
From the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 7,500 feet; brought home also by Dr. H. Meyer.
15. *Asplenium anisophyllum*, Kze.
Primeval forest on the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,000–9,000 feet; procured also by Dr. H. Meyer.
16. *Asplenium* sp. (specim. juv.).
Primeval forest of Kilimanjaro, 6,000–9,000 feet.
17. *Polypodium Phymatodes*, L.
Leikipia, western base of Kenia, 6,500 feet.
18. *Polypodium loxogramme*, Mett.
Primeval forest of Kilimanjaro, 6,000–9,000 feet.
19. *Polypodium Willdenowii*, Bory.
Specimens found singly on tree-trunks on the northern borders of Kikuyu, 6,000 feet.

20. *Polypodium lepidotum*, W.

From the western base of Kenia, 6,500-8,000 feet.

GRAMINA

21. *Coix lacryma*, L.

Near Taveta, 2,500 feet.

22. *Rottboellia exaltata*, L. fil. var. *a* *genuina* Hack.

Near Taveta, 2,500 feet.

23. *Andropogon Sorghum* (L.), Brot.

Cultivated in Reshiat, at the north end of Lake Rudolf, 5° N. Lat., 1,300 feet. Swahili = Mtama : Reshiat = Rubba.

24. *Panicum Dregeanum*, Nees. var. *glabratum* Schwf.

West of Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

25. *Panicum geminatum*, Forsk.

To the south of Taveta, 2,500 feet.

26. *Panicum pennatum*, Hochst.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

27. *Panicum italicum*, L.

In the Kikuyu district and in Northern Ukambani (Mkombe), 4,200-5,200 feet.

28. *Pennisetum spicatum* (L.), Körn.

Cultivated in Kikuyu (Mawele), 5,200-6,500 feet.

29. *Sporobolus marginatus*, Hochst.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

30. *Eleusine sp. dactyloides*.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

31. *Eleusine coracana*, Gaert.

Cultivated in the Kikuyu and Jagga districts, and in Taveta and Nyemps. Swahili = Uimbi.

CYPERACEÆ

32. *Cyperus alopecuroides*, Rottb.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

33. *Cyperus articulatus*, L.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

34. *Cyperus auricomus*, Sieb.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

35. *Cyperus Haspan*, L.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

36. *Fuirena pubescens*, Kth.
Near Taveta, 2,500 feet.

COMMELINACEÆ

37. *Cyanotis* ? sp. *pygmæa*.
Ngoro, Northern Kikuyu, 6,350 feet.
38. *Cyanotis longifolia*, Bth.
Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.
39. *Aneilema*, sp. aff. *lanceolata*, Bth.
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.
40. *Commelina latifolia*, Hochst.
From Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

LILIACEÆ

41. *Asparagus æthiopicus*, Kth.
Ngoro, Northern Kikuyu, 6,350 feet.
42. *Asparagus*, sp. aff. *A. Plumoso*, Bak.
Lumi near Taveta, 2,500 feet.
43. *Scilla (Ledebouria)*, sp. aff. *bifolia*, Fzl.
Ngoro, western slope of Kenia, 6,500 feet.
44. *Gloriosa virescens*, Lindl.
Between the Rudolf and Stefanie Lakes, 1,650 feet.
45. *Androcymbrium striatum*, Hochst.
Ngoro, western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.

AMARYLLIDÆ

46. *Crinum*, sp. aff. *abyssinico, pedicellatum*.
Kikuyu district, 5,200 feet.
47. *Crinum ammocharoides*, Baker.
Between the Rudolf and Stefanie Lakes, 1,650 feet.

IRIDÆ

48. *Dierama pendula*, Baker.
Ngoro, western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet, and on the southern
slope of Kilimanjaro, 9,400 feet.
49. *Gladiolus Garnierii*, Klatt ? (only in fruit).
Ukambani, 4,000–5,000 feet.

50. *Gladiolus Quartinianus*, Rich.
Ukambani, 4,000–5,000 feet.
51. *Antholyza abyssinica*, A. Brg.
On the southern slope of Kilimanjaro, 9,400 feet.

ORCHIDEÆ

52. *Angræcum Keniæ*, Kränzlin sp. n.
(Aff. *A. filicornu* Thouars.)
Western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
53. *Angræcum bilobum*, Lindl.
Ndoro, on Kenia, 6,350 feet.
54. *Mystacidium longifolium*, Kränzlin sp. n.
Western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
55. *Lissochilus micranthus*, Kränzlin n. sp.
Ndoro, on Kenia, 6,350 feet.
56. *Disperis Kerstenii*, Rehb. fil.
Southern slope of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

CONIFERÆ

57. *Juniperus procera*, Hochst.
Leikipia, at the base of the Aberdare Range, 6,350 feet; western base of Kenia, 6,500 feet.
58. *Podocarpus*, sp. simil. *P. Mannii*, Hook.
Large tree, Leikipia plateau; western base of Kenia, 6,500 feet; primeval forest on south slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,350–6,900 feet.
59. *Podocarpus elongata* (Thunb), l'Her.
Leikipia plateau, western base of Kenia, 6,200–6,500 feet; and at the foot of the Aberdare Range, 6,200–6,500 feet.

URTICACEÆ

60. *Dorstenia Telekii*, Schwf. n. sp.
Pusilla, foliis cordato-orbiculatis crenatorepandis, pedunculis folia superantibus, receptaculis oblongis 7-dentato-appendiculatis, appendice terminali longiore, ceteris recept. latitud æquantibus.
Kikuyu district, near the base of Kenia, 5,200–6,500 feet.
61. *Fleurya* sp. *subspinosa*.
Kikuyu district, near the base of Kenia, 5,200–6,500 feet.

EUPHORBIACEÆ

62. *Phyllanthus rotundifolius*, W.
Taveta, 2,500 feet.
63. *Cluytia Kilimandscharica*, Engler. sp. n.
Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.
64. *Acalypha panniculata*, Miq.
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.

SANTALACEÆ

65. *Osyridocarpus Schimperianus*, D.C.
From the upper course of the Guaso Narök, 6,500 feet.

LORANTHACEÆ

66. *Loranthus woodfordioides*, Schwf. sp. n.
(Sect. *Dendrophthoe* Mart.)
Densefoliatus, foliis petiolatis linearibus longe et obtuse cuspidatis, floribus breviter pedicellatis in axillis ternatis folio brevioribus, corolla ultra medium scissa, lobis cochleatis acutis.
Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.
67. *Loranthus Ehlersii*, Schwf. sp. n.
(Sect. *Dendrophthoe* Mart.)
Foliis petiolatis lanceolatis penniveniis undulatis, floribus folio multo brevioribus in cyma axillari pedunculata dispositis, pedicellis pedunculum æquantibus corolla subtriplo brevioribus.
Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

PROTEACEÆ

68. *Protea Kilimandscharica*, Engl.
Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 9,300 feet.

PIPERACEÆ

69. *Piper subpeltatum*, W.
Taveta, 2,500 feet.
70. *Piper*, sp. *Hildebrandt*, in coll. Comoro, Nr. 1670.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

NYCTAGINEÆ

71. *Boerhaavia pedunculosa*, A. Rich.
Ndoro, western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.

LABIATÆ

72. *Æolanthus ndorensis*, Schwf. sp. n.
Suffrutex succulentus pubescens, foliis ellipticis sessilibus, corolla extus pubescente, staminibus labium anticum excedentibus stylum æquantibus.
Ndoro, 6,350 feet.
73. *Plectranthus*, sp. facie *Pl. hadiensis* (Fk.), Schwf.
Corolla glandulis aurantiacis inspersa.
Ndoro, western slopes of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
74. *Leonotis rugosa*, Bth.
Largely distributed over Kikuyu, Ukambani and Kilimanjaro.

VERBENACEÆ

75. *Priva Abyssinica*, J. Sp.
West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

SELAGINEÆ

76. *Hebenstreitia dentata*, L.
Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

ACANTHACEÆ

77. *Thunbergia alata*, Boj.
Taveta, 2,500 feet.
78. *Thunbergia brewerioides*, Schwf. sp. n.
Spithamalis subsericea, foliis sessilibus ellipticis, calyce 12 dentato, capsula rufo-tomentosa.
Ndoro, western slopes of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
79. *Somalia diffusa*, Oliv.
Suffrutex pedalis, foliis strigosis oblongo-linearibus, floribus axillaribus, bracteolis 2 minutis, calyce æquali 4-fido corollæ tubum æquante, corollæ labiis æquilongis, labio postico 4 lobo, lobis

lateralibus exterioribus, 2 interioribus minoribus altius adnatis, staminibus 2, antherarum loculis æqualibus muticis, staminodiis minutissimis cum filamentis pubescentibus ima tubi basi insertis, stigmate subbilobo, seminibus 2 compressis albis et setis rigidis vestitis.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

80. *Barleria* sp. ?

Foliis oblongolincaribus revolutis tomentosis.

West of the Pare Range, 600-2,300 feet.

81. *Isoglossa laxa*, Oliv. var. *pilosa*, Schwf.

Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.

82. *Crossandra leikipiensis*, Schwf. sp. n.

Frutex foliis linearilanceolatis parcepilosis, pedunculis longissimis.

Upper course of the Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.

83. *Rhinacanthus ndorensis*, Schwf. sp. n.

Frutex pusillus facie Justiciæ uncinulatae Oliv., *foliis obovatis, corollæ tubo calyce subduplo longiore pubescente, lobis ciliatis, stylo pilis consperso.*

Ndoro, 6,500 feet.

GESNERIACEÆ

84. *Streptocarpus montanus*, Oliv.

Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

SCROPHULARIACEÆ

85. *Rhamphicarpa Meyeri*, Engler.

Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

86. *Bartsia*, sp. n. aff. *B. abyssinicae* H. *tubo abbreviato.*

Southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

87. *Torenia pumila*, Bth.

Singly on Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet; western side of Kenia, 6,500-8,000 feet; at the base of the Suk and Elgeyo Mountains.

SOLANACEÆ

88. *Lycium arabicum*, Schwf.

Kikuyu District, 5,200-6,500 feet.

CONVOLVULACEÆ

89. *Cuscuta ndorensis*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *C. sinensi*, Lam.
*Flore majusculo, calycis lobis semiorbiculatis, corollæ l. oblongis
 obtusis calycem vix superantibus, filamentis basi utrinque laciniis
 3—5 appendiculatis, stylis ovario æquilongis, stigmatibus capi-
 tatis.*
 Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

GENTIANACEÆ

90. *Enicostemma littorale*, Bl.
 West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.
 91. *Swertia pumila*, Hochst.
 Kilimanjaro, southern slope, 6,500 feet.
 92. *Swertia Kilimandscharica*, Engler.
 Kilimanjaro, southern slope, 6,500 feet.

ASCLEPIADACEÆ

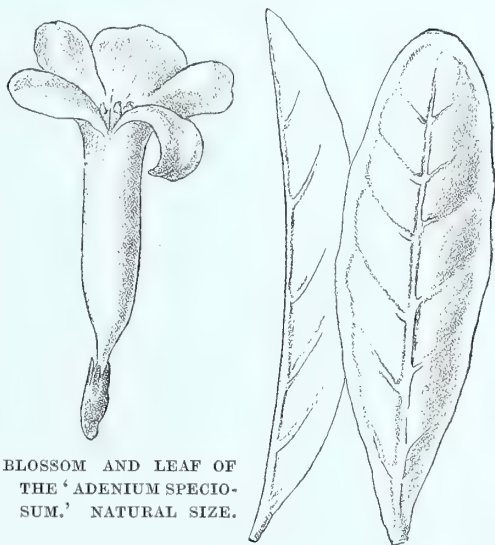
93. *Gymnema longepedunculata*, Schwf. sp. n.
*Volubilis pilosa, foliis ovatoacutis subcordatis, petiolo laminæ $\frac{1}{2}$
 ad $\frac{2}{3}$ æquante, pedunculis tomentosis folia sæpe superantibus,
 floribus majusculis, calycis lobis apice penicillatociliatis, corollæ
 lobis extus glabris intus tomentosis, coronato in filamenti dorso
 gibbo suppleta.*
 94. *Calotropis procera*, R. Br.
 Ngamatak, central course of the Trrawéll, 1,500 feet; northern
 borders of Kikuyu, 6,000 feet.
 95. *Gomphocarpus fruticosus*, R. Br.
 Base of Kenia, 6,500–8,000 feet.
 96. *Kanahia Delilei*, Dene.
 West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.
 97. *Sarcostemma*, sp.
*Fruticosa squarrosa aphylla, floribus ad apices ramorum pedicel-
 latis, pedicello corollam æquante, corolla calycem 4plo superante,
 coronæ lobis exterioribus 10 semiorbicularibus, interioribus 5
 antheram obtegentibus et æquantibus.*
 Ndoro, base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
 98. *Brachystelma Keniense*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *B. tuberoso*, R. Br. et
B. lineari, R.
Subcaulescens ramosum puberulum, foliis lanceolatis petiolatis,

floribus folia superantibus in axillis singulis, calyce puberulo, corolla ultra $\frac{2}{3}$ lobata glabra, coronæ subsimplicis squamis interioribus lanceolatis staminum dorso adnatis et ibi plica incumbentibus basi utrinque dente rectangulo (squamis coronæ exterioribus) appendiculatis, antheris apice obtusis incrassatis.
Kikuyü District, near the base of Kenia, 5,200–6,500 feet.

APOCYNACEÆ

99. *Acokanthera Schimperi* (Hochst.). Bth. et Hook.

Ngongo Bagás, 6,250 feet. A so-called 'Morio' tree, whose inspissated sap is used for poisoning arrow-heads. The tree has a spherically shaped crown of leaves, and weeds will not grow beneath it. The blossoms have an exceedingly agreeable, aromatic scent. The poison is identical with the Wabaio of the Somal, which is prepared partly from another closely related species (*A.*



BLOSSOM AND LEAF OF
THE 'ADENIUM SPECIOSUM.' NATURAL SIZE.

Ouabaio), and partly from this. G. S.

100. *Adenium Speciosum*, Fzl.

Growing on bare rock on the route from Lake Rudolf to Lake Stefanie, and on Mount Nyiro.

PRIMULACEÆ

101. *Lysimachia Quartiniana*, A. Rich.

Ndoro, Northern Kikuyu, 6,350 feet.

ERICACEÆ

102. *Blaeria Meyeri Johannis*, Engler.
Southern slope of Kilimanjaro, 6,000–9,400 feet.

LOBELIACEÆ

103. *Lobelia Deckenii* (Aschers.), Helms.
Southern slope of Kilimanjaro, 8,500–10,800 feet.
104. *Lobelia Telekii*, Schwf. sp. n.
4–15-pedalis, foliis ad soli superficiem confertis sessilibus linearibus longe cuspidatis utrinque villosopubescentibus, racemo dense bracteato, bracteis anguste linearibus longissimis florem glabrum 10^{tes} superantibus margine ciliatis.
Western slope of Kenia, 9,800–13,100 feet. (See illustration on next page.)

CAMPANULACEÆ

105. *Wahlenbergia Oliverii*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *W. capillaceæ*, D.C.
Kilimanjaro, 9,400 feet.

COMPOSITÆ

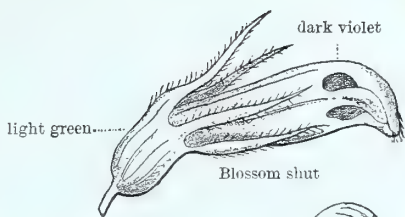
106. *Höhnelia vernonioides*, Schwf. gen. (et spec.) n. inter *Sparganophorum* et *Ethuliam intermedium*.
Herbacea erecta glabrata, foliis linearibus subsessilibus basi attenuatis serratis, capitulis lilacinis subcymosis homogamis, involucri squamis 3seriatis ovato lanceolatis, receptaculo hemisphærico nudo, corollis æqualibus, antheris basi obtusis apice appendice ovato terminatis, styli ramis elongatis hirtellis, achæniis oblongis 4angulatis inter costas glandulis ornatis ochrea cartilaginea obliqua apice paucidentata achænio æquilonga coronatis.
Ndoro, western base of Kenia, 6,350 feet.
107. *Mikania scandens*, L.
Ndoro, 6,350 feet.
108. *Erigeron Telekii*, Schwf. sp. n.
Ramis simplicibus numerosissimis pulvini semispithamales sordide arachnoidi formans, foliis linearibus revolutis sessilibus semi-



$\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{10}$ natural size

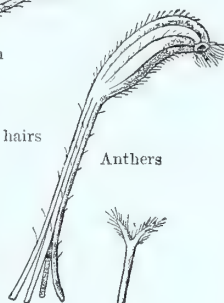
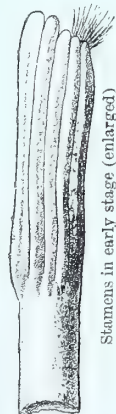


Bract in axil of which flower is borne, dark violet, smooth with hairs at the edge

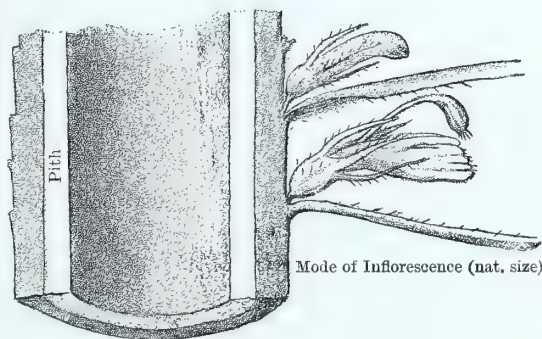


Scattered hairs

Anthers



Style and ovary



Mode of Inflorescence (nat. size)

v. Höhnell del.

amplexicaulibus, capitulis terminalibus 2-3 heterogamis radiatis, antheris basi obtusis apice appendiculatis, styli ramis linearibus æqualibus, achænio glabro, pappo 2seriato piloso.

Kilimanjaro, growing singly, 16,300 feet.

109. *Conyza stricta*, W.

Kikuyu, 5,200 feet.

110. *Conyza Telekii*, Schwf. sp. n.

Frutex foliis lanceolatis argute serratis acutis sessilibus basin versus angustatis, capitulis terminalibus pedunculatis corymbosis, involucri squamis 2-3seriatis paucis ovatis, corolla feminea 2-3dentata a stylo bis superata, cor. herm. antheris basi obtusis apice appendiculatis, styli ramis oblongis pap-pilosis, pappo setoso.

Kilimanjaro, 6,000 feet.

111. *Tarchonanthes camphoratus*, L.

Leleshwa bush (or tree) only observed between Lakes Naivasha and Baringo, 6,000 feet.

112. *Helichrysum abyssinicum*, Sz. B.

Kilimanjaro, 9,800-13,000 feet.

113. *Helichrysum Newii*, Oliv. (= H. Gunæ Schwf. in pl. Steudner).

Kilimanjaro, 9,800-13,000 feet.

114. *Helichrysum Kilimandjari*, Oliv.

Kilimanjaro, 7,900 feet.

115. *Helichrysum Höhnelii*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *H. Newii*, Oliv.

Corymboso-ramosum imbricato-foliosum incanotomentosum, foliis parvulis lineari oblongis obtusis revolutis, capitulis ad apices ramorum singulis, involucri argenteonitidi squamis pluriseriatis exterioribus subbruneis triangularilanceolatis omnibus valde acutis glabris.

Kilimanjaro, 13,100 feet.

116. *Wedelia mossambicensis*, Oliv.

West of the Parè Range, 600-2,300 feet.

117. *Aspilia pluriseta*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *A. abyssinica*, O. et H.

Tomentosopubescens, foliis late lanceolatis subsessilibus remote denticulatis, achænio strigoso subtriquetro pappi setis 4-5 hirtis coronato.

Ndoro, Kikuyu District, 6,350 feet.

118. *Melanthera cinerea*, Schwf. sp. n.

Suffrutex villosus tomentosohirtus, foliis lanceolatis sessilibus denticulatis, corolla herm. extus hirtella lineis 5 bruneis notata,

lobis revolutis, stylo ad $\frac{1}{3}$ diviso, achænio argenteocinereo, pappi setis 12–15 inæquilongis plumosohispidis.

Ndoro, North Kikuyu, 6,350 feet.

119. *Melanthera Brownei*, Schz. B.

West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.

120. *Artemisia afra*, L.

Kilimanjaro, 7,900–9,500 feet.

121. *Cineraria Schimperii*, Schz. B.

Upper course of the Guaso Narok, clinging to the bushes, 6,500 feet.

122. *Senecio Johnstonii*, Oliv.

Kilimanjaro, 10,000–13,000 feet.

123. *Senecio serra*, Schwf. sp. n.

Herba spithamalis foliis glabratis angustilinearibus in petiolum angustatis abrupte acutis runcinatoserratis basalibus caulem floriferum æquantibus, capitulis terminalibus 3–5, involucri puberuli squamis ad apices albofloccosis, antheris basi brevissime mucronatis apice appendiculatis, styli ramis linearibus glabris, achænio lineis fuscis 10 notato glabro, pappi setis subnodulosus.

The most elevated flowering plant on Kilimanjaro, growing between volcanic ashes and rocks, 16,273 feet.

124. *Euryops dacrydioides*, Oliv.

Kilimanjaro, 13,100 feet.

125. *Gynura crepidioides*, Bth.

Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

126. *Carduus leptacanthus*, Fres.

Kilimanjaro, 13,100 feet.

127. *Lactuca capensis*, Thbg.

Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

128. *Tripteris* sp. (*specimina tant. florifera*).

Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

129. *Echinops amplexicaulis*, Oliv.

Subugia, south-east of Baringo, 6,000 feet.

130. *Echinops Höhnellii*, Schwf. sp. n.

Caule elato arachnoideotomentoso, foliis sessilibus semiamplexicaulibus late lanceolatis spinosolaciniatis et dentatis supra glabratis subtus exceptis nervis albidoincanis, capitulis longepedunculatis, involucri squamis intermediis apice spinosolaciniatis, spinis 5–7 hamosorecurvis.

Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

DIPSACEÆ

131. *Scabiosa columbaria*, L.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

RUBIACEÆ

132. *Pentas lanceolata* (Fk.), Bth. et Hook. var. *carnea*, Bth.
Kilimanjaro, 6,000 feet; Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

UMBELLIFERÆ

133. *Peucedanum* sp. (*spec. tant. flor.*) = Nr. 44 Coll. H. Meyer.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.
134. *Heteromorpha arborescens*, Ch. Schl.
Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

CUCURBITACEÆ

135. *Telfairia pedata*, Hook.
Zanzibar, and on the coast.

ONAGRARIÆ

136. *Jussieua villosa*, Lam.
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet, and near Taveta,
2,500 feet.

LYTHRACEÆ

137. *Lythrum*, sp. aff. *rotundifolio*, Hochst.
Ndoro, 6,350 feet, in the water, and upper course of the
Guaso Narok, 6,500 feet.

COMBRETACEÆ

138. *Combretum Leuconili*, Schwf. (= *Poivrea Hartmanniana*,
Schwf. in pl. q. nilot.)
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.

HAMAMELIDEÆ

139. *Trichocladus ellipticus*, Sond. var. *latifolius*, Schwf.
Ngoro, 6,350 feet.

CRASSULACEÆ

140. *Crassula abyssinica*, Hochst.
Kilimanjaro, 9,200 feet, very common.
141. *Calenchoe ndorensis*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *glaucescens*, Bak.
Glabra foliis inferioribus rosulatis magnis, caulinis paucioribus ovalibus petiolatis profunde crenatis, floribus trichotome pa-tenter corymbosis, calyce minimo, corolla flavæ laciniis late obovatis argute acuminatis.
Ngoro, 6,350 feet.

ROSACEÆ

142. *Alchemilla Johnstonii*, Oliv.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

LEGUMINOSÆ

143. *Trifolium Johnstonii*, Oliv.
Kilimanjaro, 9,420 feet.
144. *Indigofera Oliveri*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *macrophyllæ*, Sch. et Th.
Forma flore brevior.
Ngoro, 6,350 feet.
145. *Rhynchosia caribæa*, D. C. var. ?
Ngoro, 6,350 feet.
146. *Flemmingia rhodocarpa*, Bak. (= *Eriosema erythrocarpon*, G. v. Beck.)
Northern Kikuyu, 5,600 feet.
147. *Eriosema parviflorum*, E. Mey.
Ngoro, 6,350 feet.
148. *Crotalaria agatiflora*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *Cr. laburnifoliæ*, L.
Floribus maximis flavis, vexillo 5 centim. longo 3 lato, carina 4 centim. longa alis oblongis obtusissimis tertia parte longiore, legumine stipite æquilongo 8 centim. longo ensiformi compresso 15-20 spermo.
Nairotia stream, western base of the Aberdare Range, 7,040 feet.

149. *Ormacarpum Kirkii*, S. Moore. (= *O. discolor*, Vatke).
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.
150. *Æschynomene Telekii*, Schwf. n. sp. (= Nr. 2,500, 1,492 coll. Schwf. anni 1869, Bongo.)
Caule et leguminibus pilis rigidis basi dilatatis hispidis, foliis –20 jugis, floribus magnis, carinæ alas æquantis vexillo brevioris petalis disjunctis pilis e glandulis nigris ortis hispidis et margine anteriore laceratociliatis.
Northern Kikuyu, 5,200 feet.
151. *Psoralea foliosa*, Oliv.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.
152. *Cajanus indicus*, L.
Seminibus griseis et flavomaculatis.
Kikuyu District, 5,600–6,000 feet. Swahili=Mbazi.
153. *Phaseolus lunatus*, L.
Seminibus rufofuscis.
Occasionally cultivated in Ukambani, 3,900–4,600 feet. Swahili=Mbegu.
154. *Phaseolus vulgaris*, L.
Cultivated in the Jagga State of Marangu, 4,600–5,250 feet.
155. *Phaseolus Mungo*, L.
Cultivated round Kilimanjaro, and in Reshiat (5° N.L.) 13,100 feet. Swahili=Choroko.
156. *Vigna sinensis*, L.
Seminibus albidis, fuscis et fusco pictis.
Cultivated in Reshiat, 12,100 feet. Swahili=Kunde.
157. *Cassia goratensis*, Fres.
West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.

RUTACEÆ

158. *Calodendron capense*, Thbg.
South-western borders of Kikuyu, 6,000 feet, a large tree.

GERANIACEÆ

159. *Impatiens Kirkii*, Hook f.
Taveta, 2,500 feet.
160. *Impatiens Ehlersii*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *I. bicolori*, Hook f.
Glaberrima, foliis longepetiolatis oppositis ovatis acutis setosocrenatis, pedunculis axillaribus unifloris folio longioribus medio

unibracteatis, flore bicolore, calcare valido ore dilatato hamato incurvo.

Kilimanjaro, 7,900–9,500 feet.

161. *Geranium sinense*, Hook.

Kilimanjaro, 9,500 feet.

MALPIGHIACEÆ

162. *Triaspis auriculata*, Radl.

West of the Pare Range, 600–2,300 feet.

TILIACEÆ

163. *Sparmannia abyssinica*, Hochst. var. *hirsuta*.

Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

164. *Triumphetta Telekii*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *T. pilosæ*, Roth.

Kilimanjaro, 5,600–7,550 feet.

MALVACEÆ

165. *Sida Schimperiana*, Hochst.

Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

HYPERICACEÆ

166. *Hypericum Keniense*, Schwf. sp. n.

Aff. *H. mysorensi* et *gnidiæfolio*, *grandiflorum*, *stylis* 5 *apice* *liberis* vel *in* 2 *ramis* *ad* basin *usque* *liberis* *coalitis*.

Small shrub, western slope of Kenia, 6,500 feet.

167. *Hypericum lanceolatum*, Lam.

Kilimanjaro, 5,900–6,500 feet.

CAPPARIDEÆ

168. *Mærua Höhnelii*, Schwf. sp. n. aff. *M. triphyllæ*, R.

Foliis trifoliolatis pubescentibus summis simplicibus, foliolis oblongis coriaceis, sepalis 4 pubescentibus pedunculo 1–2plo longioribus, petalis ellipticis acutis sepalis triplo brevioribus, staminibus 15 sepalis 2½plo longioribus stylum æquantibus, fructu crasso-toruloso, stipite æquilongo.

Ndoro, 6,350 feet.

CRUCIFERÆ

169. *Arabis albida*, Stev. var.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

RANUNCULACEÆ

170. *Thalictrum rhynchocarpum*, Dill. et Rich.
Kilimanjaro, 9,200 feet.
171. *Anemone Thomsonii*, Oliv.
Kilimanjaro, 6,500 feet.

MOSSES

By DR. CARL MÜLLER (HALLE)¹

1. *Fissidens lineari-limbatus*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
2. *Polytrichum Höhneli*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
3. *Dicranum (Campylopus) Höhneli*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
4. *Bryum Keniae*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
5. *Bryum Meruense*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Southern slope of Mount Meru.
6. *Bartramia Leikipiæ*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
7. *Barbula (Syntrichia) Meruensis*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro and Meru.
8. *Barbula (Syntrichia) Leikipiæ*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
9. *Trichostomum (Leptodontium) pumilum*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
10. *Trichostomum (Leptodontium) repens*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
11. *Trichostomum (Eutrichostomum) Leikipiæ*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.

¹ See *Flora*, or the *Allgemeine botanische Zeitung*, 1890. No. 5.

12. *Orthotrichum* (*Euorthotrichum*) *Leikipiaë*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
13. *Macromitrium* (*Macrocoma*) *liliputanum*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
14. *Braunia* (*Eubraunia*) *entodonticarpa*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
15. *Braunia* (*Eubraunia*) *Schimperiana*, Bryol. Eur.
Kilimanjaro.
16. *Cryphæa* *scariosa*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
17. *Lasia* *flagellacea*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
18. *Fabronia* *Leikipiaë*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
19. *Porotrichum* *ruficaule*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
20. *Distichia* *platyantha*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
21. *Neckera* (*Calypothecium*) *Höhneli*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
22. *Neckera* (*Rhystophyllum*) *Höhneliana*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
23. *Orthostichella* *sericea*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
24. *Orthostichella* *curvifrons*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
25. *Orthostichella* *capillicaulis*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
26. *Orthostichella* *tenellula*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
27. *Papillaria* *serpentina*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
28. *Papillaria* *filifunalis*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
29. *Pterogonium* *kilimandscharicum*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.
30. *Anomodon* (*Euanomodon*) *filivagus*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
31. *Anomodon* (*Herpetineuron*) *Leikipiaë*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.

32. *Hypnum* (*Cupressina*) *Höhneli*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Leikipia.
33. *Hypnum* (*Tamariscella*) *loricalycinum*, C. Müll. n. sp.
Kilimanjaro.

LIVERWORTS

By HERR STEPHANIE (LEIPSIK)

1. *Plagiochila Telekiana*, St. n. sp.
Southern borders of Kikuyu, August 1887.
2. *Plagiochila Dschaggana*, St. n. sp.
Leikipia. The same plant was secured in 1889 by Dr. H. Meyer in Jagga.
3. *Plagiochila corrugata*, Nees.
Leikipia.
4. *Plagiochila Barteri*, Mitten.
Western borders of Leikipia, December 4, 1887.
5. *Plagiochila Höhneliana*, St. n. sp.
6. *Porella Höhneliana*, St. n. sp.
Leikipia.
7. *Ptycho-Lejeunea striata*, Nees, *forma minus dentata*.
Mount Meru, May 3, 1887.

LICHENS

By PROFESSOR J. MÜLLER (GENEVA)¹

CLADONIEÆ

1. *Cladonia crispata*, Flot. v. *subsimplex*, Müll.
Kilimanjaro, 10,000 feet.
2. *Stereocaulon ramulosum*, var. *acuminatum*, Müll.
Kilimanjaro, 10,000 feet.
3. *Stereocaulon confluens*, var. *fuscescens*, Müll.
Kilimanjaro, 10,000–13,000 feet.

¹ See *Flora*, or *Allgemeine botanische Zeitung*, 1890. No. 4.

USNEEÆ

4. *Usnea barbata*, var. *aspera*, Müll.
From the coast, near Pangani.
5. *Usnea barbata*, var. *strigosa*, Krplh.
From the base of Mount Meru, 5,200–5,600 feet.
6. *Usnea articulata*, Hoffm.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
7. *Usnea angulata*, Ach. Syn.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
8. *Usnea angulata*, var. *flaccida*, Müll.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.

RAMALINEÆ

9. *Ramalina Hoehneliana*, Müll.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
10. *Ramalina calicaris*, var. *subpapillosa*, Nyl.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.

PARMELIÆ

11. *Peltigera rufescens*, Hoffm. var. *spuria*, Körb.
Kilimanjaro, 10,000 feet.
12. *Sticta pulmonacea*, Ach. Univ.
Kilimanjaro, 10,000 feet; Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
13. *Theloschistes parietinus*, Norm. Conat. præm.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
14. *Parmelia crinita*, Nyl. Syn.
From the coast near Pangani R.
15. *Parmelia Schweinfurthii*, Müll.
Kilimanjaro.
16. *Parmelia perforata*, Ach. Meth.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
17. *Parmelia perforata*, var. *ulophylla*, Mey. et Flot.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
18. *Parmelia Borreri*, var. *ulophylla*, Müll.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
19. *Physcia leucomelas*, Mich.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
20. *Physcia leucomelas*, var. *angustifolia*, Nyl.
Kilimanjaro, Leikipia.

21. *Physcia speciosa*, var. *pulvinigera*, Müll.
From the base of Mount Meru.
22. *Physcia picta*, Nyl.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
23. *Physcia picta*, var. *coccinea*, Müll.
From the coast near Pangani.

LECANOREÆ

24. *Lecanora pleospora*, Müll.
Leikipia, 6,500 feet.
25. *Lecanora hypocrocina*, Nyl.
From the coast, near Pangani.

LECIDEÆ

26. *Buellia parasema* β *vulgata*, Th. M. Fries.
From the coast near Pangani.

GLOSSARY OF NATIVE WORDS AND PHRASES IN THE TEXT

Angata, pasture or meadow land; a plain.
Angata Elgek, firewood plain.
Aschanga, or *uschanga meupe*, white beads.
Askari, guards.
Aterere, I tell you.

Bal, friend.
Ba-ngischu, Lord of the Oxen.
Baraja, a hut.
Barghum, a trumpet of kudu horn.
Baringo na mbele kidogo, To get to Baringo and a little farther.
Barnoti, a youth.
Basso, lake.
Bendere assilia, cloth of a deep red colour.
Biaschera ku, a good business.
Birobotos, soldiers of the Sultan.
Bischibu, bishop.
Boge wale, There go buffaloes.
Boma, a fence.
Bori, a large tusk of male elephant.
Bude, elephant without tusks.
Bugeden, mighty master.
Bumba, kraal.
Buru, steam.
Bwana, master.
Bwana katikati, middle master.
Bwana mdogo, little master.
Bwana mkubwa, great master.
Bwana watu wawili wamekufa, Master, two men have died.

Dana, medicine.
Dasturi, old-established custom.
Dasturi bwana, It is such a bad place, master.
Dazim, medicine.

Dhurra, a native cereal.
Ditto, young unmarried girls.
Djore, a piece.
Doenye, or *Doenyo*, a mountain.
Doje, a maiden.
Doti, a measure.
Dschua, the sun.

Eaupe, or *Gurut*, the Suk, native names of.
Ebaj, The same to you.
Eh, yes.
Elkonono, a native smith.
Elmolo, poor fellows without any cattle; poor devils.
El moruo torono, the wicked old man.
Faru, rhinoceroses.
Faya, reply to a greeting.

Galascha, tusk of female elephant.
Gamti, stuffs.
Godde Daschumbe? Where is Jumbe?
Gogo, an old married woman.
Gogo olaj, a very old woman.
Guaso, water, brook, or river.
Gurut, the Suk, a native name of.

Habari ghani? What is the news?
Habari 'ngema, good news.
Haram, forbidden.
Haya puani, Off to the beach.
Haya safari, Forwards.
Haya twende, Let us press on.
Hongo, a present; tribute.

Indyiani, a camp by the path.

Jumbe, chief.

Kambi, a group of fellow-countrymen.

Kanga, guinea-fowl.

Kaniki, dark-blue calico.

Karro, a stool.

Kazi mekwischa, Our work is at an end.

Kenia, big mountain.

Ki, a prefix indicating a language.

Kidari, breasts of oxen.

Kilengele, beads.

Kitanda, a native bed.

Kitoweo, a tit-bit.

Kitschua tscheu, white head.

Kutire kimandaja, We do not want war.

Lagomba, caravan people.

Lajon, young boy.

Laramett, a district at the mouth of a river.

Lare lol bor'ngischu, spring of the white oxen.

Leibon, medicine-man.

Lesso, a coloured handkerchief.

Likke, a root parasite.

Lygonani, a leader in battle.

M, a prefix denoting one person.

Maboga, vegetable.

Madschi a mvua, rain-water.

Madschibahari, blue beads.

Makate, natron.

Malago faru, the rhinoceros haunt.

Malago kanga, the home of the guinea-fowl.

Malago tembos, the elephant camp.

Mambo kwa muungu, The Lord sent her.

Mangati, wild beasts; enemies.

Mangi, chief.

Massika, the long rainy season.

Massimani, near the water-hole.

Mboro, large mixed beads.

Mborro, native beads cut out of quartz.

Meata gojtoj, There is no way.

Meata ngare tata, We shall get no water to-day.

Meppata wapi? Where did you get her?

Merikani, white calico.

Mganga, medicine-man.

Mibuyuni, near the baobabs.

Mikufu, thin copper wire, or brass or iron chains.

Mikuyu, sycamore of Egypt.

Mikwajuni, near the tamarind.

Mileina, mountain.

Mitende, dates.

Miwirimi, near the medlars.

Mkombe, millet.

Mkombe mo-konjore, millet in the husk.

Moran, a warrior.

Moratta, friend.

Moruo, a married man.

Moruu, married men.

Mrima, inhabitants of the coast.

Mtama mbitschi kabissa, quite unripe dhurra.

Mtoni, near the stream.

Mtschunga a punda a Wasungu, the European's donkey-driver.

Muma, blood.

Mundo huyo? Is that a man?

Murtinarok, green and blue glass rings.

Mzungu, white man.

Na, a Turkana greeting.

Naiberes, war mantles.

Naischo, honey.

Naivasha, the lake.

Ndorobbo, poor devil; poor folks without any cattle.

Ndorossi, a warrior's preparation time.

Ndugu, brother.

Ngaboto, poor fellows without any cattle.

Ngai, God.

Ngare, water, brook, or river.

Ngare noerobi, cold brook.

Ngaro, water.

Ngema, good.

Ngerai, little child.

Ngombe jetu, our cattle.

Ngongo, a spring.

Niamma wale, There is meat.

Niundu, the humps of animals.

Njuki, bees.

Nsitoni, a camp in a wood.

Nyika, an uninhabited, barren steppe.

Nyikani, a camp on a thorny steppe.

O Buma boogi! Oh, all ye Buma!

Oldonyo ebor, black mountain.

Oldonyo egere, spotted mountain.

Orioi muma, blood brotherhood.

Pagazi, porters.

Pima, measure.

Pombe, banana wine.

Pombo, strings of beads.

Porini, a camp on a thorny steppe.

Poscho, food-money.

Recha guatsche, Bring us potatoes.

Sabalcheir, God bless you.

Sadaka, a farewell feast; a religious ceremony to invoke the aid of God.

Safari a palepale, the caravan which would push on through thick and thin.

Samaki, chief.

Sambaj, white china beads.

Samesame, red Masai beads.

Schika mibuyu, Look after your water-vessels.

Schika unga, Take care of your grain.

Schore, friend.

Schorelaj sobaj, My friend, I greet you.

Schuka, a measure.

Schukas, mantles for married men.

Senenge, iron wire.

Serara ndani, steaks of meat.

Serian, peace.

Shauri, an interview.

Shoka, axes.

Simé, sword.

Siufa, ants.

Sjangiki, matron.

Sobaj, a greeting; God bless you.

Sukuta, salt.

Takufa yote, We are all doomed.

Tcharra, or *Tchalla*, large blue beads.

Telekesa, marches broken at mid-day.

Tembos, elephant.

Tonga mbuya! Off with you!

Tua misigo na fanga kambi, Pitch the tent.

Tumbao, tobacco.

Ugali, stiff porridge.

Uhali ghani? How are you?

Ukuta, blue glass beads.

Ulayti mfupi, common narrow calico

Ulini, tongues.

U-u-u-i, a war-ery.

Vibori, middle-sized tusks.

Wa, a prefix denoting numbers.

Wangwana, the free.

Washenzi, a term of contempt.

Wasso, water, brook, or river.

Wasungumsu, talk.

Wasunga Kana wanaona ugombe a mafuta, sawa kana mafissi, Europeans are as fond of fat oxen as hyenas.

Watu a ungudya, inhabitants of Zanzibar.

Watuma, slaves.

Yambo sana, Good day.

Yrr, God.

Zaovi, the land of oxen.

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GENERAL MAP
Illustrating
Count Samuel Teleki's Expedition
in
EAST AFRICA
1887-88

Scale 1:10,000,000

Vertical Scale

Horizontal Scale

Vertical Scale of the Expedition. Altitude in Feet

